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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

October 19, 1966
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NEW YORK PROMOTES A NEW FACE
Pages 10, 11

COLOR LIFT-OUT SUMMER GARDENS

Beautiful Australian IRON LACE

TEN BIRTHDAY CAKES WITH NOVEL ICINGS

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 19, 1966

Vol. 34, No. 21

OUR COVER

● The limpid beauty on our cover is 22-year-old Lauren Hutton, who is the new sensation of the modelling world in New York (see pages 10 and 11). The cover picture was taken by Carl Shiraishi.

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● On a 3000-mile car tour of the Northern Territory, Federal member for Mackellar Mr. W. C. Wentworth and Mrs. Wentworth got first-hand knowledge of life in the outback. In five weeks they saw crocodiles, buffaloes, bogs, dust — the lot!

ABOVE: Mr. W. C. Wentworth, MHR, with aboriginal guide Sam at Ruined City, in the Northern Territory. CENTRE: Five miles from the Bulmar River, the car in which Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth were travelling broke down. It was nearly two days before Mr. Wentworth could get it going again. RIGHT: Mrs. Wentworth with two members of an American prospecting team at Bulmar River, who took Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth on a 200-mile scenic tour in the helicopter.

In the Territory a bath comes first

By GLORIA NEWTON

BARBARA WENTWORTH regards the talk her husband gave a group of aboriginal schoolchildren as one of the most interesting highlights of their recent five-week tour of the Northern Territory. Especially as the subject was "What is a Prime Minister?"

When you consider that William Charles Wentworth, the Federal member for Mackellar, is the great-grandson of the famous Australian explorer and statesman of the same name, the moment must have had its own historical flavor.

"Bill's job was an easy one, really," Mrs. Wentworth said. "He spoke to the children of the old men of the tribes, how they are listened to, and obeyed. From that he worked out an analogy, and the youngsters understood it all."

Mrs. Wentworth, a vivacious, slim woman with a keen sense of humor and a love of travel, described the tour as "absolutely enchanting — one every Australian should make."

The Wentworths travelled nearly 3000 miles in a four-wheel-drive vehicle, mostly on their own.

They became accustomed to winching their car out of bogs, being chased by irate buffaloes, sleeping in the open or at mission stations and mining camps, and swimming in crocodile-infested rivers.

As a descriptive illustration for the travel talks she will be giving, Mrs. Wentworth brought home a large glass jar filled with the Territory's famous bull-dust.

"You have to see it and feel it to realise how insidious it is," she said. "It is with you wherever you go in the Territory. There were times I would have defied anyone to recognise us.

"Up there everyone accepts it. The Territory's hosts when they greet you always ask if you would like to take a shower before offering you a drink.

"And, while I'm on the subject of the Territory's inhabitants, forget the old picture of the weatherbeaten outback women. They are very attractive women with a lot of wide interests.

"Several we met collected stones and cut and polished them. Some were learning aboriginal languages, some were keen gardeners, and the busiest of all was a girl in her early twenties who was running her own cattle station."

Leaving Darwin, the Wentworths made first for the Katherine River, where Mrs. Wentworth caught her first glimpse of a crocodile.

From there they drove to Mainoru cattle station, over 150 miles away, where Mr. Wentworth was asked to explain the Prime Minister to the station's children.

"They were lovely children. Shy, yet they spoke excellent English," said Mrs. Wentworth. "One little girl, Jennifer, who was seven, had just come back from Darwin hospital, where she had been fitted with a hearing aid. It was wonderful to watch her reunion with her baby brother Lachlan and see the joy in her eyes.

From Mainoru they pushed on to the Bulmar River, 50 miles away, where they met an American prospecting team who gave them a spectacular 200-mile flight around Arnhem Land in the team's helicopter.

"It is a wonderful way to travel," said Mrs. Wentworth. "At times we almost touched ground. The scenery was grim, forbidding, sandy, with little timber, but fascinating to see."

They left the camp with the intention of making their own track to Mt. Marumba, but about five or six miles out their car broke down.

"That was the one time we were really worried on our trip. We were there for a day and a half before Bill got the car going again.

"We had a two-way radio, but although we could hear Darwin quite plainly we couldn't get through to them. I set out stones in an SOS and lit a fire hoping the helicopter would see us — but it didn't."

On reaching Roper River mission, the Wentworths took on an aboriginal guide to lead them through the bush to an area of giant rock which, from its formation, is known as the Ruined City.

"Our guide, Sam, was wonderful. He and his wife were devoted to each other and he asked if she could come along for the ride," said Mrs. Wentworth.

"Sam sat in the front seat of the car with Bill pointing out the route with uncanny skill. Una, who treated the trip as a holiday, sat in the back with me.

"She was blase about the whole thing. When I exclaimed at the sight of a gorgeously plumaged jabiru stork, she just looked, sniffed, and said, 'Mmm, good beef.'

"We lived on tinned foods with an occasional bit of buffalo steak. Sam and Una loved choosing their meal from the array of cans. They'd take such a long time choosing, but always picked on bully beef.

"When we ran out of bread Sam whipped up a batch of johnnycakes."

Returning to Roper River via Rose River Mission on the west coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria, the Wentworths dropped Sam and Una and struck off on their own for Oenpelli Mission.

It was during this trip that winching their car out of a bog became an almost daily ritual.

At Oenpelli, they met the Reverend Harold Sheperdson, who flew them to his Elcho Island mission on the north coast.

"He is a wonderful man," said Mrs. Wentworth. "He has his own Cessna, which he flies all over the Territory, and he even holds services under its wings when there is no church nearby.

"His mission natives are very intelligent and fine-looking, and he is doing a good job of encouraging them to build their own homes."

From Elcho Island it was back to Darwin and the end of their holiday.

ABOVE: Area of giant rocks known as Ruined City, north of the Roper River. CENTRE: Una and her husband, Sam, who navigated the Wentworths' car on part of the trip. Sam whipped up johnnycakes when the bread supply ran out. RIGHT: Crossing the Roper River. During their 3000-mile tour, the Wentworths became used to winching the car out of bogs. "It was one of the best holidays we've ever had, and we hope to do it again," said Mrs. Wentworth.

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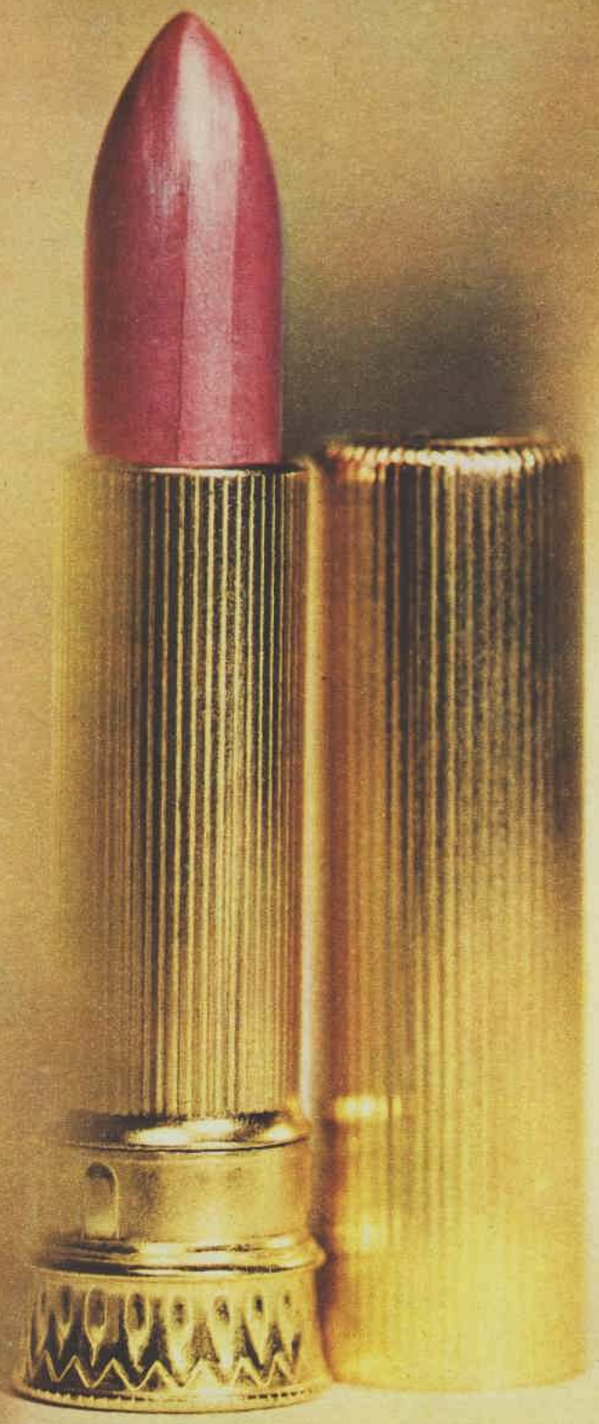

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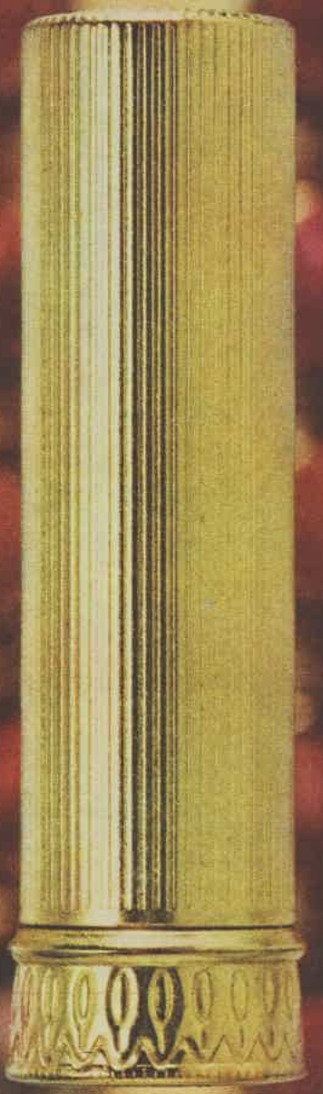

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• Australian country towns' dwindling inheritance of cast-iron is cherished by some, neglected by others, coveted by dealers

"LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" embroider flats, formerly a bank, at Branxton, N.S.W., owned by Mr. and Mrs. G. Robinson.

ARTISTRY IN OLD LACE

Story by KAY KEAVNEY, pictures by RON BERG

IRON LACE. A filigree of lace that casts delicate shadows, lending enchantment to a building much as a veil lends mystery and magic to a woman.

All over Australia, councils and property-owners seem to be tearing it down.

Meanwhile, all over Australia, other property-owners and dealers are in search of it, with fat cheques in their hands — to decorate verandas, living-rooms, gardens, or fashionable boutiques.

The National Trust of Australia, the Royal Institute of Architects, historians, some enlightened councils, countless anonymous people who love beauty and care for what is distinctive in Australian national life have combined to fight for the lovely lace. So have travel agencies and tourist bureaus.

A little while ago an American woman tourist wrote to the Sydney newspapers about examples of the lace she had seen on a visit to Sydney.

"I've seen nothing like this outside of Europe," she wrote "except in the old French Quarter of New Orleans. And you are tearing it down.

"Travellers are seeking the unusual now, trying to get away from skyscrapers, efficiency homes, and other forms of familiar modern architecture. Your city planners should play up the beauty you have rather than destroy it."

And so, tourist authorities tell us, say most overseas visitors. They are prepared to travel hundreds of miles from Australian cities just to see the old buildings and their exquisite filigree.

To page 9

COOTAMUNDRA stationmaster dates this beautiful lace cresting on the station as 1870, the year the railway arrived.

HARDEN house was condemned by council, but Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Richards bought it in 1945 and restored it. Built 1895.

BRAIDWOOD has more old cast-iron than almost any other N.S.W. town. This hotel is only one of many lacy facades along Wallace Street.

MT. CARMEL COLLEGE, a girls' school in a Yass side street, is run by the Sisters of Mercy. The building is 91 years old, the lace a little less.

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THIS COTTAGE tucked away in a back steet at Braidwood, N.S.W., is all too easily missed. Present owner, Mr. Jim Clark, a trucking contractor, says the house is more than 115 years old. He has refused $1400 for the veranda lace.

LACE AND ITS NEMESIS. The veranda of the Union Club, Wagga, about 100 years old, looks down on modern Bayliss Street and the awnings.

HOTELS are good custodians of our lace heritage. This one stands in John Street, Singleton, N.S.W. Banks, too, maintain the perfection of lace.

JUNEE COTTAGE of engine-driver Mr. J. Weisback and Mrs. Weisback (with one of her two sons).

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ARTISTRY IN OLD LACE

From page 6

Thanks to home-owners, small and large throughout the country, and mainly to the hotels and banks, Australians and tourists are still able to enjoy scattered examples of the ironworkers' art.

But in town after town the lace and the old veranda-posts that went along with it are being ordered down, in favor (as one Cootamundra woman heatedly wrote to her local paper) of dull uniformity and "a lot of butter boxes standing together."

Australia's history is so brief, its heritage so meagre. Architects say that its lace is its only architectural distinction.

And, in its way, the lace tells the story of the settlement of this young nation.

In the beginning nothing mattered but crude shelter. Then, as the early Australians began to send down roots, so they began to build real houses, stone houses.

Making no concessions to climate, the houses they built were like the ones "at home."

Now, as luck would have it, houses in England in that late Georgian era were in good style, small, simple, and elegant.

A little later Regency-period houses were in the same simple style, but embellished sometimes with lace.

Later still the houses were themselves less distinguished, or positively undistinguished, but exquisitely decorated, often with cast-iron lace.

This was still a young art. The earliest recorded use of cast-iron in England was in 1714, when an iron-railing fence was put round St. Paul's Cathedral (much to the disgust of Sir Christopher Wren).

Not all imported

"Wrought-iron," iron in its purest form, was a very ancient art indeed.

It was "wrought" on the anvil — hammered into shape at speed and high temperatures. And wonderfully malleable it was, lending itself to the smith's highest creative artistry.

Yet, because each piece had to be individually made, it was wildly expensive.

Cast-iron changed all that. Though it had its limitations it could be mass-produced, and was, especially after 1851, when London's "Sydney Opera House," the controversial Crystal Palace, used it extensively.

Cast-iron is iron that has been melted and poured into moulds.

The pattern the iron is to assume is first carved in wood, then pressed halfway into the surface of an open "box," or shallow frame, containing fresh sand covered with powdered graphite (plumbago). A similar box of sand is pressed down on top, then carefully lifted.

The pattern is removed and the top box replaced in exact register, holes having been made down to the communicating channels which now faithfully represent the pattern.

Molten iron is poured into one hole while gases escape through other vents. After time has been allowed for cooling, the top box is lifted and the casting easily removed.

Much of the iron used in the Australian lace boom of the 1860s-90s was imported from England, though Australian iron eventually came into its own.

The imported iron, say most authorities, was brought here as ballast by English ships. Others deny this, thus spoiling a colorful story.

As prosperity increased, wealthy Australians began the process of moving out into the bushland, converting it into suburbs. Houses grew larger, more individual, more elaborate, more ornate. They actually began roofing-in those verandas, as if they had suddenly noticed the Australian sun.

And for safety they "fenced-in" the verandas with iron lace.

In the 1840s Peter Nicol Russell started the first local foundry. There are later records of more than 100 foundries.

In time, distinctive Australian patterns emerged, with the fern a prime favorite.

When "pattern-stealing" grew rife, designs were registered for copyright.

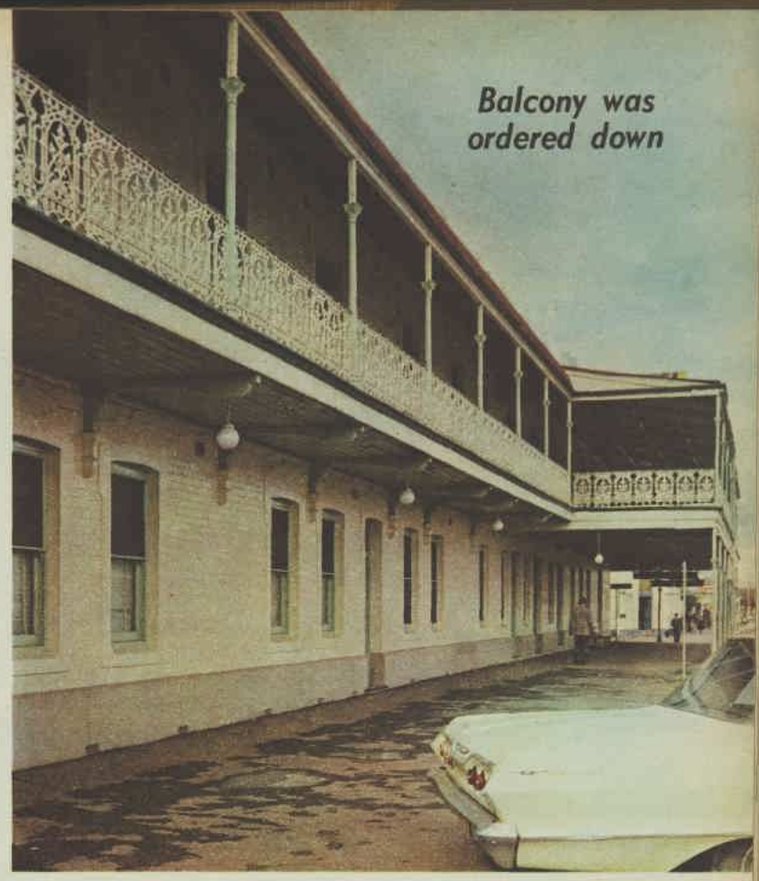
Late in the '90s, after a mild depression, iron lace abruptly found that it was "out."

The last Australian pattern registered in New South Wales was dated August 6, 1902. (The first in N.S.W. was December, 1879; the first in Victoria, April, 1870.)

In that first blitz on lace, seventy-odd years ago, much priceless beauty fell beneath the hammer. But much survived.

In our pictures Ron Berg has captured a good deal of it in New South Wales country centres.

How much of it will be there to rediscover seventy-odd years from now?



Balcony was ordered down

ARGUMENT FLARED in Cootamundra when the local council declared the Albion Hotel's veranda-posts a traffic hazard. Some townspeople have set up a brisk agitation to save the balcony, with its 400 to 500 feet of traditional iron lace.

"BASSETT HOUSE," in George Street, Bathurst, now occupied by business and professional men, is believed to be close to a century old. The iron is very elegant.

"HILLVIEW PARK," home of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. J. Stratton, at Cootamundra, is well over 100 years old and began as a boundary rider's hut. The vine, too, is very old.

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NEW YORK'S

LAUREN HUTTON poses easily and gracefully. With her superb long-legged figure she is at her best modelling casual clothes. "To get a good picture there has to be contact between the model and photographer," she said. "I like to give encouragement to the clothes I wear, and I work closely with the photographer. In this way the whole thing becomes real."

— Pictures by BILL WILSON

Pictures above and at right by CARL SHIRAISHI

LAUREN HUTTON'S face already has launched a thousand shifts and mini-skirts. She has moved up so fast that her name was placed on the $60-an-hour board (about $A.54) at Eileen Ford's model agency, before she had a chance to have it removed from the New York telephone directory.

At 22, Lauren Hutton knows exactly where she is going.

The face that will be known soon to millions looked across a New York restaurant table recently and told me about it.

"I have a five-year plan — I got it from the Russians," she said jokingly. Then she went on seriously: "All the money I'm making I put into stocks and shares. In five years, I quit.

"I'm buying a 40-foot sloop, and I'm heading across the Pacific. I want to go to Australia, and then continue all the way around the world.

"Beauty isn't tops — it's just a tool. It's good to have, if you put it to use, that's all."

Lauren Hutton's great leap forward began when she first came to New York from New Orleans.

She was standing in front of a photograph of a seagull in a Greenwich Village gallery, admiring it, when a man came up to ask her how she liked it.

"It's just beautiful," Lauren said. She was talking to the photographer who made the picture.

It was Friday evening. For the rest of the weekend the photographer — Carl Shiraishi, a talented Japanese — led Lauren around New York's Chinatown, through an Italian festival in Little Italy, and into a street bazaar.

"He knew I didn't know anything about posing, and told me just to move around, talk to people, relax," Lauren said. As she walked past the exotic backgrounds, talking to people, playing with children, Shiraishi was photographing her.

By Monday morning she had a portfolio to show Eileen Ford, who runs New York's top model agency. Eileen Ford put her to work right away.

Within five months Lauren was in constant demand. When I saw her, she had just arrived back from Puerto Rico where, for two days, she'd been making a television commercial. She was on her way to California to model a big-name manufacturer's swimming suits and collect $1500 (about $A1359) for doing it.

While on the West Coast she will have a screen test in Hollywood. Then she has assignments in Paris.

"I'm on my way," Lauren Hutton said.

But until she came to New York, and met Shiraishi, it didn't look as though she was going any place.

She was born in Charleston, South Carolina, and her parents were divorced before she had a chance to get to know her father. She grew up in Florida, with her stepfather trying to break her southern drawl, and all the time telling her to "sit up straight."

Looking at her now, and listening to her, it is apparent he did a pretty good job. She has no particular accent, and she gets full marks for deportment from everybody in the rag trade.

She spent summer holidays with her wealthy godmother in the south, and was led to understand she would inherit her godmother's fortune.

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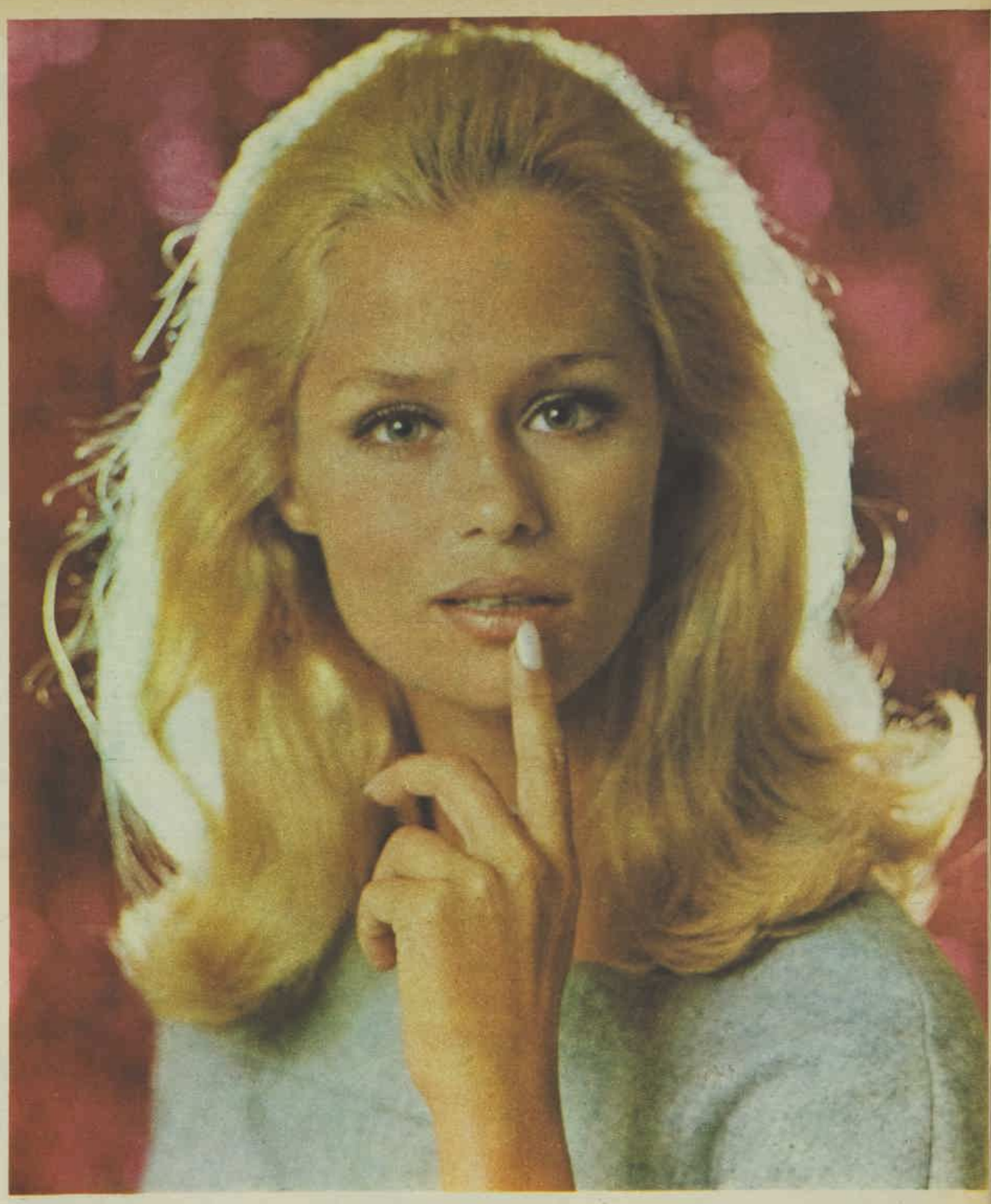
NEW FACE

By
BILL WILSON
in New York

● New York fashion has discovered a new face. It is not one of studied vacuity, the kind that usually glances coolly, ethereally out of high-fashion glossies. This face is vibrant, intense, and alive. It belongs to Lauren Hutton, who came to New York only seven months ago.



THE FACE that is taking New York's fashion world by storm. Since Lauren Hutton left a New Orleans college seven months ago to try her luck in the highly competitive field of modelling in New York, she has made the "big-time" list of the Eileen Ford model agency.

AT LEFT, Lauren Hutton poses with a group of children in a New York street.

After her godmother died, it was discovered that her will had been drawn up but not returned for signature.

So Lauren had to work her way through college. She got a job as a waitress in a New Orleans club, and lived in terror she would be discovered, and thrown out of school. She wasn't.

She dropped out of college instead, and headed for New York, where she worked as a showroom mannequin for Christian Dior's New York salon.

"I was their baby elephant," she said. "They bound my bust, and told me I smiled too much, which distracts from the clothes."

When Lauren Hutton smiles, it's certainly distracting.

But she'll never be asked to pose for toothpaste advertisements. Instead of a conventional dazzling row of capped teeth, Lauren has a space between her upper front teeth that can hold a straw without squashing it.

She can produce the pearly, unbroken smile to order, whipping out of her massive tote bag four false fronts that close the gap.

"They cost $75 ($A67) apiece, but I didn't want to have my teeth capped permanently," she said.

Lauren Hutton doesn't really care much for any kind of false front. She thinks hard about her identity, who she is, where she's going. She doesn't want to hide behind a phony smile.

She doesn't have the attitude that says to everybody, "Look at me, I'm beautiful." She simply knows she's a very striking young woman, and why make an issue of it? She has a pretty firm grasp of reality, accepts her beauty with a casual disregard that everyone she meets finds attractive.

She is pleasantly un-neurotic for someone jolted out of anonymity into sudden magazine-cover prominence, and a high income bracket.

Right now she's a model, and she works very hard at it.

She may work as long as a 12-hour day, and she still has zest to spare at the end of it. Her step springs, her green eyes look around saying, "What's happening?"

She can dart into the inexorable flow of New York rush-hour traffic to halt the single taxi across the street, quite certain that the cars will stop to let her through, and they do. They even stopped long enough to let me get in after her.

She rarely goes out in the evening to bars or nightclubs, preferring to go home to her Greenwich Village flat and take her clothes off.

"I don't understand people who are self-conscious about themselves. If I don't spend several hours a day without any clothes on I feel frustrated. I cook that way."

Her main amusements at home are reading and caring for her fish.

"I have a four-foot aquarium and I have 16 fish in it. Do you know that some fish change color when they're upset?" she asked.

After posing for pictures for The Australian Women's Weekly, Lauren and I went to a restaurant to talk. It was a place between Fifth Avenue and Madison, where beautiful girls are not entirely unknown, but every head in the room swivelled to follow Lauren's progress.

Most men don't care for models, finding them too skinny, too egotistical, and not altogether real. But now they're telling the story about the man who was watching a fashion show in New York recently and was heard to mutter in astonishment: "Well, they've finally found a beautiful model."

He was looking at Lauren Hutton. And I'll go along with his judgment.

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FASHION TAKES A PRETTY TURN

Wildly pretty flower prints, in voluminous shapes, are the fresh fashion news for summer nights and days. Paris is plugging a new long-line silhouette to wear as a beach "cover" or for nights at home. This casual free look is a steal from a Moorish caftan and it's really "in." The two dresses express the mood to perfection. Both designs are available in pattern form. Send orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

6797.—One-piece holiday dress has optional self-tie belt and is finished with a halter neckline. Pattern also includes the dress in floor-length. Vogue pattern 6797 in sizes small 10 to 12, medium 14 to 16, and large 18 to 20. Price 75c includes postage.

6771.—Voluminous beach "cover" is flared from a turtle neckline and halter-type armholes. The pattern also includes "cover" in street-length and a brief two-piece swimsuit. Vogue pattern 6771, sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16. Price 85c includes postage.

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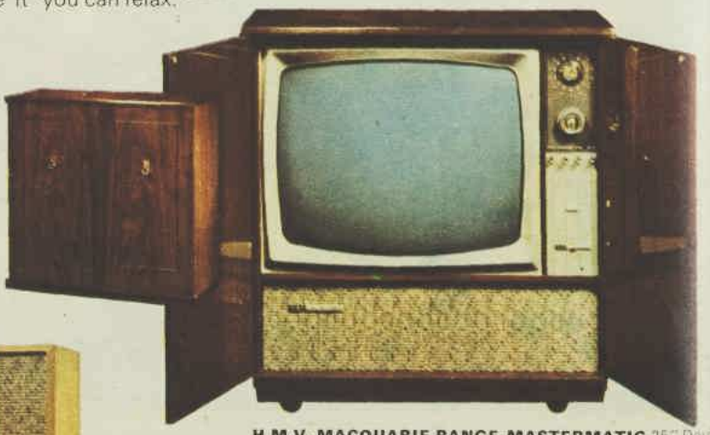
relax — you're with HIS MASTER'S VOICE

You know this famous trademark. It's completely trustworthy. It gives peace-of-mind to millions of families. And it has for over sixty years. Why? Because it carries the faithful promise of reliability and excellence. When you're out to buy your new television set, or stereo or transistor, look for this trademark. Whenever you see it you can relax.

H.M.V. CASINO 23" Consolette (PU-9B). Also available with "Rangemaster" chassis (PW-9B). Clear, rock-steady 23" picture. "Shelbond" tube is dust-free, undistorted, with no reflections. Easy front tuning. "Rangemaster" model gives perfect performance — even in distant "fringe" areas. Strong metal cabinet in walnut or maple "Marviplate" finishes. **$312.90.** *With "Rangemaster" chassis $333.90*



H.M.V. MACQUARIE RANGE-MASTERMATIC 25" Double door Console on castors — with fully-automatic remote control. (V3-AJ). A most handsome set. Double-door cabinet. Transistorised, fully-automatic remote control. All the famous HMV technical features to give clear steady viewing — including "Rangemaster" chassis for perfect reception in distant "fringe areas". Craftsman-built cabinet in genuine mahogany or walnut veneers. **$570.00**

H.M.V. WARWICK 25" Lowboy on legs (VI-BG) Also available with "Rangemaster" chassis (V2-BG) "Shelbond" tube. Maximum viewing area (327 sq. ins.). "Rangemaster" model gives perfect performance in distant "fringe" areas. Cabinet in walnut, maple or rosewood finishes. Teak $8.30 extra. **$396.90.** *"Rangemaster chassis: $417.90*

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

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SUMMER BUDGET BUYING

These four fashions are chosen for smart summer sewing. They are available ready made or cut out ready to sew. Address orders to Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Please mention name of garment and give a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders.

"GREER."—Fully lined suit and bow-tied overblouse. Suit fabric is terylene-viscose, available in spectrum-blue (above), cyclamen-pink, pale green, and junior-navy. Blouse is in contrasting printed tetoron. Ready to wear: Sizes 30 and 32in. bust, $22.15; 34 and 36in. bust, $22.35. Cut out only: 30 and 32in. bust, $16.75; 34 and 36in., $16.95. Postage and dispatch 60c extra.

"SUSETTE."—Pretty one-piece dress has white trim. Material is white-striped pique cotton, available in pink (above), navy, and aqua. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $10.65; 36 and 38in. bust, $10.85. Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, $7.15; 36 and 38in. bust, $7.35. Postage and dispatch 60c extra.

"PORTIA."—Softly styled one-piece has permanently pleated skirt. Material is crepe-finished printed tetoron, available in green, royal - blue, turquoise, and lime (above); cyclamen-pink, royal-blue, gold, and chocolate; royal-blue, deep blue, turquoise, and old-gold. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $14.79; 36 and 38in. bust, $14.99. Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, $10.60; 36 and 38in. bust, $10.85. Postage and dispatch 60c extra.

"ARLENE."—Smart slim-line shift. Material is easy-care printed cotton, available in turquoise and green printed on black (left), cyclamen-pink and green printed on junior-navy, and orange and lime printed on turquoise. Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $10.15; 36 and 38in. bust, $10.35. Cut out only: 32 and 34in. bust, $6.65; 36 and 38in. bust, $6.85. Postage and dispatch 60c extra.

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Insist on Mortein*

*It's the safe, sure way to kill disease-carrying flies!

No wonder 4 out of 5 Australian housewives insist on Mortein . . . Mortein kills flies so fast they don't have a chance to harm your family's health. And it's guaranteed safe to spray anywhere in the home, even near people and food. That's because Mortein contains costly African Pyrethrum, the fastest-killing insecticide known to man and the safest of all to use. Insist on safe, sure Mortein.

When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!

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OUR
PATTERN OFFER

Make these for Christmas

JUST in time for Christmas, our needlework offer is for two wonderful characters that would make perfect gifts for children or up-to-the-minute teenagers.

First let us introduce you to the Jet-setters — a gay, go-go bunch that really know what's going on. Dressed in the latest gear from Carnaby Street, they know all the smart discotheques and all the newest dances.

Any switched-on teenager would love this way-out bunch for his or her room.

Our other personalities, the International Pyjama Bags, are really with-it, too. Flags with their op-art designs have never been so popular—people are even wearing them!

But these characters are not just for gay decoration — their bodies are drawstring bags to hold pyjamas or a nightdress.

And one of the most charming attributes of these two is that they cost little to make.

The Butterick Pattern for each, which includes a basic pattern as well as patterns for trimmings for each variation, costs only 50 cents, including postage, and the small amounts of material required would cost very little.

The Jet-setters, Butterick Pattern No. 4168, can be made from scraps of material (body and legs would need about ½yd. cotton), small pieces of felt, plastic foam and cotton wadding, two buttons, and glue.

Quantities of material for the International Pyjama Bag Doll, Butterick Pattern No. 4203, would depend on what doll you choose, but the drawstring bag would require ⅔yd. 36in.-wide fabric.

The Jet-setters, with their extra, extra long legs, measure about 28in. in length; the International Doll's drawstring bag body, made of ¾yd. material, is roomy enough for a pair of pyjamas or a nightdress.

To order, see the panel at right.

JET-SETTERS (above) have their own name tags: "Lover Boy," "Mod," "Rocker," and "A Go-Go." The dolls can be made from bright scraps of material. For more details about them and how to order, see below.

To order these BUTTERICK PATTERNS please send a postal order for required amount to "Gift Offer," P.O. Box 4, Croydon, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers address order to: "Gift Offer," P.O. Box 11084, Ellerslie, S.E.6).

GAY BAG DOLLS (above), to hold pyjamas or a nightdress, are from the same basic pattern. Different trimmings give them individual personalities. From left to right: "Belle France," "G.U. Jitsu," and "Union Jackie."

Photographs by Don Cameron

DRAWSTRING ties at the necks of these dolls (above), to keep pyjamas and nightdresses tucked away tidily. "Raggedy Bag" (right) shows the basic pattern, "Sunny Italia" (left), is a variation. To order, see details above.

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N is for neat, nifty, new Baby Bondwear

Romper Suit — easy to put on, easy to take off — the special crotch opening's the trick. Blue or lemon 'Coral' knit cotton with white yoke jumping with bunnies. Style 45619. AS1. $2.80

BOND'S
Australia's greatest name in cotton

C is for oodles of comfort

Matinee Jacket is comfort-plus in cool 'Fisherman's Net' open-weave cotton. Raglan sleeves (more comfort), in all white, or with pink or blue stocking. Style 45676. AS1. $1.80. **Pants** to match with elasticised waist and legband. White, aqua, lemon, pink. Style 45043. AS1, AS2, AS3. $1.00

R is for romping room

Romper Suit with room to romp in, room to grow in. It's in magic stretch 'Poodlette'. The one size fits from 6 to 18 months. Note crotch opening. White, aqua, lemon, pink. Style 95645. $2.75

S is for magic stretch Bond's GRO-WEAR

Casual Top and Pants in new 'Marshmallow' cotton and nylon blend. Soft and sweet like its namesake, it cannot bind or chafe, launders beautifully, needs no ironing. Candy lemon, pink, aqua, white. The one size fits from 6 to 18 months. **Top** style 95955. Fits from 6 mths. to 6 yrs. $1.50. **Pants** style 95052. Fits from 6 18 mths. $1.00

W is for washability

Topper Set in 'Coral Knit' cotton washes like a dream — like *all* Baby Bondwear. Button shoulder opening. White with blue, lemon or pink binding. Style 45617. AS1. $2.00

X is for x-tra good quality

Nightgown and Matinee Jacket in white 'Coral Knit' cotton that's x-tra good washing, x-tra long lasting. Other x-tras:—sweet baby rosebud print, lashings of soft lace. AS1. **Nightgown** style 45339. $2.00. **Jacket** style 45681. $1.80

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is for practicality

Matinee Jacket has practical easy-fitting raglan sleeves, sweet smocking and lace. White, pink, blue interlock. Style 15651. AS1. $1.29. **Training Pants** are certainly practical with three layers of soft absorbent interlock where it counts. White, pink, blue. Style 15010. AS1, AS2. $1.05

is for quickly dressed

Nightgown is quick alright. It has a complete back opening. Delicately smocked yoke for sweetness. Q is for quality too. White, pink, blue interlock cotton. Style 15303. AS1. $1.79

is for tough-wearing

Topper Set (T is for Topper Set too), with buttoned shoulder opening, elasticised waist and legbands. Soft (yet tough, like all Baby Bondwear fabrics), white Velvet Terry with blue or red gingham trim. Style 45677. AS1, AS2. $2.50

is for unique styling

Swimsuit with pretty pleated lace trim in magic stretch 'Marshmallow' (see 'S for magic stretch'). Lemon, pink, white, aqua. The one size fits from 6 months to 3 yrs. Style 95668. $2.50

is for value

T-Shirt always stays neat. 'Bunnies on the Moon' motif stays too. White, blue, lemon interlock. Style 15903. AS1, AS2, AS4. V for value $1.00 **Pants** in white, aqua, lemon, pink velvet terry. (Soft!) Elasticised waist and legbands. Style 45045. AS1, AS2, AS3. $1.00 (Value again!)

is for you—Mother

Topper Set design for the discerning 'young man' (D.B.'s are very 'in'), in white, aqua, lemon easy-care (see all Baby Bondwear is really designed for your Mother) crepe mesh. Style 45650. AS1, AS2. $3.25

is for zingy designs

Sun Suit with 'shy pussycat' bib front is typical of the bright designs for the 'young miss'. Here in magic stretch 'Poodlette'. One size fits from 6 to 18 months. White with royal or red trimmings. Style 95670. $2.50

BUY BABY BONDWEAR AND BOND'S GRO-WEAR WHERE YOU SEE THIS HANGING SIGN

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put the sun in your salads with Golden Circle

"CHEESE ISLANDS"

Cheese pastry: Sift 2 cups plain flour with 1 teaspoon salt and ¾ teaspoon cayenne pepper. Work in 4oz. butter, finely. Beat 1 egg in cup, add ¼ cup cold water. Add sufficient to flour mixture to make firm dough. Knead lightly, roll thin, cut to fit over inverted meat pie pans. Bake on scone tray at 425 degs. F. until crisp and golden. Cool shells on rack. Serve on lettuce leaves as individual salads. Filling suggestions: GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple Pieces with shelled prawns, Golden Circle Beetroot, diced, celery and radishes. Cottage Cheese with chopped chives, sardines, Golden Circle Pineapple Pieces and black olives. Shredded cabbage (tossed with dressing) with Golden Circle Pineapple Pieces, cubed cooked carrot and Swede turnip and chunks of boiled bacon.

V is for vitality

Want a family that sparkles with health and vitality? They grow best on salads, on super salads that all but leap off the plate with pineapple-tasty vitamins and minerals. Experts say we need some salad vegetables every day. Make them inviting with pineapple colour! Make them exciting with pineapple flavour! Even the children like Pineapple Salads.

Golden Circle

TROPICAL
PINEAPPLE PIECES

peel a can today

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

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WONDER BOY OF THE WAVES

Australian teenager who won the world surfboard crown

• Whenever friends come looking for Nat Young, his mother tells them, "Wherever the surf's on — that's where you'll find him."

NAT, the Sydney teenager who recently won the World Surfboard Championship in California, spends most of his life at the beach.

"It's been the same for the past eight years," Mrs. Young said. "Every day — morning and afternoon—he goes off surfing.

"At least I know where he is—and it's really paid off now."

At Ocean Beach, near San Diego, California, more than 80,000 spectators watched Nat take the world title. He was riding his favorite surfboard, which he calls "Sam" and took with him from Sydney.

In the Women's Championships, Australian girls Gail Couper, of Victoria, and Phyllis O'Donnell, of Queensland, came fourth and sixth respectively.

Nat, 18, scored 293 points to win by 63 points from Jack Sutherland, of Hawaii, and 70 points from Corky Carroll, also of the United States.

"The 8ft. waves were similar to ones we get at Manly Beach—and just what I'd hoped for," said Nat after the contest.

Australia's wonder surfer has a long list of titles.

As well as being Australian champion, Nat currently holds the N.S.W., Newcastle-Hunter Valley, and Bell's Beach, Victoria, titles and has won a string of local and interstate surfboard rallies.

He has 25 impressive trophies in a cabinet in his Warriewood home, and has won three overseas trips.

As Australian champion he won a trip to the World Titles in Hawaii in 1964, and another to the recent ones in California. Last year he won a trip to Peru for the international contest in a seven-mile paddle race on Sydney Harbor.

In Peru he won the World Paddle race and took second place to Peruvian surfer Felipe Pomar, in the World Surfboard Championship.

"Peru was a good lesson to him—he lost the big title by one point," Mrs. Young said. "Nat knew he could never count on winning. He never even mentioned the possibility of pulling it off in California."

But that didn't stop him putting in weeks of practice.

He surfed every day and spent most weekends on surfaris up and down the eastern coastline.

"My favorite haunt is Noosa Heads, about 80 miles north of Brisbane," Nat always says. "But if I can't make it that far, I settle for the good long rides at Crescent Heads and Byron Bay."

After they heard the good news (the Australian team manager, Bob Evans, rang from California), Mr. and Mrs. Young, their two married daughters, and younger son, Chris, couldn't even walk down the street without someone offering congratulations.

"And for days the phone didn't stop ringing," Mrs. Young said. "We're all so proud."

By KERRY YATES

Just before he left Australia, Nat joined an international sportswear company. He will visit their main office in Portland, U.S.A., before returning to Australia via Hawaii.

In Hawaii he'll star in a movie by Australian surfer-film-maker Bob Evans. It will be released Australia-wide in January.

Then, after six weeks away, Nat will be back to catch up with all his commitments in Sydney.

As a top surfer, Nat has a weekly column in The Sunday Telegraph, demonstrates and promotes his own custom surfboards, and makes personal appearances at Sydney stores.

Quiet and unassuming, Nat has definite ideas for the future.

He has made quite a lot of money from "surfing sidelines." He saves every penny and has bought a block of land at Whale Beach in Sydney.

He hopes to become a professional surboard rider and build a house—with a beach on his doorstep.

WORLD SURFBOARD CHAMPION Nat Young, 18, of Warriewood, N.S.W., with some of his trophies. He won the world title this month in California, U.S.A.

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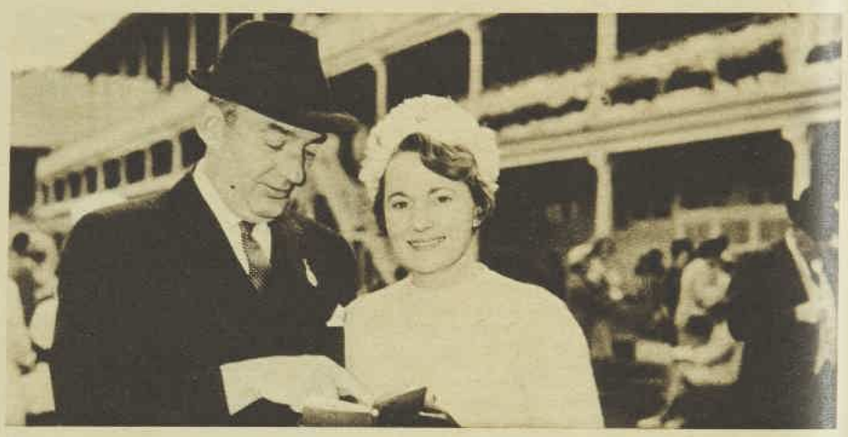
SPRING RACING CARNIVAL

ABOVE: Mrs. John Laszlo (at left), who wore a hat flown from Paris for Ladies' Day, and Mrs. Ignacy Listwan, who was in navy and white.

AT LEFT: Mrs. Leon Myerson (at left) chose an all-cream outfit, while Mrs. Arthur Gollan's was in apple-green silk.

Bitter winds and light showers kept all but the hardiest of racegoers in their winter attire for most of the Spring Racing Carnival. The few who wore spring outfits were bright patches in a sea of browns, greys, and blues.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Minell on the lawn of the Members' Stand, where they tried to pick a winner at the second day's racing.

Black and White Ball

AT BALL. Miss Bronwyn Turk was escorted by Mr. John Daley to the Black and White Ball at the Trocadero, at which there were 1200 people. Many people attended private parties before they went on to the ball.

GAY FOURSOME. The Hon. Humphrey Fisher and Mrs. Fisher (at left) with Mr. and Mrs. Perry Guinness in the foyer of the Trocadero. The op-art dresses worn by Mrs. Fisher and Mrs. Guinness were two of the most striking at the ball, where many gowns were in black-and-white patterns.

BETWEEN DANCES. Miss Robin Hoddle (at left), Mr. John Baker, and Melbourne visitor Miss Wendy Barbank, of Toorak. Decorations at the ball featured a huge illuminated chandelier, black and white streamers, and hundreds of blue paper roses on white screens.

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ABOVE: Youthful racegoer Miss Dawn Traynor wished Argentina "good luck" just before he went out to race in The Metropolitan.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Annette Atwill, Mrs. Ted Sly, of "Thornhill," Gunnedah, and Mr. and Mrs. Colin Ross Munro, of "Trawalla," Moree (left to right), at the second day of the Spring Racing Carnival.

AT RIGHT: Miss Susan Atwill (at left) with country visitor Miss Jenny Sly, of "Thornhill," Gunnedah, who was at the races with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Sly.

PRETTY HAT. One of the smartest hats on Ladies' Day was worn by Mrs. Philip Hearn. Many women spent a frantic day clutching their large hats whenever they went outdoors and holding on to their skirts in the wind which swept across the lawns.

WINNERS. Miss Cherie Traynor, Miss Robyn O'Donoughue, and Miss Fiona Baillieu (left to right), who came first, second, and third in the competition which was held for the most beautiful gowns worn by single girls at the ball.

JUDGE. Artist Sir William Dobell, who was one of the judges of the most beautiful gowns, with Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere (at left), president of the Black and White Committee, which works for the Royal Blind Society, and Mrs. Ev. Crossing, who is a vice-president of the committee.

LOVELY GOWNS. Mrs. Peter Hanlon (centre) won first prize, Mrs. George Rial (at left) second, and Mrs. Denis Rowe was winner of the third prize in the competition for the most beautiful gown worn by a married woman.

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NEXT WEEK

★ Would you like to cook like Auguste Escoffier, the Frenchman known as the "King of Chefs and the Chef of Kings"? You can with a 16-page . . .

Recipes ranging from such economical dishes as tripe and onions to beautiful fruit desserts have been specially selected with the housewife in mind from the new English edition of Escoffier's own cook book, "Ma Cuisine."

Don't miss this!

"We are scarcely James Bond ladies"

● The almost incredible true-life story of two English spinsters who outdid all fiction's cloak-and-dagger heroes in snatching 29 doomed strangers from under the noses of Hitler's Gestapo.

****

THE NEWBORN BABY

★ The first dramatic months of life, described by a doctor who is the mother of five children.

****

In COLOR, you'll see . . .

● A bird's-eye view of each capital city from the top of a skyscraper in a must-to-be-seen "Beautiful Australia" feature.

● TV personality Brian Henderson and his bride, Mardi, planning their dream home.

● Jean Shrimpton, the reluctant film star.

****

★ In constant search for something new, the mods have turned to something old.

Harlow hits are back

AN ISLAND NEEDS RICE —SO A SYDNEY WIFE'S TELEPHONE RUNS HOT

● It would never occur to Hazel Brennan that she is a crusader. She looked at the problem of the thousands of Indonesians starving on Lombok Island (population 1,400,000) with precisely the same kind sympathy that she would feel should a friend be taken ill.

But instead of a pot of chicken soup, her neighborly gift to the islanders is rice — rice for which some of them have been famished since the crop failed across half the island.

THERE are stacks of neatly folded rice bags and boxes piled high with pound packets of white, brown, and long-grain rice on the back porch of the Brennan house, built on the Sydney Harbor foreshore at Woolwich.

"I'm not doing this myself," Mrs. Brennan told me. "I've got all these hundreds of people to do it! All I've done is to bring to their notice that people are dying with absolutely nothing to eat—about 40,000 have already died.

"And, of course, the phone. My poor eardrums! I announced the campaign on September 18, and I don't think the phone has stopped since. I've been very good, I haven't taken it off the hook today."

Short and fair, 47-year-old Hazel Brennan has nothing of the "organising woman" about her, but has been working 16 hours a day.

"I didn't want to ask people for money—I think people are tired of that. The whole purpose was for anyone to do whatever they wanted to do, however it suited them," she said.

The idea has evidently "suited" the hundreds of people who have rung offering to do everything from collecting in their streets to lending a warehouse for storing the rice until it is shipped.

Mrs. Brennan said that although men had been wonderful, more women had taken an interest—"mostly because they're concerned with the cookpot."

With so many collectors working on the campaign, she doesn't expect exact figures on the rice shipment to be available until just before the Pilar Regidor's cargo hatches are battened down on October 18.

"I rang the shipping company and said, 'Keep me some space, but I don't know how much.' Sort of 'Lots of love and I'll let you know!'

"Lombok is the next-door island to Bali, and about the same size," Mrs. Brennan said, bringing out a map. "It's 1100 miles from Darwin.

"People have been concerned about what will happen to the rice, but I am satisfied that the Indonesian Red Cross will have a hand in its distribution."

HAZEL BRENNAN shows one of the many packets of rice received at her home in Sydney for starving Indonesians on the island of Lombok.

(Good rice harvests on part of Lombok were reported to have been withheld from the famine areas by dealers, and as a result the Governor was recently dismissed.)

Mrs. Brennan said 1lb. of rice would keep one person alive for one day.

She expected the shipment would be at least 122,000lb. That could mean 122,000 days—more than 334 years of life—sailing to Lombok.

A sensitive social conscience is perhaps natural to the wife of Tom Brennan, associate professor of the Department of Social Studies at Sydney University.

The Brennans are English, and came to Sydney seven years ago from Scotland—he had been working at Glasgow University.

She brushes aside the suggestion that the Professor or their three sons might find her "headquarters" operations a nuisance. "The family say, 'We've got to look after Mum now—it's the first original idea she's ever had!'

"I've a bit of a butterfly mind, thinking that I must do this or I must do that.

"I just thought, 'Well, OK —we'll get some rice.' How do I know how much? Well, there are two and a half million people in Sydney, and if we each gave a pound of rice it would make about a thousand tons!' At the moment, I don't know what *one* ton looks like.

"When I got this idea, I first rang the Indonesian Embassy to see if they would accept a gift from the ordinary people of Australia. When they said they would, I rang my son Paul, who is president of the Students' Representative Council at the University of N.S.W. — he's 22 and doing Arts. He found me the ship, and has also organised a roster of students to staff the warehouse on collecting days."

(Mark, 17, is at Sydney Technical College, and Hugh, 15, is helping collect rice at Hunter's Hill High School.)

Mrs. Brennan is bubbling over with enthusiasm for the people who have backed her plan. Such as the Canberra doctor who sent a $110 cheque toward the freight charges, the woman from Double Bay who gave a ton of rice, the spontaneous collection by the employees of Penfolds, the schoolchildren at Roseville who brought their gifts to school in birthday wrappings and newspaper.

Perhaps most touching of all her stories is this one about her friend who is the nurse at a city glassmaking company: "One of the machinists came in with a cut finger, and she said, 'Now, keep it clean, come back tomorrow, and bring me a pound of rice—my friend Hazel is collecting it for some starving Indonesians.'

"The next day she was called down to the machine shop, and all the men had laid their lunches and billies out banquet-style on some tables, with chicken legs for her, and there were sacks of rice with ribbons round them.

"The man who'd cut his finger had evidently gone back to work and said, 'Sister wants some rice.' I don't know how much they gave—she said she was going to count it, but she'd have been up all night."

Besides rice, gifts have included $1350 to pay charges and buy more rice.

"Business frightens me to death. I'm not doing this in a business sort of way," Mrs Brennan stressed.

"I hope people aren't thinking, 'Here's another one of these silly middle-aged women trying to do something.'

"There've been no committee meetings. No glamor about this at all! No lunches, no first nights.

"I think that even if we only sent one ton of rice, the collection is worth while," Mrs. Brennan reflected. "I've heard criticism that the amount is too small to matter. My answer is a question: If you can't give someone a present of $1000, does it mean you shouldn't give them one worth five cents if you have it?"

—*JUDE AINSWORTH*

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Who's Mrs. Jones when she's at home?

THE MRS. JONES of the margarine campaign advertisements.

FROM being the idealistic Mrs. Jones, of the Australian women's "freedom of choice" campaign on the margarine issue, to playing the female leader of a group of robbers in a television series is, in anyone's language, quite a switch.

But Mrs. Jones, alias Mrs. Frank Lisle, of Beecroft, N.S.W., has made the change easily.

For the past six months Mrs. Lisle's face as "Mrs. Jones" has been grimacing, scowling, and smiling at Australian householders in newspaper and magazine advertisements, as she aggressively stands up for her rights in the margarine quota controversy.

Now, as a result of a television interview she made as "Mrs. Jones," she is playing in a series of Australian-made television films to be called "The Jester."

"I play the boss of a gang of crooks and tote a gun," smiled Mrs. Lisle, an attractive 5ft. 6in. blonde.

By ANNE OLSEN

Earlier this year, Mrs. Lisle was a comparatively unknown working woman, the wife of an insurance inspector and mother of two boys, Robert, 19 (son of her first marriage), and Ricky, 5.

For eight years she has been a television producer for a leading Sydney advertising agency which handles the Marrickville Margarine account.

(Appropriately enough, as if carrying the Mrs. Jones symbol through to her own personal life, a small Australian flag decorates a window of her office which overlooks the approaches to the Sydney Harbor Bridge.)

"One day our creative director was preparing a program mapping out a proposed campaign for the margarine account," she said. "He needed some photographs of a fictional, typical, average Australian Mrs. Jones, to illustrate to his client exactly what he meant.

"Just for fun, I posed for the photographs and pulled all sorts of faces. I was supposed to look aggressive, sceptical, confused, and puzzled, in that order.

"Apparently when the client saw these pictures, he decided I was the Mrs. Jones he wanted for the campaign.

"The whole idea of using a typical Mrs. Jones was homespun really, but it clicked with the public. We never dreamt it would be so successful."

Being a national symbol hasn't meant the personal recognition one might expect.

"Of course Mrs. Jones' pictured face is known everywhere," she said. "But Mrs. Jones as ME, well now, that's another matter.

"Apart from friends in the advertising business and some neighbors, few people recognise me. I have never been pulled up in the street and asked 'Are you Mrs. Jones?'

"A few weeks back the girl in our local pharmacy did ask me, though: 'Mrs. Lisle, has it ever occurred to you how much you look like that Mrs. Jones woman?'

"I suppose really it's because I look a bit plumper in photographs or on television."

Mrs. Lisle looks slimmer and is more of a strawberry blonde than the "Mrs. Jones" pictures indicate. Lately, too, she has been wearing her hair shorter.

When THE face was really well known and people everywhere were asking "Who is Mrs. Jones, is she a professional model?" and "Does she really believe all that the advertisements make her say?" Mrs. Jones made her television debut.

"I really WAS working in the garden when interviewer Roger Climpson and the film crew arrived at my home one weekend," said Mrs. Lisle.

"They shot only 600 feet of film and worked on the actual filming for about 1½ hours, which must set some kind of record when it comes to making commercials."

Mrs. Lisle refused to use a prepared script.

"I felt I would be too nervous and unconvincing if I had to learn something by heart. I said I would do the commercial only if they let me use my own words and expressions.

"One reason I sounded convincing was because, yes, I do use margarine and I do personally disapprove of the Government's restriction of the margarine industry.

"After the interview Roger couldn't believe that I hadn't ever worked IN FRONT of a camera before. Usually I am on the other side directing things."

New career

Sydney producer Jack Levigne saw the commercial and immediately offered Mrs. Lisle a part in the series of 13 half-hour fictional programs he is currently filming for television.

Mrs. Lisle thinks the series—written by a team of 20 Australian writers — is excellent.

"The pilot program received such an enthusiastic reception that filming is soon to commence on the third of the series."

She says it is "something between 'The Man from U.N.C.L.E.' and 'The Avengers.'"

Although Mrs. Lisle really doesn't qualify as the "typical housewife," she does fit, very much, the picture of today's career-housewife.

She and her husband first met when she was a producer for the National Opera Group, an adjunct of the National Opera Company. Frank Lisle was a bass-baritone with the group.

For the eight years she has been producing film commercials, she has organised her life to enjoy the best of two worlds.

"With two sons—one a teenager at work and the other a schoolboy—I felt I couldn't stay at home all day," she explained.

Mrs. Lisle and her husband leave for their offices together between 8 and 8.15 a.m. daily.

An afternoon nurse who calls for Ricky after school takes him home and prepares his afternoon snack and evening meal.

"When I get home he is in his pyjamas and we'll spend an hour or so together before he goes off to bed.

"Later I'll make the evening meal for my husband and Robert."

Mrs. Lisle does her own housekeeping and marketing, with a one - day - a - week helper.

A great deal of her workday is spent in film studios or on location.

Keeping her business life separate from her home life is one of her secrets for happiness. She and her husband make a point of doing little weekend entertaining or visiting.

A keen gardener, Mrs. Lisle likes to potter round her garden and spend time with young Ricky.

Mrs. Lisle has had many offers to appear in television commercials or to participate in political movements.

"I refused all the television commercial offers. I really prefer working on the other side of the camera, and, besides, my life is too busy to take on this extra field.

"One organisation asked me to become associated with their anti-conscription campaign, but I refused.

"I don't believe in the issue at all, even though Robert will be eligible next year for military call-up."

However, when the Housewives' Association of N.S.W. asked her, as "Mrs. Jones," to present a petition on their behalf to the N.S.W. Premier, she accepted willingly.

"More than 27,000 housewives from country and city districts had signed their names to this petition asking Mr. Askin to review the preposterous quota system imposed on the margarine industry," she said.

"Of course I didn't get past the Premier's secretary, but at least I managed to deliver it, if not personally."

AT HOME Mrs. Jones is Mrs. Frank Lisle, of Beecroft, N.S.W., pictured above with her sons Robert, 19, and Ricky, 5.

AT WORK Mrs. Jones is Gwen Lisle, producer of TV commercials, pictured left with a TCN9 Sydney film crew.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4936811

JOIN OUTDOOR-FUN PEOPLE!

Primus takes the convenience of home cooking outdoors

Come on outside into the sunshine, into a "good-times-for-all life"—and bring along a Primus. Cook up a feast, fresh food served sizzling hot in minutes under Coolibah trees, on the beach, in your tent, caravan or boat—anywhere you like (even in a gale!)

—at the turn of a knob and a flash of a match. Primus gives you instant, convenient cooking on constant-heat flames **you** control. Nothing is simpler than cooking with Primus and portable gas. Try it. Help stamp out stale sandwiches, old coffee.

Forget the dirt, the delay, the danger and the smoke that gets in your eyes and makes you cry when you cook the old ways. No crying with Primus. Smiles, laughter and heaps of well-cooked fresh food—that's the promise! That's civilization outdoors when you take out a Primus and a cylinder of gas. See the Primus range at your nearest hardware, sports or camping-goods store, or bottled gas dealer . . . and pick up entry forms for the Primus $2,000 contest. Anyone can enter!

Enter the Primus $2,000 contest. Win a De Havilland Viking runabout and Mercury outboard.

PRIZE: 15 ft. Hawker de Havilland aluminium "Viking" with 50 h.p. Mercury outboard motor, boat trailer and towing rig.

Outdoor People prefer

PRIMUS

Made in Australia by
NELSON & COMPANY PTY. LIMITED
under licence to A. B. Bahco, Sweden.

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"We work, work . . . and work . . . till, excitingly, we are through to them"

— A TEACHER OF THE DEAF-BLIND

By GLORIA NEWTON

BORN into a world of silence and darkness, there are children whose minds, often highly intelligent minds, lie in utter loneliness and despair.

In a desperate attempt to discover the world around them, to find the meaning of living, they can only send small hands out, groping, feeling, exploring, pleading for help.

These are children who are both deaf and blind. Until little more than a quarter of a century ago they were condemned often to a life of concealment in the home or committed to the mental institution.

Tragically, they were regarded as mentally deficient. How many were left unaided, shut off from the rest of the world, will probably never be known.

Today it is a different story. It has been found that the minds of many of these little children can be reached, their hands guided.

With incredible patience, with scientific methods, and warm understanding, teachers overseas are breaking through to them, teaching them to talk, to read, to write, to communicate with the world around them, bringing them independence, happiness, and pride.

Inspired by this success, the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children decided to provide a school for the deaf-blind. There was, they reasoned, plenty of room for it in the 40 acres of bushland at North Rocks, where already there are two up-to-date schools, one for the blind and one for the deaf.

To finance its construction, furnishing, and equipment, the N.S.W. Institution on September 5 launched a $200,000 appeal called Breakthrough. Its climax will be a Door-Knock appeal.

The new school's headmaster will be Mr. Keith Watkins, a 35-year-old teacher who, until he was appointed master of the North Rocks Blind School, specialised in teaching pupils of opportunity classes.

Last year he spent several months overseas investigating aid for the deaf-blind in the United States, Britain, and Holland.

"We hope," he said, "that this school will be the best equipped in the world."

The most effective method of making this "breakthrough" to the deaf-blind was developed in the United States just over 30 years ago when a young woman, Sophia Alcorn, took into her care two children, Tad Chapman and Oma Simpson.

She searched for weeks for some way to communicate with them, and discovered that by placing their thumb on her lips and their fingers on her upper jaw and lower neck they could feel her speak.

She found that each sound or word produced a different muscular vibration.

Using this method — she called it Tadoma after her two small pupils — and with infinite patience and kindness, she worked with the children day after day, month after month, repeating words over and over again, using such things as a ball or other small toy to illustrate them, until one day the miracle happened — they showed they understood and responded.

News of her success reached Miss Iris B. Hall, then principal of the Perkins School for Deaf and Blind at Boston, Massachusetts, and she adopted the method for her deaf-blind pupils.

Today the Perkins School, which over the years has further developed the Tadoma system, is the only school in the world where training in the method is given. The N.S.W. Institution, in conjunction with the Department of Education, sent two teachers, Miss Patricia Darnley and Miss Roslyn Jonas, there for nine months' training.

"With these two teachers we can take six children when we open early next year," Mr. Watkins said. "We hope, in the near future, with more teachers trained, to be able to take up to 16.

"There are 19 children in New South Wales — ranging in age from 12 months to 13 years — who are deaf-blind."

Roslyn Jonas, 25, a quiet, shy young woman who is dedicated to her work, became interested in the problems of deaf children when she was 18 and teaching in a kindergarten.

"There was a little deaf boy in my class, and my heart went out to him with all the problems he had with the other children and the teachers. I became interested in all that could be done to make things easier for him and children like him, so I left the kindergarten and took a course in teaching the deaf," she said.

"Then, when the course at the Perkins School was announced I saw in it a tremendous challenge, so I applied and luckily was accepted.

"The training there was a completely new world for me, a time-consuming world but a fascinating one. It is hard. You go through the same thing, over and over again, day after day.

"Despair? No, you never feel that. You just work and keep on working and you think it won't come and then, suddenly, you are through.

"They say their first word and you know they are not imitating it, but that they know what you are saying to them — and you feel such exhilaration it is wonderful.

"How do they react? Well, they become very excited and keep repeating and repeating the word they eventually associate with the object they have felt.

"Some stand there with a big, happy grin, others jump round and round and hug you and laugh and cry."

Patricia Darnley, calm, competent, with a warm affection for her present class of blind children, has years of experience.

She saw her first deaf-blind children when she was doing a course of nursing as a preliminary to a social studies course at the Sydney University.

She took a training course in England in teaching the blind, returned to Sydney in 1959, and has been teaching them ever since.

"I found the Tadoma method remarkable. You know, Annie Sullavan went to Perkins to learn it for Helen Keller. They say if Miss Keller had been taught this method when she was young she would have spoken much better than she did," said Miss Darnley.

Helen Keller, who is 86, has been blind and deaf since she was 20 months old. Her parents, in a last effort to help her before committing her to a home, engaged a tutor, a young Irishwoman, Annie Sullavan, who had been blind herself.

Annie made the "breakthrough" to her pupil. Helen eventually went to university and graduated as Doctor of Laws and Doctor of Humanities. She reads five languages fluently in Braille, and has devoted her life to the worldwide work for the deaf and blind.

"Tadoma is producing amazing results in America," Miss Darnley said. "One young man gained his Masters degree and is now working in an executive position for the Deaf-Blind Association in New York.

"Teaching the method is fascinating and challenging. It makes you feel you want to be equal to the task. But you have to be the sort of person who wants to do it."

The teachers will live at the school. There will be domestic supervisors on duty, but they, too, will have to be taught the methods of communication — and their training will come from Patricia Darnley and Roslyn Jonas.

ABOVE: Miss Roslyn Jonas demonstrates the "finger talking" method of communicating to the deaf-blind, with Heather Gerrett, 8, of the North Rocks School for the Blind, while Patricia Morgan 12, sits by. This is the method which Annie Sullavan used to "break through" to Helen Keller before the vibration method had been thought of. At the new school for the deaf-blind it is intended to use this method in addition to the throat-vibration system known as Tadoma.

LEFT: Miss Patricia Darnley shows her small pupil, Peter Crouch, 9, a map of Africa. The map is contoured and the place-names are in braille.

DOOR-KNOCK

THE Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children will hold a $200,000 door-knock appeal on Sunday, October 16.

The Institution will use the funds to build, furnish, and equip the most modern school of its kind in the world for deaf-blind children. People in all Sydney suburbs and in Wollongong will be asked to give generously to the appeal, which is known as "Breakthrough."

Sir Garfield Barwick, president of the appeal, said the success of the campaign would mean that, for the first time in Australia, there would be hope for these children who have been a heartbreak to themselves and their families.

THE LAST WEEK to see exciting new clothes

SUN FUN FASHION PARADES

● Don't miss the parades of wonderful summer cottons that will be modelled at these Grace Bros. department stores:—

ROSELANDS: Friday, October 14, at 11 a.m., 12 noon, and 1 p.m.
BONDI JUNCTION: Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 11 a.m., 2 and 3.30 p.m.
CHATSWOOD: Thursday, October 13, at 11 a.m., 12 noon, and 1 p.m.
BROADWAY: Thursday and Friday, October 13 and 14, at 12 noon, 12.45 and 1.30 p.m.
PARRAMATTA: Wednesday, October 12, at 11 a.m., 12 noon, and 1 p.m.

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This is what the astronauts saw

HIGH DESERT PLATEAU of Southern Arabia, still little-known territory, stands out vividly brown, and so do the semi-arid highlands of Ethiopia. Picture was taken from about 450 miles up, before Gemini XI reached its widest orbit.

THE WORLD FROM SPACE

● "The view is unbelievable, fantastic . . . We just can't believe it . . . I tell you, you wouldn't believe it," the American astronaut Charles Conrad gasped into his mike one day last month as he took photographs of Earth from as far as 850 miles up — almost twice as high as man had been. Richard Gordon, his companion in the spacecraft Gemini XI on the three-day voyage, laughed and said, "The world—boy! it really is round."

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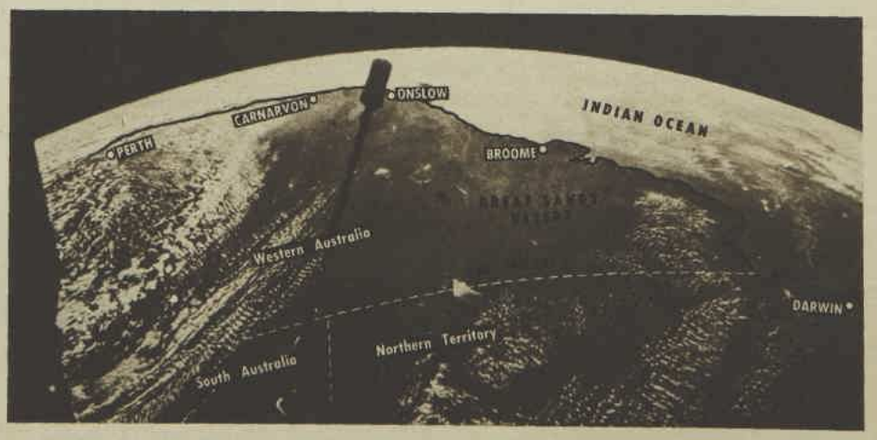
WESTERN AUSTRALIA lies spread out across a 2000-mile arc, foreshortened by the angle of vision. The spacecraft at that moment was 850 miles up, and there was exceptionally little cloud, making this one of the best color pictures taken. Plucked out of the sea with his companion after the three-day flight, Conrad remarked, "This old world looks pretty good from this carrier, but I'll tell you something else — it looks great from 850 miles up."



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• A pioneer led his family hopefully through a sandy wilderness, and still lives on the land they settled

BOUGH HUT was the first home in Central Australia for Charles Chalmers and his wife (above, as young man and bride).

"I married the right wife"

FORTY - THREE years ago a middle-aged teacher from New South Wales did a strange thing. With his wife, four young children, and a wayside acquaintance he disappeared into a desert, driving a little mob of sheep and looking for land and a new life.

Today, at 92, he still keeps sheep on the land he found in Central Australia, and round him live his children on properties covering almost four thousand square miles.

The mother died eight years ago. Now the family's story makes the larger part of a book by Margaret Ford, "Beyond the Furthest Fences," published by Hodder and Stoughton ($3.75).

The woman who went with her man and children into unknown territory was Cora Chalmers, a pastoralist's daughter. Her husband, Charles, has said simply, "I married the right wife."

When Cora married the schoolteacher she was a pretty young woman with golden hair, one of the Coventrys of "Blair Hill," a New England holding. Charles Chalmers, son of Scottish migrants, was 36 and still poor.

The family grew and the struggle against small-town poverty became so disheartening that Cora returned for a time to "Blair Hill" with the children. Charles had been a dedicated teacher, but now he decided to go on the land: he would apply for a selection.

His final appointment by the Education Department was to Mungindi, on the northern border of New South Wales, and there he started to gather a flock of sheep. The township is on a stock route, and he got to know the drovers and took over any unwanted sheep or lambs from the travelling mobs.

He had no success in the land ballots, so his thoughts turned to the Northern Territory, where new land was being opened up. He mailed a letter to the Department of Territories applying for a block near "Elsey," the Never-Never station, and the family set out almost at once—to Mungindi's awed concern.

Apart from £135 in the bank, everything they possessed went with them.

Charles, on horseback, and the eldest children, Jean, aged 11, and Mac, 8, on ponies, looked after the 300 sheep, a few goats, and spare horses. In a covered wagon came Cora with the youngest children, Donald and three-year-old Jessie. A coop of bantams swung between the wheels.

Months later, in central Queensland, the family picked up their first mail. Charles learned that the block he had applied for was not available.

At the same time he was reading reports on the dangers of malaria in the north. Now he made another of his inspiredly ingenuous decisions. He wrote to the Department saying that he would travel instead to Central Australia, and, once there, would decide which land to apply for.

The family and their animals moved slowly to Boulia in far western Queensland, and there in a drought they camped near the artesian bores and rested the animals, waiting for the rain which must fall before they could step into the unknown.

Worthwhile rain came nearly two years later, in June, 1923, and the family moved on.

The route into Central Australia from Queensland has always gone in a great loop, following the stock bores to Tennant Creek, far to the north-west, and then turning south to Alice Springs, a journey of about a thousand miles. There was no other way.

No other, that is, for all but Charles Chalmers, the 49-year-old teacher with a passionate sense of necessity.

"According to Chalmers," writes Margaret Ford, "the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. But that would take them through a trackless area which in parts would have rarely, if ever, been seen by white man, and had certainly never been traversed by a white woman and children . . .

"The way of the straight line was certainly the way of madness.

"Yet Chalmers chose it. Why? Obviously he did not regard it as such, even though everyone else did. For Chalmers was not a fool who deliberately would choose a suicidal course . . .

"He claims he knew his geography better than his critics, yet this is hard to believe when all he had in the way of maps was a school globe and a couple of others showing no more than general information . . .

"Chalmers was afraid of nothing. For him the unknown was simply a situation to be faced and resolved, not one to shrink from. And he expected his family to feel the same way."

Just before they crossed the border near Urandangie they had a stroke of luck. They met Fred Davis, an English footman turned stationhand and wanderer, "one of the mystery men who find their way to the far corners of the Australian bush."

Davis and another man had come through from Alice Springs, though by a more northerly route. Now he turned back with this family and stayed with them for a large part of the way through an arid region that is still shown on maps by a broad white space.

Sometimes they found waterholes; sometimes they made dry camps. The sheep weakened and had to be forced every step of the way as the Mitchell-grass plains changed to spinifex and mallee.

Half an inch of rain fell: Chalmers' luck was holding. Later they came on an aboriginal couple from the Alice Springs region who, bound for Queensland, feared to go any farther and had settled down at a waterhole to wait for rain.

The aborigines guided the family south-west; then another, Runaway Jimmy, showed the way.

At last, five weeks after leaving Queensland, the family reached a waterhole in the broad bed of the Plenty River about 140 miles short of Alice Springs. The gamble had succeeded.

The tent was put up, a quick bough shelter built, a place chosen for yarding the sheep. Chalmers would make this his base while studying the district.

After two days a Mounted Trooper, on patrol from Arltunga, came on them. Word had long since filtered through from Queensland of the "mad family's" intention and the Trooper had been told to look out for them in the unlikely event of their ever getting through.

He took a book out of his saddlebag, called Chalmers over, and said, "It's about time you had those dogs registered." This was the welcome to the new land.

To find the best spot for a home Chalmers first scouted to the east, and gave up only when in danger of death by thirst. Then he turned to the north-west and by a riverbed

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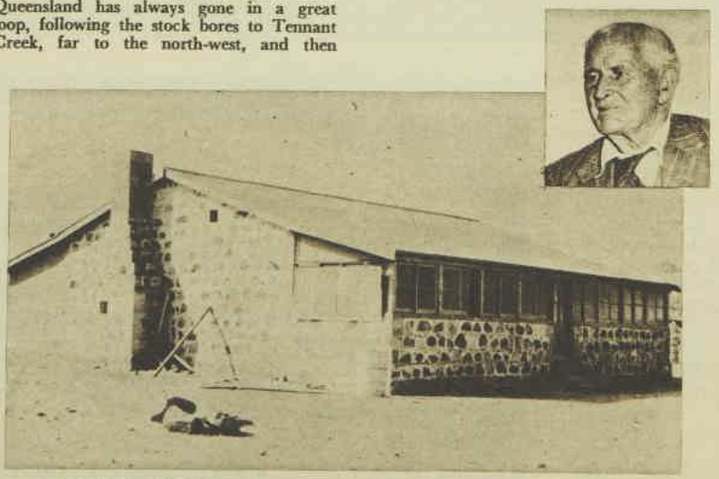

PRESENT HOME on the same property, and Mr. Chalmers now. His wife died in 1958.

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The many splendoured way to CHINESE COOKING

竹筍鴨

蛋花湯

BAMBOO DUCK
(DOOK JOON ARP)

1 x 4 lb. duck (or 3½ lb. chicken), 2 teaspoons soy sauce, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and ground ginger, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 pint water, 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, 1 level tablespoon cornflour, 4 oz. fresh mushrooms, ½ cup each chopped red pepper and celery, 1 cup chopped bamboo shoots, 1 chopped onion.

Method. Remove excess fat from inside of duck or chicken. Rub over a mixture of soy sauce, cinnamon and ground ginger then brown in hot oil. Place duck into a large saucepan, add water, cover and simmer 1½ hours until tender. Remove duck and keep warm. Add soup and mushrooms to the water, bring to boil, simmer 3 minutes, then thicken with blended cornflour. Fry chopped vegetables until tender. Serve duck with mushroom sauce, vegetables, and chopped shallots sprinkled on top if desired. *Serves 8.*

EGG-FLOWER SOUP
(DOON FAR TONG)

1 pork chop, 1 dessertspoon oil, 1 cup water, 1 small tin whole kernel sweet corn, 1½ pints of water, 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, ½ cup chopped shallots.

Method. Chop the meat into small pieces and fry in hot oil, add 1 cup water and simmer for 15-20 minutes. Add corn, water and bring to boil, then cook Chicken Noodle Soup 5 minutes. Beat egg and soy sauce together, then mix quickly into soup with a fork, add the shallots and allow to reboil — do not overcook. *Serves 6.*

Continental chicken noodle soup
BRAND

Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup is the many splendoured ingredient which gives these wonderful new Chinese recipes a magical flavour . . . Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup with extra flavour, extra goodness.

We know you'll love making these two superb dishes, Bamboo Duck and Egg-Flower Soup. And they'll be an enormous success on your dinner table, too. There are more Chinese recipes equally exciting in the new Continental brand leaflet, "Many Splendoured Chinese Recipes". Free for you at your food store now!

CNI/43 WWBFPC

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meet the Potter and Moores

From the House of Potter & Moore — petal-soft talcs you sprinkle on for a go-go-go feeling of freshness and fun. These are people talcs—not meant for babies. Just meant to make your mornings (even Mondays) marvellous—evenings, too.

talcums

Potter & Moore fragrant talcs . . . GiGi, Brigitte Carmen and Lily of the Valley. 75c

POTTER & MOORE PEOPLE KNOW VALUE WHEN THEY SEE IT!

PM.4036.HPVWW

"I MARRIED THE RIGHT WIFE"

From page 30

in virgin country founded Macdonald Downs—combining the names of his two sons.

After 43 years of the droughts, floods, sand, dust, and flies of Australia's exasperating, compelling Centre, Macdonald Downs is still by local standards a small station, of 200 square miles, but it has several distinctions.

It is one of the most remote holdings (people say, "If you went any farther out you'd be coming in").

The family has had an unusually helpful attitude to the aborigines. Mrs. Ford writes that Chalmers "persisted in the conviction that life could only be successfully lived in that part of the Territory by mutual sharing . . . He contended that, following on that, all the skill and intuitive knowledge of the aboriginal would then be at the disposal of the white man."

The children could speak the local dialect long before they married and moved to their own homes, and university expeditions have made use of their accomplishment. Jessie became a good amateur botanist.

And it seems that everyone who met Cora Chalmers remembers her cheerful hospitality and helpfulness in a region where kindness and resourcefulness are all-important.

In a part of Australia given over almost entirely to cattle, old Chalmers has stayed faithful to his dream of sheep, and aborigines are his shepherds and friends.

They sponge on him, people say.

"Maybe they are right, but then I have another picture, too," writes Mrs. Ford. "It lasted just a moment and not a word was said.

"Chalmers was climbing the three steps on which I had been sitting. For a second he faltered, and looked as though he might fall. Then from nowhere a figure appeared behind him. I could not see his face, but could see the black arms outstretched, and the lean sinewy hands extending either side of Chalmers' body. Then I saw the face, ugly, grinning, eagerly watchful.

"Chalmers had reached the top, turned, and smiled, too. Then he came on in.

" 'That's Lively," he explained. 'One of the four Myalls who met us, naked and with spears and axes in their hands, when we first came into this country.' "

In historical terms this isn't an important story like the overland migrations of the cattle men right across the continent. But it is worth knowing for all that, and it happened practically yesterday.

—PETER HARDING

AUTHOR Margaret ("Tommie") Ford has bright blue eyes and a warm voice that must have comforted many people in the course of her travels with her husband, the Rev. Colin Ford, who patrolled for seven years for the Australian Inland Mission, and for five years was stationed at Alice Springs.

He is now principal of Tocal Agricultural College, near Maitland, N.S.W.

When he was a travelling padre in the "top third" of Queensland, their home was their Land-Rover for ten months of each year.

"We visited our parishioners once a year," Mrs. Ford said. "If you went oftener they'd ask why you were hanging round!" The settlers would save up baptisms and weddings until the padre could come; he conducted the first wedding for 45 years at Coen.

Those experiences gave his wife not only the material for her two books (the first was "End of a Beginning") but also "a belief in the country, a belief in its people."

Mrs. Ford talked about "old Grandad Chalmers" as he is today: "He quotes poetry the whole time—he still actually seems like a schoolmaster, and he has his old-fashioned school pen sitting on his ear. You should see his copperplate handwriting!

"He's still teaching; he sees education in a very broad sense.

"We have hopes one day of having his young grandson Charlie coming to Tocal, and that's dinkum. I don't think we can teach Charlie anything . . . but still!"

● Picture shows Mr. and Mrs. Ford with sons Timothy, Ian, and Stephen.

Draw a Mad Charlie and win $200

LAST week we announced our Mad Charlie drawing contest, with prizes totalling $500.

Examples below show what a Mad Charlie is. Anyone could do it—it's an amusing idea drawn as simply as possible, with a few words beneath.

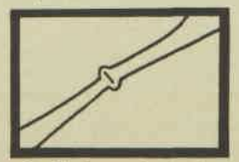
Perhaps you have seen other Mad Charlies in the witty little TV series on Channel 9 in most capitals and a number of country stations.

Draw a frame about 3in. by 2in., and let your imagination run crazy with an elementary sketch and brief caption.

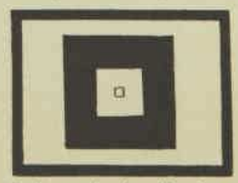
THE PRIZES:

Best entry $200
Second best $100
Third best $50

With ten consolation prizes of $10, and ten of $5.



● ***Picture of elephant giving trunk-to-trunk resuscitation.***



● ***Long-playing disc for squares.***

CONDITIONS:

● All entries must be received by October 31 and should be addressed to "Mad Charlies," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

● Draw your Mad Charlies with pen, pencil, or brush.

● You may send in as many entries as you like.

● All competitors taking part agree as a condition of entry to accept the results as final. No correspondence will be entered into.

● Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter. Nor are employees of other newspapers or television stations or members of their families.

● We cannot return entries, so do not send postage.

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COMPACT

He gave light the sack!

■ *How many people have to put out a street-light before they can sleep?*

In Hertfordshire, England, 68-year-old John King leans out of his bedroom window every night and, with the help of a 6ft. pole, puts a sack over the light on a lamp-post.

John doesn't hide his light under a bushel all the time.

In the morning he takes the sack off again.

What do the street-lighting authorities say about this? "The matter will be looked into."

They'd better look in the daytime — it's pretty dark around the King home at night.

Fur and feathers don't "fly"

★ *Poor old kangaroo — what will they do with him next? An American designer combined black-dyed kangaroo fur and ostrich feathers to make this flamenco evening dress — fur for the bodice and feathers for the skirt.*

WHAT'S COOKING?

AUSTRALIA should send a team of chefs to compete in the Catering Olympics at Frankfurt, Germany, in 1968.

That's the opinion of chef Barry King, of the South Australian Hotel, Adelaide, who recently returned after a three-month tour overseas, during which he visited 13 countries and more than 150 hotels.

Mr. King thinks Australian cuisine is up to world standards, and that an Australian team would stand a good chance of coming second or third in the Catering Olympics, which are conducted by the Federal Montale Cuisine Society every four years.

Chefs come from all over the world to compete in the famous contest.

They prepare hot and cold buffet meals for 100 people over a period of six days and no last-minute changes are allowed.

Competing teams have to order their ingredients and other requirements six months ahead to ensure that each sticks to a set menu.

Points are awarded for management, table-setting, wastage (which presumably means non-wastage), and the use of foods in season.

Each team consists of five members, but competing countries can, and usually do, send more chefs as reserves.

Mr. King thinks Australia might well send a team composed of one chef from each State plus two or three extras.

The next contest will be held at the end of 1968, and if interest is stimulated in this country Australia might well be represented.

Mr. King said he had spoken to the president of Australia's Guild of Chefs, Mr. Les Smith, of Melbourne, about the possibility of sending a team.

"It seems that quite a lot of interest is already being shown in the Frankfurt food competition," said Mr. King. "I hope something comes of it. I have every confidence in the ability of Australia's chefs."

● *Chef Barry King, of Adelaide.*

OPERA SINGER'S 30,000 MILES OF SONG

EVERYONE knows what a bore packing the family suitcases for the annual holidays can be. In the past year Sydney girl Maree Austin and her husband have had to pack and unpack at least 80 times.

As members of the Metropolitan Opera National Company—the famous New York Met's first travelling company — Maree and her American husband, Irving Rosenthal, performed in 79 cities throughout the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

"It was hectic," said Maree, a former Sydney singer, actress, and dancer, when she was here visiting her parents between seasons.

"But with one trunk and small suitcase each, we soon had the packing down to a fine art."

Maree, who left Australia two years ago, was a member of the chorus as well as ballet mistress for the Company's first season.

Her husband, a french-horn player, was a musician with the Company, which began rehearsing last year and toured solidly for ten months.

"It was thrilling to start with a new company," Maree said. "All the productions were brand-new, with new clothes, scenery, and even new stars."

Sponsored jointly by the New York Metropolitan Opera Company and the J. F. Kennedy Centre for the Performing Arts, the first four operas cost $60,000 each to produce and about $10,000 a performance.

As the largest touring opera company in the United States—"Possibly in the world, though I don't like to say," Maree said—they had 30 principal singers, 32 chorus, and 44 musicians.

With five trailers carrying costumes, props, and scenery, the cast travelled in four coaches for the "short hops," Maree said, and flew in charter aircraft for the longer distances.

Maree explained that the principal aim of the Company is to stimulate interest in opera throughout America. It also hopes to give young Americans the chance to gain professional experience in their own country without having to travel to Europe.

Criss-crossing 30,000 miles across America, the Company played to a great variety of audiences, which often included some very well-known opera lovers.

Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy took her two children to see them in New York, and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson accompanied her two daughters in Washington, D.C.

Another time, after a performance in the capital city, Maree was introduced to Senator and Mrs. Robert Kennedy.

No wonder Maree is looking forward to yet another season.

"I love it," she said. "It's a tiring but very exciting life."

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"DEEP HEAT"

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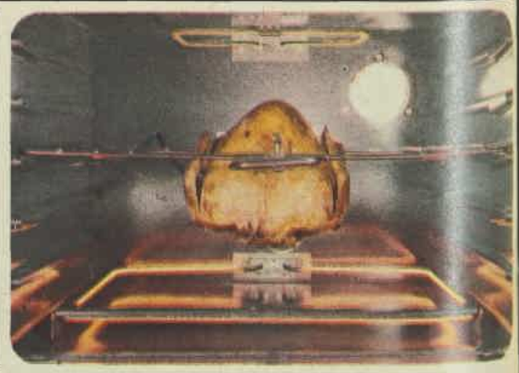

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Rooney returns with a new wife, a new outlook

By
NAN MUSGROVE

● Mickey Rooney, famous American actor and entertainer, is back in Australia, honeymooning with his sixth wife, whom he married recently.

● When staff photographer Don Cameron asked Mickey Rooney and his wife to pose for this picture, Mickey complained that his wife's blonde hair was so bouffant he couldn't get near her. But he managed!

HERE for a season at Sydney's Chevron Hotel and a two-night stand in Melbourne, Mickey is not the same man off stage that he was.

I interviewed him on his first visit a year ago, and found him a human dynamo with enough current to light up a city. Since then, in the space of a few days early this year, Barbara, the mother of his young family, was murdered, his mother died, his world collapsed.

Today, when Mickey is not performing, the current is just not turned on.

Faced reality

After the tragedies, Mickey, 46, retreated briefly into a coma and shock, then came back to face life. Face it he has. When he's on stage he gives an Academy Award performance of a man who has never had a king-size knock.

Off stage it's different. He is like his own twin brother—the quiet one.

The current may be turned off temporarily, but his courage isn't; he faces the world full of guts, putting on a great show.

He capers round, fools about the same way, but the grief shows through. What amazed me is that he looks so young.

He is as thin as a stick, 15lb. lighter than he was when he was here last, which makes his weight 9st., a very trim weight for a broad-shouldered man of 5ft. 2in.

"Grief is a good diet," he said just before he came.

Mickey has been busy since his last visit. His autobiography, "I.E.," has been published (it should soon be here in a paperback), he has made two pictures, "Ambush Bay," in the Philippines, and "The Devil in Love," with Vittoro Gassman, in Italy.

Mickey assures me Vittorio is the devil, not him.

The last job he did before coming to Australia was a dramatic role in a new TV series, "The Jean Arthur Show," in which old-time movie star Jean Arthur (remember her gravelly voice?) stars "as a lawyer, a female Raymond Burr," Mickey said.

Mickey as well as starring in one episode directed another. He's mad about directing, says it's the next step in movies for him.

One of the things he would like to see is a big TV series made here. He thinks Don

Television

Lane would be right for a Dick Van Dyke type show—and he went on to sketch a wild outline of an episode.

"He could live with a kangaroo," he said. "It could be called 'Don and the Kangaroo.'"

Mickey, in fine fettle, appeared on Don Lane's show. He admires Lane, thinks he is very clever, enjoys the interviews he does.

Mickey is addicted to racing and is whipping the cat that he didn't time his visit better—he just misses the Melbourne Cup.

He would like to spend more time here, but I don't think any country or place can hold him down at present for any length of time. In any case, he's got commitments in the States.

Paramount want him to make pictures. "Barefoot in the Park" is one, "Private Dilbeck," an Army story, is another; the third is a musical called "Wildcat."

Mickey's young family are home in the States, demanding attention from Dad, too. There are three girls, Kelly, 7, Kerry, 6, Kimmy Sue, 3, and a son, Kyle, 5.

He doesn't talk about his troubles, but you can feel them in the air, except when the new Mrs. Rooney is round.

Mrs. Rooney is obviously the answer to Mickey's troubles. She is that rare combination: a good-looking woman with a depth of hidden wisdom.

She was a close friend of Mickey's murdered wife, she is round his age, has a daughter aged 19, and looks at the world with her beautiful blue compassionate eyes that seem to take in a situation at a glance and deal with it.

I found myself to be almost one of the Rooney family, thanks to the story I wrote about Mickey last time he was here.

Before I left, the new Mrs. Rooney drew me aside and said: "I would like you to know that we are so happy, we have a lot ahead of us—quite a beautiful future."

During Mickey's last visit here, he read me great scads of the existentialist novel he was writing, called "The Trial of a Soul." He hasn't finished it.

"I just write sporadically now," he said. "It will take some time yet to finish it."

It was the closest he got to mentioning the tragedies he has suffered. Few people would have come through it all as well as he has. His spirit is intact, if bruised around the edges. He is a very gallant man.

TOMMY HANLON'S
Thought for the week

Momma once said: "I wonder how many billions and billions of dollars have been spent on the conquest of outer space? Oh, I realise it's supposed to be the last frontier, but wouldn't it be nice if the people from outer space spent the money investigating us and we could use our money for useful things like finding a cure for cancer and heart disease. I know there is discussion about whether intelligent life exists on other planets, and I firmly believe it does. But think this over . . ."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "Science is proving that man can live in outer space and at the bottom of the sea — it's the area between that's causing all the trouble."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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"It's quite a business"
How often you hear a busy housewife say that about running her home.
Isn't it true, though? Almost daily, problems crop up; decisions are made; budgets planned; and household chores wait for no man. Like any business today, a happy home is the result of skilful management.
No wonder womenfolk look for better ways to do things or gain a little more time to themselves. And so, more than ever, modern homemakers tend to seek the services of a good bank. One with a family of services like the E.S.&A. E.S.&A. Special Purpose Savings Accounts for travel or a child's education. An E.S.&A. Cheque Account for easy payment of bills and an accurate record. Interest Bearing Term Deposits or Hire Purchase – these and many others, all under one roof at the E.S.&A. Providing every banking service for the managers of happy homes is quite a business too, at

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Cook as directed.
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valley of the Jolly (ho, ho, ho,) Green Giant

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Television

AN HOUR OF MELODY WITH MATT MONRO

"MATT MONRO SINGS," an hour show with this famous singing star, is evocative music that spins a web of melody conjuring thoughts of good times, of sweet and sentimental moments.

Matt made the show recently when he visited Australia for a season at Chequers nightclub, and included his old friend singer Lorrae Desmond and a singing group, the Flanagans.

Formerly a London bus-driver, Matt is a short, square, plump man with a sense of humor and a warm, true voice. It is a voice without pretensions, and he uses no singing tricks or gimmicks.

In his show he sings ballads, "I'm a Pommy," a song specially written for him, teams with the Flanagans and Lorrae Desmond, and the result, I'm told, is an hour of first-class entertainment.

"I think we have captured Matt's personality as well as his voice in this show," the producer/director Ron Way told me. "Matt was so pleased with it that he asked me to have a special kinescope made for him to take away."

Matt sings "Born Free," his latest top of the chart number, many ballads including "My Kind of Girl," "Portrait of My Love," "Softly," "I Have Dreamed."

"I particularly like 'The London Medley' in which Matt sings ballads and Lorrae interjects with cockney songs," Ron Way said. "When we lined up the songs, the two of them got together and ad-libbed the bracket.

"The finished product is their ad-lib rehearsal. It is very good entertainment, the sort of thing you can achieve only with two professionals of their calibre."

Matt has an approach to music that people who love "music music" instead of way-out music will enjoy. He doesn't like rock-'n-roll singing, for himself that is, hates message and folk songs.

"I hate listening to a singer wailing over the radio about impending doom and destruction," he said. "It depresses me. I stick to what I do best — ballads."

— NAN MUSGROVE

• "Matt Monro Sings" may be seen on ATN7, Sydney, BTQ7, Brisbane, ADS7, Adelaide, HSV7, Melbourne, TVW7, Perth, TVT6, Hobart, on November 5.

MATT MONRO, the star of a one-hour special, "Matt Monro Sings," which he made when he was in Australia recently. His favorite songs are ballads, which are perfect for his melodious voice.

MATT in a neat, dark business suit, with a bowler, and umbrella, sings "I'm a Pommy."

LORRAE DESMOND teams with Matt Monro in a bracket of numbers in the show.

TV favorite Lorrae Desmond sings solo "Gypsy in my Soul" among other numbers.

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3 smart **grown-up** girls!

It isn't only their faultless grooming and clothes that identify them as smart and grown-up. All three of them decided on their own to use Tampax internal sanitary protection. It gives them confidence and poise, even on trying days. For with Tampax, nothing can show; no one can know. And the applicator ensures correct and hygienic insertion.

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(Advertisement)

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It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the complexion a look of youthful beauty.

LETTER BOX

● We pay $2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Coping with a copycat

THERE isn't really very much one can do about these copycat neighbors, "Copied." Such people are totally lacking in imagination and what might be called creative taste of their own, and are bound to imitate the ideas of other people. But does it really matter? After all, the old saying of "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" is as true today as ever.

$2 to Mrs. A. Carpenter, Concord, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I WONDER if your neighbor is rather young and unsure of herself? Perhaps you could show her some decorating and fashion books, supplying such suitable comments as, "This would be ideal for your kitchen," "A dress like this would look superb on you." Or you could be more blunt, making such remarks as, "I'm going to do so-and-so to our lounge, but it wouldn't suit your rooms at all," "I'm making myself such-and-such, but it wouldn't suit you because of our different heights."

$2 to Mrs. R. Dockery, Curtin, A.C.T.

★ ★ ★

PLEASE don't think me unkind, as I understand what an aggravating problem you have. But why not treat it with the sense of humor it deserves? Also, a little bit of tolerance on your part would not go amiss, for your neighbor must be a rather insecure person. No happy, busy person could be bothered spending so much time peeping through her window and leading a carbon-copy existence.

$2 to Mrs. K. J. Wapper, Kadina, S.A.

★ ★ ★

TRY not to judge too harshly. I had a friend with a similar problem—until a difficult pregnancy, when "Copycat" became an angel of mercy. She had managed to break through my friend's animosity and offer help. By the time my friend had brought the twins home from hospital, she had wished many times that it was she who had made the breakthrough earlier.

$2 to A. E. Rose, Rockhampton, Qld.

★ ★ ★

WHEN she goes shopping, why not offer to accompany your neighbor and steer her choice to a different line of purchases from yours. There are lovely wide ranges these days from which to choose. More than likely she would welcome your suggestions, as she evidently admires your taste. It is a compliment to you that she copies everything you buy. She is not trying to outshine you or to go one better.

$2 to Eileen Whitling, Greenacre, N.S.W.

Is youth more serious?

A READER wrote that teenagers on their Letters page, discuss more serious topics than we do here. But wasn't it ever thus? To the young, the world is their oyster. They are afire with intoxicating dreams and schemes, with bold ideas and lofty ideals, impractical and visionary. Just as we were. Then, with maturity of age and thought, they discover the wisdom not of ignoring the challenge of the cause that needs assistance, or the wrong that needs resistance, but of finding those close at hand, in their own daily lives. And they find out the truth of the saying that wisdom consists in learning to take the serious things lightly, and the light things seriously.

$2 to Mrs. J. Vivian, St. Ives, N.S.W.

Charity's many guises

WHO does more good, the workers for organised charities, or the person who befriends the isolated, lonely, old, or sick? I know someone in each category. The first is a slave to various charitable organisations, which causes dissension in her home, although she assists in the raising of a great deal of money. The second makes quiet visits to those in trouble, giving sympathy and understanding. Sometimes she just listens, sometimes she gives practical help.

$2 to Mrs. I. Thornicroft, Blackman's Bay, Tas.

Organised weddings

GIRLS making wedding plans may be interested in this idea: I have a small exercise book in which the first entry is a list of names and addresses of my wedding guests. Space is left to enter names of people who send cards or telegrams. The rest of the book is divided into sections, which may alter according to the type of wedding. Some of my sections are: dressmaker, flowers, caterers, minister—all those, in fact, who need to be contacted with regard to appointments, delivery times, and quantities. There is also a record of costs. All this saves time and energy, and makes the sending of "Thank you" cards easier.

$2 to Anne MacLeod, Beaumaris, Vic.

Another pair of hands

AFTER a spell in hospital, I found a simple pair of kitchen tongs the most useful things ever. How annoying it was, before I thought of using the tongs, to drop something on the floor and be unable to reach down and pick it up. I'm sure that invalids and bedridden patients will also find tongs helpful in reaching for objects normally beyond arm's length.

$2 to "Worth Trying" (name supplied), Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

NO GLUTTON, SHE

● Greta Garbo celebrated her sixtieth birthday alone at a Monte Carlo swimming-pool. For lunch she ordered some slices of cucumber, a tomato, and a small bottle of champagne.

Cucumber and champagne—
So elegant a choice.
"And a tomato, please,"
The cool, clear voice
With firm assurance routs a waiter who
Might otherwise
Show by his eyebrow, raised,
Impertinent surmise.
Though not to Garbo—no,
For who would dare?
Aloof and legendary, she sits,
Quite unaware.
Or does she (possibly) allow herself
A secret smile?
Star quality is what it takes
To starve in style.

— Dorothy Drain

Minding one's own business

INTEREST in another person's welfare becomes interference when you find you are making their decisions for them without being asked. Let others manage without you. If they need you, they will seek your help.

$2 to "From Experience" (name supplied), Lindfield, N.S.W.

Unpacked baby

WHILE our six-year-old daughter, who is a great baby-lover, was in hospital, a premature baby was born and placed in a humidicrib. During one of our visits our daughter wanted her father and me to ask the doctor if we could buy the baby that hadn't been unpacked yet.

$2 to Mrs. K. G. Poole, Henty, N.S.W.

Tricking impatient menfolk

THE running-late-with-dinner ruse you published reminded me of some sound advice I was given soon after leaving school. This particular old lady told me that if I was going out, and a male was getting impatient, to always put my hat on, and the nagging would stop. Believe me, it works. In a family of three menfolk, I've been using it for 20 years.

$2 to "Old Hat" (name supplied), West Wyalong, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE FOOD OF YESTERYEAR

I WAS at a large cocktail party. Feeling hungry, I went to a corner of the room where there were some biscuits with cheese on them.

A middle-aged man was standing there. I had not met him before. I had an impression he had been partaking freely of the refreshments.

He said to me in a challenging way: "What happened to broken biscuits?"

"Broken biscuits?" I said.

"Yes. We used to buy them when I was a boy. You could go into a grocer's shop and get sixpennorth of broken biscuits. Can't get 'em any more. Why is that?"

I thought for a moment. Then I said: "I suppose it's this modern packaging. They sell biscuits in little packets and they aren't broken. In the old days the grocers sold them out of big tins. So there were more broken biscuits."

My reply did not seem to cheer him.

"You have to break biscuits yourself now," he said. "They show how to do it on television. Crack! Bang! They make a terrible noise, those biscuits breaking on TV. We used to buy pre-broken biscuits."

"At least modern packaged biscuits are more hygienic," I said.

"Hygiene!" he said scornfully. "We never caught diseases from broken biscuits. But they're gone now. Pieces are gone, too."

"Pieces of what?"

"Bread and jam. I used to come home from school and say: 'Mum, can I have a piece?' And she'd give me a lovely piece of bread and jam."

His voice was trembling. I thought he was going to cry.

"I don't think kids are exactly neglected now," I said. "When they come home from school they get a biscuit or an apple or something."

He shook his head sadly. "All the old goodies are going," he said. "Look at trifle."

"I can't say I was very keen on trifle," I said.

"Not keen on trifle!" he shouted. "There was nothing better than a good brandy trifle."

Hoping to calm him, I said: "Well, hundreds and thousands are still around."

"But when did you last see conversation lollies? Tell me that!" he said. "I remember the things they had written on them, like 'You made me love you' and 'Pull your head in.'"

He was determined to be nostalgic.

"Excuse me," I said. I edged away as he began to raise a lament for spiders, spotted dog, and toad-in-the-hole.

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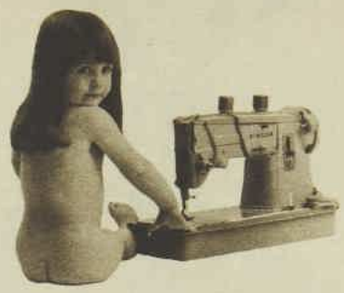
'For every woman who has nothing to wear'

"Never again, nothing to wear. Now that we have a new *Singer Style-O-Matic* automatic sewing machine we can have lots of new dresses without spending lots of money. And our dresses will be very special too, because we can get ideas from magazines and things and make them just for us. That's what my Mummy says. We call it cre-at-ing."



"I bet it's not your very own."

"No, but it belongs to my Mummy. And anyway, the man said it's so simple even a child can use it."

"What man?"

"The man in the special Singer shop, where they have all sorts of sewing machines. Mummy says that's the best place to buy a sewing machine because Singer shops are specialists in sewing. Daddy says you wouldn't buy boots at a butcher's, would you? Daddy's funny."

"What else did the man say?"

"He said Style-O-Matic was the best selling automatic sewing machine in Australia. It has all the quality features, at a lower price than anyone ever dreamed possible."

"What's features?"

"Things like incredibly light to carry. Sealed-in Singer motor (that's famous). Drop-in bobbin that's so easy to pop in and out. Stitch control for up to 200 stitches per inch: sews forward or backwards at a touch, Automatic zig-zag or straight sewing. Automatic stitch width selector. Twin needles to sew two rows at once, in two colours if you like. And Style-O-Matic sews hundreds of decorative stitches. Sews on buttons. Mends tears in moments (and sometimes I tear things). Blind-stitches hems and even applies elastic. That's features!"

"Gee! Your Daddy must have saved and saved and saved"

"Silly. Singer Style-O-Matic is now only 79 gns. Daddy did save. And he said it cost him much less after he traded-in Mummy's old machine. Let's tell your Mummy."

"Let's tell everyone"

"SINGER Style-O-Matic is now only 79 gns. and you can save even more on any trade-in."

"Won't you cut out this coupon now and send it to Singer? For nothing they'll tell you lots more about Singer sewing machines."

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P.O. Box 495, North Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me immediately FREE brochure telling me more of Singer Style-O-Matic.

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Ignoring Chambrun, Teague angrily demanded of Hardy, "Why am I being shadowed?"

NEW YORK'S top luxury hotel, the Beaumont, is always prepared for trouble when DORIS STANDING, the second richest girl in the world, stays there, because she is usually accompanied by a group known as Doris' Standing Army. But at five a.m. on March the fourteenth she registers as DOROTHY SMITH, a name she uses when alone. Even so, PIERRE CHAMBRUN, the Beaumont's manager, warns his Public Relations officer, MARK HASKELL, about the "Army." They are known for their cruel practical jokes, which inflict pain on others but which give themselves sardonic pleasure.

One of the group, JEREMY SLADE, arrives later and horrifies a crowded bar by playing Russian roulette, but then disappears. He is found shot through the head in Doris' suite, but, as there are no powder burns, suicide is ruled out, leaving Doris suspected of murder. Before the police arrive she tells Chambrun and Haskell that she has been suffering from amnesia. She had woken on a train entering New York that morning, only remembering she had set out for a dinner date in California three weeks before.

Later Haskell is approached by GARY CRAIG, who says Doris was going to marry him, but the group had frightened her out of it. She had phoned him two weeks before, asking for help, but he had been unable to find her. Meanwhile, Haskell's secretary, SHELDA, has noticed a news item about NORMAN TERRY, an old movie actor, suiciding. VERONICA TRANT, who used to co-star with him, is booked into the hotel.

That night, EMLYN TEAGUE arrives with the rest of the group, and Craig is attacked when he speaks to them. After seeing her lawyer, T. J. MADISON, a negro, Doris is moved to Chambrun's private suite for safety. Next morning, LIEUTENANT HARDY tells Haskell, IVOR JERNINGHAM, a group member, has been murdered and Craig is suspected. NOW READ ON:

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

MRS. KNIFFEN, the housekeeper, whose area of responsibility includes the tenth floor, had made the discovery. One of the tenth-floor maids, name of Flora, comes on duty at seven each morning.

At five minutes past seven Flora noticed that the door to 1019 was ajar and she could hear the television set going. She was conscious that the lights were on in the room, despite the fact of broad daylight. She wondered if by any chance the occupant had gone out leaving the television going, the lights on, and the door not properly shut. She tried knocking. Flora went quickly in search of Mrs. Kniffen.

Mrs Kniffen came back with Flora to 1019. She knocked. When there was no answer, she pushed the door inward. It wouldn't go very far, because there was something heavy against it on the inside. She had to squeeze through the opening, and then wished she hadn't. Ivor Jerningham, wearing a pair of gaudy, batiste pyjamas, was lying on the other side of the door. Mrs. Kniffen in her years at the Beaumont had seen, unexpectedly, dead people before, but never one shot through the forehead and the heart. Someone was turning the Beaumont into a shooting gallery.

Jerry Dodd went by me into the bedroom to join Hardy. I could hear Craig's sleepy voice as the detective wakened him. Chambrun still stood outside in the hall, his face a rock-hard mask.

"I went up to my penthouse about three this morning," he said, as though he was talking to no one in particular. "I assumed Doris Standing was asleep in the guest room. Dr. Partridge had given her some sleeping pills. While I was pouring myself a nightcap she came in from the outside. She'd felt imprisoned all day, she told me. She'd decided to go out for a walk, just to feel what it was like to be free."

"She could have walked down to the tenth floor," I said.

He nodded. "From Hardy's point of view it fits either one or both of them together. You'd better get some good strong hot coffee up here for your friend Craig. He's going to need it." He went off down the hall, without any further instructions to me.

I put in a call to room service and then walked over to the door of the bedroom. Craig was sitting up in bed, staring at Hardy as though the detective was a lunatic.

"It's simple as ABC, Mr. Craig," Hardy was saying. "This guy beat you up in public and you waited for your chance, went up to his room and shot him dead when he opened the door."

To page 43

Conclusion of our two-part murder serial by HUGH PENTECOST

(Advertisement)

Beautify Your Complexion at Night

The promise of a younger, lovelier complexion free from wrinkle-dryness is yours when you pamper, nourish and fortify the tissues with nightly vitalized creaming. Even while you sleep your complexion will blossom with a new smoothness, suppleness and radiant beauty.

Dot rich Ulan vitalizing night cream over your face and neck and blend it in with the fingertips until the skin is generously covered, then follow these simple massage movements to revitalize your skin and keep facial muscles firm.

For a Youthful Neck

A smooth elegant neck is soon attained by using vitalizing cream every night. Cream nightly and once a week wrap a towel, wrung out in hot water, round the neck for a few minutes before creaming. This will help the Ulan vitalizing night cream to add moist nourishment and a lovelier milky bloom to the skin.

For a Smooth Unlined Forehead

Keep the forehead beautifully smooth by using vitalizing cream every night. Firmly coax the nourishment into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements.

To smooth out vertical forehead lines and to give the forehead smooth beauty, place both hands on the centre of the forehead with the fingertips interlocked, then pull the fingers apart, smoothing the Ulan vitalizing night cream right across the forehead to erase those unwanted lines.

For Wrinkles Underneath the Eyes

The lines round your eyes are soon smoothed away by using vitalizing cream every night. Gently circle the cream, coaxing it into the dry lines to impart milky smoothness to the skin. Press the nourishment along the deeper expression lines seven times in an outward or upward direction with the fingertips, then smooth over the face and neck to enable the Ulan vitalizing night cream to bring youth to the complexion.

Ulan vitalizing night cream is perfect for the very dry skin as well as the mature complexion because it replaces the vital beauty oils and fluids in skins stripped of their natural emollients by harsh weather, neglect and even the erosions of time itself. As you sleep, your complexion is nurtured to smooth, silken loveliness as never before.

Before vitalizing your skin, first cleanse it by spreading a complexion beauty milk over your face and neck. Wonderfully suited to every complexion is Delph cleansing milk, which removes make-up and skin impurities with a dissolving, non-drying action and leaves the skin smoother, clearer and free from wrinkle-dryness. As you tissue away every trace of dirt and stale make-up your skin will be ideally prepared for its nightly quota of nourishment.

The Bulletin

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Perfect colour every time because it's got a built-in exposure meter

(That's why it's a better camera)

Perfect colour every time because it's got a built-in exposure meter

(That's why it's a better toaster)

No need to watch the toast, your Sunbeam watches it for you.

Never burns toast. Just as the exposure meter in an automatic camera measures light reflection to give colour perfect pictures every time, the Radiant Heat Control unit in the Sunbeam Toastermatic measures heat reflection to give colour perfect toast every time. Knows exactly when the toast is ready and switches itself off automatically.

You can put back the same slice of toast as often as you like. Sunbeam will always switch itself off without burning.

It's completely automatic. Rest the bread in the slots and your Sunbeam takes over, lowering the bread as it switches on the heat. When the toast is done (just the way you like it), the Radiant Heat Control switches off and the toast rises out of the toaster; all automatically.

12 shades of toast. Sunbeam Toastermatic will toast anyway you like it from lightly done to deep brown. Toasts both sides of the bread simultaneously. Does only one slice when required. Sunbeam Toastermatic heats faster too!

You may pay a bit more for Sunbeam but you get more in features, quality, long life and reliability. Beautiful styling yet practical design too.

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THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

"I didn't," Craig said. He was quite calm.

"I'd like to have some answers," Hardy said.

"I don't have any," Craig said. "You seemed to know what happened last night, Lieutenant. I started a row with Jerningham and his friends. They beat me up. I went for a walk to try to cool off. When I got back here Haskell was already in bed and asleep."

"What time was that?"

"Late. I don't really know."

"Did you come straight here from your walk or did you go to 1019 first?"

"Whatever I did, I'd tell you I came straight here, wouldn't I?" Craig said.

"Do you own a gun?" Hardy asked.

"No."

Hardy turned to me. "I want to search this place."

"Help yourself," I said. "Only why not let him get dressed? I've ordered some coffee. He's had a rough night."

"OK, get dressed," Hardy said. "You stay with him, Jerry. You come with me, Haskell."

WE went out into the sitting-room, closing the bedroom door. Hardy was steaming.

"I ought to have my head examined," he said. "I ought to turn in my shield. I may be asked to!"

"You couldn't foresee—"

"Of course I could," he interrupted. "The idiot millionaire who owns this dump called the commissioner around six last night. Every courtesy should be shown to Mr. Emlyn Teague and his friends. Mr. Teague could be helpful about Slade's death if we played our cards right. I left a message for Teague saying I wanted to talk to him as soon as he arrived. He sent word he'd see me in the morning. So I extended 'every courtesy.' I set up this second killing by doing nothing—by waiting until morning."

"No leads?" I asked.

"It was Doris, or Craig, or both of 'em," Hardy said. "Has to be. I've arrested her, and I'm arresting Craig, but it's too late."

"Was the same gun used?"

"We'll have a report from ballistics pretty soon. I'm guessing it was."

A room-service waiter bringing coffee knocked on the door. I had him put the tray down on a table.

"I can take Craig somewhere else to talk to him," Hardy said, "or you can get the hell out and I'll talk to him here. I don't want sympathetic friends around to let him think he's anything but up to his neck in trouble."

I left. I wanted instructions from Chambrun.

He was having breakfast in his office, forty-five minutes ahead of his regular schedule. And he was doing something he never did, carrying on business while he ate. Miss Ruysdale was ahead of time, too, taking down a list of instructions from him on her pad.

The night crew, relieved two hours ago, was being summoned. Who had seen what? Who had been on the tenth floor in the early hours of the morning. What elevator operators had taken who where and when? The entire staff on duty this morning was to consider its primary job a search for a murder gun — from the cellars to the penthouse gardens. Trash was to be picked over piece by piece before it went into the incinerators. General instructions to the heads of all departments included a reminder that the hotel must function for its guests as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Miss Ruysdale was just starting for her office to relay instructions, when the door opened. Emlyn Teague, his face the color of ashes, was there. Behind him, a glassy smile on his lips, was the massive Irishman, Delaney.

Teague was wearing a reddish-brown Harris tweed suit, with a red carnation in the buttonhole. He had taken time to dress in his attention-getting style, but he looked badly shaken.

"What kind of a slaughter-house are you running here, Chambrun?" he asked.

"Sit down, Mr. Teague," Chambrun said.

"I want to know exactly what happened to Ivor," Teague said.

"He was shot to death," Chambrun said.

"And you sit here having breakfast!" Teague said.

"I'm neither a mourner nor a policeman, Mr. Teague. I'm a hotel manager. I'm also very jealous of the Beaumont's reputation, so I'm not happy."

Teague's voice had a rasping edge to it. "What about Haskell, here? He's been harboring Craig in his quarters, hasn't he? You know what happened in your tawdry little nightclub early this morning?"

"Gary Craig is being questioned by the police at this moment," Chambrun said. "Miss Standing is under arrest as a material witness in the Slade case. The police are not inactive."

"It took no steps to protect us from a killer who's prowling your corridors," Teague said.

"You asked for no protection, Mr. Teague. And if you had we'd have told you to refer to the police. We protect you against inconvenience, against discomfort, against the maraudings of petty hotel thieves who might make the mistake of trying to operate here. We guarantee you quiet, efficient service. But we cannot guarantee you safety from someone seeking revenge for past outrages at your hands."

"You were my enemy before I got here, Chambrun," Teague said. "You played foolish little games with us, like putting us all on separate floors. If we'd been together, Ivor would be alive now. You harbored a man who publicly insulted Miss Towers. I want and demand protection for myself and my three surviving friends. I want it from you and your staff."

CHAMBRUN picked up the phone. "Be good enough, Ruysdale, to get me the Police Commissioner." He put down the phone. "Lieutenant Hardy tells me you've already had Mr. Battle intercede for you with the Commissioner, Mr. Teague. I'm sure you can persuade him to provide you with an official bodyguard. Anything else?"

Teague reached into his pocket for a gold cigarette case. Delaney held a lighter for him. And then Teague grinned, an utterly disarming grin. Doris had said he had charm. This was the first glimpse I'd had of it.

"I'll let you in on a secret," Teague said, enjoying himself. "I knew, after the unfortunate Julie Frazer affair, that I'd be politely told there were 'no rooms at the inn' if I tried to make reservations. I called Georgie Battle to demand that the Beaumont take care of me. Do you know what he said? He said, 'I'll try. But if Chambrun says no, there's nothing I can do about it.'"

"Why did you want to come here?" Chambrun asked.

"Doris, poor child. She disappeared into thin air two weeks ago. We've been frantic."

"Two weeks?" Chambrun asked. I knew what he was wondering. February 20, three weeks ago, was the date from which Doris claimed she could remember nothing.

"She ran away from us once before," Teague said. "That was when she met our murdering friend Craig. We were afraid she'd gone to him again, but we discovered he, too, was trying to find her. We were concerned, so Jeremy Slade came East to look out for her and to protect her if she needed protection.

"All my life," he said to Chambrun, "I've been involved with the law. It's been a lifelong amusement of mine to scurry through its loopholes. I know the handicaps under which your Lieutenant Hardy is working. He's harassing Doris because he doesn't know what else to do. Up to now she'd had no one to protect her but that black paladin!" His nostrils flared with anger. I suddenly sensed a kind of Klan bigotry in the man. He had contempt for T. J. Madison because he was black.

"Doris is one of us. I will not have her put through a meat grinder just to satisfy an inept police investigation. I've made myself a promise." His voiced lowered. "I'm going to stop them from beating Doris, and if the law fails to deal with Craig, I will not!" He stood up.

"If your lieutenant isn't quick, efficient, and final, Mr. Chambrun, the Beaumont may be the scene of events which will become part of history. Tally-ho, friend."

He went out, with the carrot-topped Delaney at his heels. Chambrun picked up the phone again and said: "Ruysdale!"

Miss Ruysdale materialised.

"Call Mrs. Veach," Chambrun said. Mrs. Veach was the chief telephone operator on the day shift. "I want every phone call, in, out, and within the house from rooms 1204, 1612, 1421, and 609 monitored. I want an immediate report on all calls, even if it's an order for ice water."

"Right," Miss Ruysdale said.

"I want someone stationed in the hallways outside each of those rooms. I want to know instantly who comes out, who goes in."

"Right."

"Get hold of Dodd and tell him I want to know exactly where Teague, Towers, Maxwell, and Delaney are at all times."

"What can they do?" I heard myself ask.

"They could set fire to the place," Chambrun said, drily, "which would be rather more simple than what we can expect."

His phone rang again.

"Yes, Atterbury," he said. Then, "Oh, No! I didn't expect her so soon. Haskell will be there at once. Eighteen B is ready?" He put down the phone. "Veronica Trant," he said. "Take care of her, Mark."

I don't know what I really expected to find at the reception desk. At the height of her career, thirty years ago, Veronica Trant had been considered one of the two or three most beautiful women in the world.

I saw the little entourage around Atterbury's reception desk as I crossed the lobby from the elevators. Johnny Thacker, the day bell captain, was already in charge of a substantial collection of luggage, I saw the two women, both moderately tall, slim, expensively dressed. The one wearing the large black glasses must be Veronica Trant. Black glasses are part of the uniform of visiting Hollywood dignitaries. But from ten yards away I saw that I was mistaken.

Veronica Trant! No glasses. She hid nothing. And why should she, because it was still pretty glorious.

"You needn't have bothered to give us celebrity treatment, Mr. Haskell," she said in the voice I remembered, low and exciting.

"Mr. Chambrun is bitterly disappointed not to be here to greet you personally," I said. "We have some problems here this morning."

A faint cloud passed over

To page 44

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Regularity is a sign of good health. It shows that nature is doing her job, and it means that you're happier . . . brighter . . . livelier.

When you become irregular, start taking Carter's Little Liver Pills — and let nature take its course again.

Carter's Little Liver Pills will ensure regularity and get rid of that nasty bilious feeling — you can really enjoy life again.

Start the prescribed 3-week course of Carter's Little Liver Pills — today.

CARTERS

CARTERS LITTLE LIVER PILLS

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Oct. 12

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ A week without fireworks — but with some minor irritations. Love and romance are under bright stars, but the 12th could be deceptive, the 14th shows marriage upsets.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Only small disturbances this week. On the 12th your status could be sniped at, on the 14th Cupid gets a bit rumbunctious. On the 15th you could lose backing the favorite.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ For many, matters matrimonial have been under pressure. 14th-15th is an adverse little patch more annoying than calamitous. Tact will be needed — and this applies to romance.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ Don't take lover's sighings too seriously on the 12th — Venus is in a deceiving temper. 14th-15th could mean danger on the road — so be cautious travelling to and from work.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ There are tangled marriage ties, 12th — when patience will be required. There's also a spot of financial trouble—not serious, but you might not get the bargain you were counting on.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ There's danger of missing the bus or misreading the indicator on the 12th — or losing your purse, 14th-15th — or experiencing an unexpected personal upset. Not serious, but annoying.

LIBRA SEPT. 24- OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ It's still your cycle for a successful blast-off and a happy splashdown — your ruling star is in her own sign. A good week apart from minor troubles 14th-15th.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ You might have to use that uncanny geiger-counter of yours on the 12th — there's a touch of deceit and confusion. You have the green light to start a fresh chapter.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ You're coming more into the picture, and many of you are tackling new problems with unusual gusto. Deceptive stars might get you off target on the 12th. Otherwise, happy landings.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ There could be a misunderstanding with loved ones on the 12th — but nothing that you can't set aright. Possibly little checks concerning a new plan and a friend could disappoint.

AQUARIUS JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Opportunities continue to multiply to enhance your status and further career. However, new ideas could meet with some muddled trouble and a friend could prove a problem.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ Woolly decisions could result in a minor matrimonial mix-up. There's much more of a chance to win a windfall — and perhaps a friend could get in your hair and upset your plans.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Fashion FROCKS

● *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"CORALIE." — This smart, two-tone dress is available in sundek in navy with green, navy with pink, or black with white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $11.65; 36 and 38in. bust, $11.85.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $7.75; 36 and 38in. bust, $7.95.

Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 66. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.

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THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

the wonderfully expressive face. "We had a rather gaudy account of your problems from the taxi-driver who brought us here," she said. "I'd like you to meet my secretary, Gail Miller."

I really hadn't looked at the other woman until then. The black glasses made her face unreadable, but I guessed her to be in her forties. She gave me a brisk little nod without speaking.

"May I take you up to your suite?" I asked.

"Please do, Mr. Haskell. And tell Pierre not to bother with us until he has time to sit down and talk."

I'd never heard anyone call Chambrun by his first name before . . .

The Miller girl came out of the bedroom quarters with Johnny Thacker and his crew.

"That will be all," Gail Miller said, in a brisk, cool voice. I think she meant to include me.

"Anything at all I can do . . ." I said.

"You can come back when you have a free moment and tell us about your excitement," Veronica said. A faint shadow crossed her face for an instant. "I had my moment with Doris Standing and Emlyn Teague some years ago. I learned a major lesson about personal vanity from them."

"Be sure to call my office if there's anything I can do," I said.

Her smile melted me. "Pierre never makes a mistake about his staff," she said. "I shall be depending on you—Mark."

I don't suppose that by noon that day there was anyone in New York who didn't know that the Beaumont had supplied the scenery for a drama of violence.

While waiters and busboys and bellhops ran their legs off, and the girls on the telephone switchboard paled with exhaustion, the grim hunt for evidence that would nail down the lid on a murderer's coffin went on. The homicide crew had come and gone from Jerningham's room. Hardy had taken Craig out of my quarters, having found no gun or any other clue there, and up to Chambrun's penthouse. There, I gathered, the heat was on both Craig and Doris Standing.

Chambrun was riveted to his office desk. Reports from the switchboard and every other department in the hotel came in a steady stream. We knew that, shortly after Teague left us, a breakfast for four was ordered from room service to be served in Bobby Towers' room. Teague, Maxwell, and Delaney were reported joining the lady at a few minutes before ten, when the meal was served. Teague made a call from the room at ten-thirty to a well-known New York lawyer. The lawyer, one Wallace Harmon, made an appointment to meet Teague at the hotel at eleven o'clock, in Miss Towers' room.

No one on the night staff had seen anyone prowling around the tenth floor in the early hours of the morning. One of the penthouse elevator operators remembered taking Doris Standing down a little after midnight. He also remembered taking her back a few minutes after Chambrun had gone up for the night. He was very clear that he'd taken her directly from the lobby to the roof — not from the tenth floor.

On the surface all this would seem to back up Craig's and Doris' stories. The simple fact is that it proved nothing at all. Enclosed fire stairs run from bottom to top of the hotel, with exits at each floor. You could go from floor to floor on foot and never be seen at all.

At eleven o'clock Wallace Harmon, a tall gangling man with iron-grey hair, presented himself at Bobby Towers' room.

About twelve-thirty Teague, Maxwell, Delaney, and Harmon went down to the Spartan Bar for a drink and lunch.

At twenty minutes to one a call went through from Miss Towers to Mr. Atterbury on the front desk. She wanted to locate Mr. Madison, Miss Standing's lawyer. She understood he was somewhere in the hotel.

At about eight minutes to one Madison knocked on the door of room 1612 and was admitted by Miss Towers.

At one o'clock all this was a matter of record in Chambrun's office. At one o'clock Teague and his friends were on their second cocktail in the Spartan Bar.

AT seventeen minutes past one the door to room 1612 burst open and Bobby Towers ran out into the hall, screaming. Her filmy negligee was torn and ripped off one shoulder. She clung to the maid stationed in the hall by Chambrun. She turned and pointed a shaking finger at the door of her room.

T. J. Madison was there, looking dazed. His face might have been clawed by a tiger.

"That black swine tried to rape me!" Bobby Towers shouted at the top of her shrill voice.

According to the maid, Madison ran for the fire stairs.

T. J. Madison didn't run very far. He appeared in Chambrun's office, breathless, his face bleeding. He was ushered into Chambrun's private office.

Chambrun was on the telephone. It must have puzzled Madison to see not the smallest flicker of surprise on Chambrun's face.

Chambrun flicked a switch on the intercom.

"Ruysdale. See if you can locate Mark and tell him to get up here." He flipped off the switch. "You better have a drink, friend," he said.

"You know what's happened?" Madison asked.

"I always know what's happened in my hotel," Chambrun said, "down to the smallest untruth."

"It was a cold-blooded frameup," Madison said.

"Naturally."

"You believe me?" Madison sounded stunned.

"Of course I believe you," Chambrun said. "You better help yourself to that drink."

"I think I better not," Madison said. "One whiff of liquor on my breath when the cops come charging in here and I've had it."

"You're in trouble," Chambrun said.

"Why? That's what I don't understand," Madison said. He sounded desperate. "Why?"

"Vive le sport," Chambrun said. "You got in with the game players, friend. They want you disconnected from Miss Doris Standing and her problems."

"Why?"

"I don't know for sure. But you're about to be pretty thoroughly destroyed unless we come up with the answer."

It was just then that I came barging in. I hadn't received Chambrun's call, but I'd heard word from Johnny Thacker in the lobby and come flying for orders.

Chambrun tapped the papers on his desk. "I know that she sent for you. So begin with what happened when she let you into her room."

"She might as well have been naked," Madison said. He moistened his lips. "The negligee was next to transparent and she didn't have anything on under it. He shook his

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DRESS SENSE *by Betty Keep*

● The slick little A-line dress illustrated here is my design choice for a young reader who asked for a party dress to be made in black.

HERE is her letter, with my reply:

"I am seeking your help in choosing a black dress for party wear. I am 16 and like with-it fashions, particularly the shift line. I will need a pattern in size 12 for the design you choose."

The dress I have chosen in answer to your query is illustrated at left. There is quite a revival of the little black dress, and for summer it is seen in linen-like fabrics. This design is sleeveless and has a low inverted heart-shaped neckline and flower trim. If you wish to order a pattern, full details are given under the picture.

Here are other party-dress queries in my fashion mail:

"I am making a slim shift in white crepe and now I am wondering how to finish the top. It is to be a formal dress. I want the top fairly bare."

Finish the shift with a halter neckline with narrow bands criss-crossing high in front and continuing to form shoulder straps at the back.

"How can I make a trapeze shape shift stand out at the hemline?"

You could interline the dress with vilene; it will give body and shape to the silhouette.

3499. — Sleeveless semi-fit A-line dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Butterick pattern 3499, price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

MANY readers have requested a pattern for summer separates. This letter is typical:

"I am seeking your advice about paper patterns for sporting separates for outdoor wear in summer. I want blouse, skirt, jacket, and slacks. Would you let me know as soon as possible if I could get patterns for these garments?"

We can provide you with an excellent pattern for co-ordinated daytime separates. The pattern includes a long-sleeved over-blouse, sleeveless tucked-in blouse, pants, shorts, skirt, and head-scarf.

The pattern is available in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18. Price 85c, includes postage. If you wish to order, please mention Vogue pattern 6770. It is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I am very, very small-busted and the rest of my figure is good. Do you think this figure fault would prevent me wearing a bikini?"

No, a small-busted figure looks just right in a bikini.

"Could you please tell me the correct age for a flowergirl?"

A flowergirl is usually chosen from the 4 to 6 age-group. Junior bridesmaids are in the 10 to 14 age-group.

"Would it be good fashion to have a contrasting bodice on an Empire-line evening dress? How should I finish the bodice?"

A contrast bodice would be correct fashion. Finish the bodice with narrow, self - material shoulder straps.

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2/3 MASTER FOODS BONCHOVY. A delicious fish paste with the tangy taste of salt cured anchovies. Not that it's too salty, mind you. Just perfect. *Serving suggestion: A new way to cook potato cakes. Mash three medium sized boiled potatoes with one can of Bonchovy, 2 eggs, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Drop from spoon into hot oil or fat, and fry golden brown.*

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THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

head. "I should have told her then I'd come back when she was decent. When you're a negro in this world, Chambrun, you don't run any risks at all. But she'd said on the phone that she had something that would help Doris." He hesitated.

"I went in, a little shocked that she'd receive me with so little on. She offered me a drink. I refused. She poured herself a triple. Right there she got off base and I should have run. She said something about how lucky Doris was to have such a fine-looking guy for a lawyer. I urged her to tell me what it was she knew that would help Doris.

"She sat down on the arm of my chair. I began to sweat, Chambrun, but I wasn't smart enough to get out of there. Instead of telling me anything she started to ask me how tough the spot was Doris was in; what had Doris told me about Teague and the rest of them; and had she told me where she'd been for the past two weeks? Then all of a sudden she bent down and kissed me right on the mouth.

"I pushed her away. Then she clawed me. It wasn't an angry thing. It was quite deliberate. And then she said: 'Sorry, buster.' She ran for the door, tearing the negligee off her shoulder — and out into the hall, screaming."

"Teague wants you re-removed as Doris' lawyer and helper." Chambrun said. "He's already engaged a man named Wallace Harmon to take your place. They're waiting for you to be tarred and feathered."

"Why? Miss Standing is satisfied with me," Madison said.

CHAMBRUN looked steadily at Madison. "Think it through Mr. Madison. This is the way it goes. Two months ago Doris ran out on one of Teague's games. She wanted to be free of them. Her boat was wrecked in a storm and she was picked up on a beach by Craig. They spent three days together. They fell in love. In the process she made something of a clean breast to Craig. She didn't tell him the details of the all the games she'd played with Teague, but she made it clear to him that they'd been bad.

"He offered to help her cut loose and they went back to Beverly Hills to face Teague. Teague played his trump suit. He convinced Doris that she could be prosecuted for criminal acts, but worse than that, from her point of view, he made it clear what he could do to Craig, and what a detailed picture of the past would do to Craig's love for her. She couldn't face it. She gave Craig his walking papers.

"Approximately a month went by, and then, on the night of February 20th, Doris set out from her house to join Teague and Company for dinner. Down drops the blackout curtain. Here's where it gets sticky. Eight days later she called Craig in New York to say she was in desperate trouble and needed help. Where was she during those eight days after she set out for dinner until she called Craig? We don't know. Where has she been for the fourteen days after she made the call? We don't know.

"Then came the blackout. The mind chooses to shut out something intolerable. Whatever it was it happened between the twentieth and twenty-eighth. It also blotted out the present for her, and for two weeks she wandered around in a fog, coming back to reality in a train at Grand Central yesterday morning. It could be that way."

"But if it is?"

"Let me finish," Chambrun said. "As far as Teague is concerned she's been missing for three weeks. He was evidently desperate himself to find her. Doris is his reason for being here and he's desperate to get her away. Why?"

"She may remember what happened between the twentieth and the twenty-eighth of February," Madison said.

"Right," Chambrun said. "It must be something they cannot afford to have made public. By the time they got here, you were handling her case. You'd avoided an arrest, but she was inaccessible. When she was released you advised her to stay on here in my apartment. They have to change her mind about that, and so they have to get rid of you."

Madison's lips tightened. "She could be their next murder victim," he said.

"You say 'their next murder victim.' By that you mean Slade was their first victim, Jerningham their second, and Doris may be their third?"

"What else?" Madison asked.

"This is all theory," Chambrun said, "but I can't make it fit — the notion that Teague is responsible for the murder of two of his closest friends. Which brings me to the part of the puzzle for which I have no pieces. I think someone is out to massacre the entire Teague organisation."

"With no connection to Miss Standing's blackout?"

Chambrun's eyes narrowed. "I didn't say that. It could well be connected with what happened between the twentieth and the twenty-eighth of February. According to Doris, Slade said he wanted to talk to her about the night of the twenty-fifth."

"Where does this get us?" I asked, speaking for the first time.

"To some very unpleasant possibilities," Chambrun said. "Accepting this theory as fact for a moment, we know two things. What Doris has blacked out is something so dangerous to Teague that she must be stopped from remembering and telling it at any cost. So she is in grave danger from Teague. But bear in mind that Doris has always been one of the most notorious members of Teague's team.

"So if someone is bent on wiping out the whole miserable company, Doris would be a prime target. The minute she's set completely free, Teague will be after her and the murderer will be after her. It will be a race then to see who can reach her first; Teague or the person we can only, for the moment, call X."

"First they have to get rid of me," Madison said. "I think I could persuade Miss Standing to stay here under my protection and yours. If — if she doesn't believe Miss Towers' story."

"Will she? You know her," Chambrun said.

"The longer I hide the less chance I have of being believed," Madison said.

Chambrun flipped the switch on his intercom. "Kuysdale? Locate Lieutenant Hardy and tell him Mr. Madison is here with me.

"If we want to buy my theory we can tell ourselves that what happened after the twentieth — perhaps on the twenty-fifth, a date Slade mentioned to Doris — has put Teague behind the eight-ball. He is not legally in the clear for whatever happened then. Doris threatens his freedom, his safety — the exposure of a criminal act for which he can be punished."

"It makes sense," Madison said. "Two of his friends have been killed. He has to know someone is gunning for him. Why stay here and wait for it? With Teague's money they could take off for the moon, out of reach of any danger. But if Miss Standing represents a danger, too, they can't take off and leave her behind."

"We have a chance to protect her here," Chambrun said, "but who will protect her once she's out in Teague's world?"

Madison seemed to be staring back into the past. "I grew up in Harlem, Chambrun. I suppose kids who grow up there are no different to kids who grow up anywhere else. They run in gangs; they always have. Everywhere. They're basically high spirited and full of mischief.

"But the mischief of kids, black and white, has two different kinds of motivation. There are those who go about it for the sheer joy of raising hell and there are those who operate from bitterness, from a sense of injustice, and from the desire to fight back — to hurt. You're all part of the same gang, all enjoying the same laughs you think, and then, in the excitement of some prank a tenement is set on fire, an old lady is burned to death, a kid is crippled.

"You want to get out," Madison said, after a moment. "I was lucky. I could run with a football, I got an athletic scholarship to a fine university. I carried a football for four years. I was a big name. During my professional career as a football player I was able to study for a law degree in the off season; I'm a good lawyer. But there are only two things anyone ever thinks about me. I was perhaps the best running back in the pro league. And I'm a negro." He drew a deep breath.

"Teague has contempt for me because I'm black. But thank heaven there are other kinds of people in this world. There's the rare one, hidden away, to whom color makes no difference at all. They take you for what you are as a human being. Then there is another much larger group of people. Politically they're called 'liberals.' Morally we think of them as 'good people.' They say, 'Just because he's a negro doesn't mean he isn't entitled to everything I'm entitled to.' They invite you to their homes, they do business with you, they give you a little extra—'just because you're a negro.' But it's never quite normal.

"A couple of years ago I was in California. I'd been asked to cover the Rose Bowl game for a newspaper syndicate. Years ago I had a good day in the Rose Bowl myself. The night before the game there was a big banquet and I was one of the chief speakers.

"Afterward there were dozens of parties that would go on into the night. Everybody slapped me on the back and told me how simply great it was to see me, but on the sidewalk outside the hotel I was suddenly all alone. 'Private date, Mr. Madison?'

"I turned around and saw Miss Standing. I knew who she was. Who doesn't, who reads the papers?

"'Very private,' I said, 'with myself.'

"'Walk me to the parking lot?' she asked. 'I am basically a stinker, Mr. Madison,' she said. 'I tell myself that I'm without any prejudices and I express my outrage when anyone else shows any, but I'm not able to do something pleasant at the moment without being acutely aware that you are a negro.'

"'Then forget it,' I said

"'If I saw anyone standing alone on the street corner after a dinner like that I think my impulse would be to suggest we go have a drink somewhere — especially someone like you, from out of town, who had no local network of friends. But I'm not sure whether my impulse to ask you to do something with me is that simple or whether I'm building myself up to myself as a great, liberal heroine. Would you take a chance on it? If I find out I'm being a phony I'll let you know.'"

Madison laughed. "Well, she'd put it on the line, which is more than most people do. I said I'd take a chance. She suggested her house because there'd be no one there to stare at us and remind her of what a fine, clean-cut American girl she was trying to be.

"Miss Standing and I sat around on the terrace of her house and had a drink or two. I don't know to this day what she was thinking about me — if being a negro really made a big difference to her — if she was secretly afraid or intrigued or what. There wasn't a moment of self-consciousness between us. Then, as it came obviously time for me to go, she surprised me with a question.

"'How would you like to go on retainer to handle my legal affairs in New York City?' she asked.

"'I'd like it fine,' I said, 'if I'm qualified. But surely you have some old-line firm taking care of you.'

"'They've been stealing me blind,' she said. 'I don't think you'd steal from me, Madison.'

"So that's how I came to be her lawyer," Madison concluded. "I've done a good job for her. She's repaid me by trusting me. Do you know what she said when I walked in on her yesterday afternoon? 'It was the luckiest day of my life when I hired you, Madison. Now that I'm in a real jam I know that I have someone I can trust to help me! There's no one else, Madison. No one!'"

"That seems to make it clear why Teague is so anxious to get you out of the picture," Chambrun said.

The law which descended on us moments later consisted of John Naylor, the assistant DA, along with a captain named Pritchard from the local precinct house, and Mr. Wallace Harmon, Teague's lawyer friend.

Naylor was bald as an egg, with a hard, perpetually angry face, and bright, black, little shoe-button eyes. You hated him on sight, but I knew he was a good man at his job. Pritchard was one of those cops who could play it very tough with the helpless, and very cagy with the influential. His paunch suggested he was getting near the retirement age, and I had a feeling he didn't want to make any mistakes. Harmon was tall, skinny, and perpetually in need of leaning against something.

"This isn't my job," Naylor said, in a harsh, impatient voice after he'd introduced Harmon and Pritchard all around. "Miss Towers has preferred rape charges against you, Madison. Captain Pritchard will take you to the precinct house and book you. Being a lawyer you'll know what the next steps are."

"Before you go any further with this, Naylor," Chambrun said, "I think you should know exactly where you stand."

"I don't stand anywhere," Naylor said. "My only interest in this is that Miss Standing refuses to co-operate with me and Hardy without advice of counsel. Mr. Madison is her counsel. If he's unable to act for her, Mr. Harmon assures me that he will be her representative."

"I don't see any reason why Madison won't be able to act for Miss Standing," Chambrun said. "He'll be out on bail in a short time."

"It'll be high bail, Mr. Chambrun," Harmon said, his eyes narrowed. "Black man and white girl."

"I, personally, will make sure of the bail," Chambrun said. "Do you care to know why I interest myself in this, Mr. Harmon? Because the charge against Madison is a fake and a fraud."

"That's a pretty serious accusation," Harmon said.

"You bet it is," Chambrun said briskly. "In the end Miss Towers will be faced with charges of false arrest, perjury, and heaven knows what else."

"You have to be kidding," Harmon said. "You take this colored man's word against Miss Towers'?"

"No, sir," Chambrun said. "Since eight o'clock this morning Miss Towers' phone has been monitored — along with Teague's, Maxwell's, and Delaney's. I know exactly what took place on each phone call made to and from Miss Towers' room."

THE lawyer's face was suddenly an unreadable mask. "It's strictly illegal —this monitoring," he said.

"I think not," Chambrun said. "There's a murderer loose in this hotel. Lieutenant Hardy asked for the full co-operation of my staff. It seemed that Miss Towers and her friends were in danger. We had to try to stay one step ahead — to protect them. We hadn't anticipated they would be found guilty of anything." He smiled.

"And what do you think you have that proves Miss Towers is lying?" Harmon asked.

"That, Mr. Harmon, you will discover when you bring charges against Mr. Madison."

What a bluff! He had absolutely nothing. But Harmon was asking himself what kind of indiscretion Bobby Towers had committed on the phone. He turned the mask on Captain Pritchard. "Under the circumstances, I think I should have a chat with my client, Captain, before you make the actual arrest. I don't imagine Mr. Madison will give us the slip."

Harmon gave each of us, except Madison, a courtly little bow and left. Pritchard, looking relieved, followed him out.

Naylor let out his breath. "I didn't like the smell of it from the start," he said. "This Teague bunch are just plain hell."

Madison was blotting at his face with a handkerchief. "Why didn't you tell me from the start you had proof?" he asked Chambrun.

"Because I don't," Chambrun said cheerfully. "Harmon's faith in his client is rather touching, though, don't you think?"

The day moved on.

The telephones in the rooms of Teague and Company were curiously quiet all afternoon. Harmon had evidently scared the daylights out of them. The lawyer either did or didn't believe what Bobby Towers told him. She must have sworn she'd said nothing incriminating over the phone. But since they all knew it was a frame-up they must have decided

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FOR THE CHILDREN

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD

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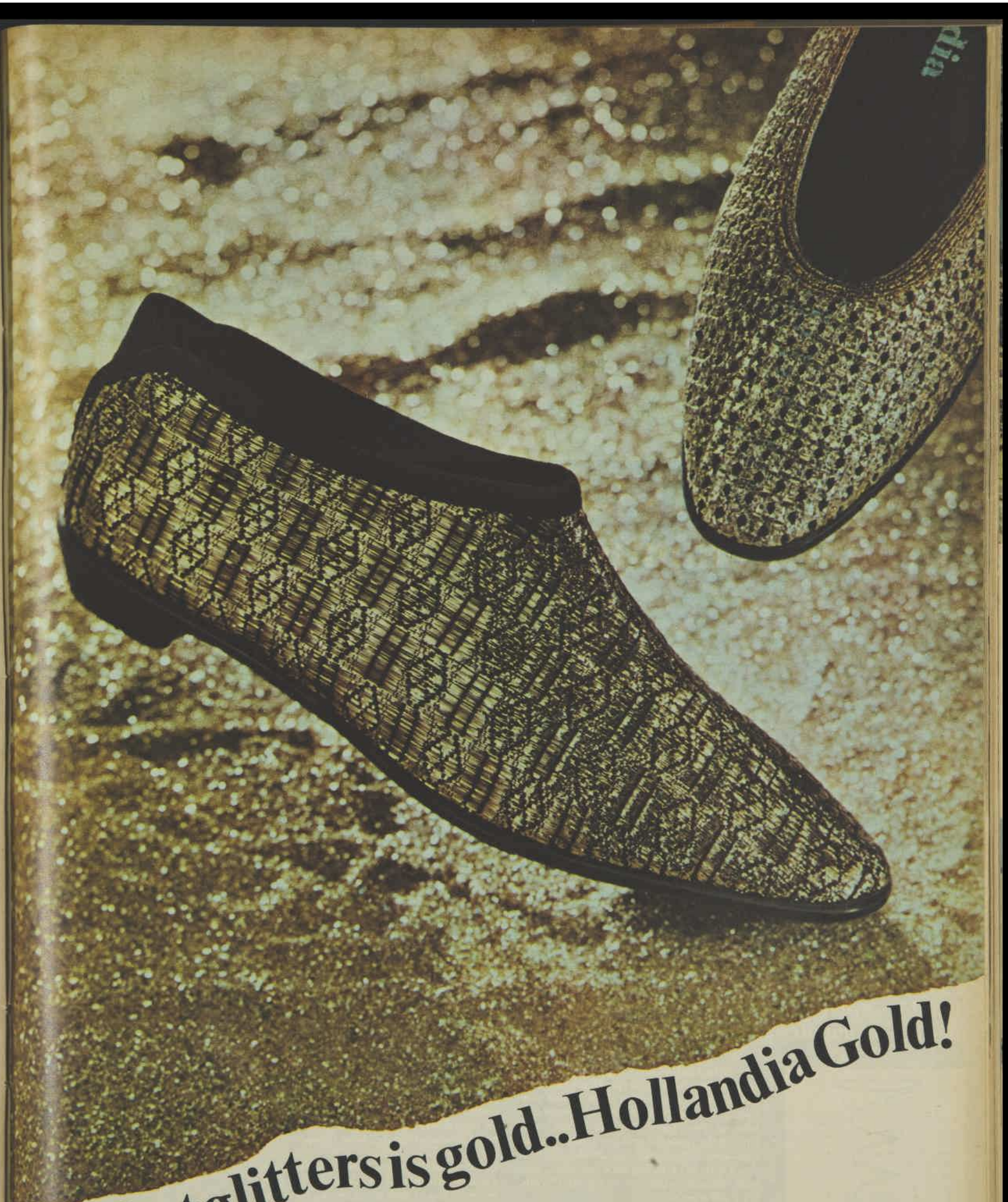

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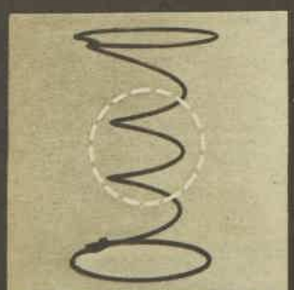

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THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

they'd better let the whole matter drop.

About cocktail time the lid blew off again. Five very large men, who obviously could never be mistaken for guests of the Beaumont, took up stations outside the rooms of Teague and Company. They were Hardy's men. Teague was the first to discover the watchdog outside his room. He was told that he was being protected. He didn't want protection! Where was Hardy? In Mr. Chambrun's office.

Teague went down there under a head of steam, followed by his guardian.

"You're the man I want to see!" Teague said to Hardy in a rasping voice, ignoring Chambrun. The big plain-clothesman loomed in the doorway.

Hardy, whose outward manner is usually deceptive — slightly puzzled, a shade deferential — wasn't in the mood for pretence.

"So you found me," he said.

"What is the reason for this — this elephant trailing me around the hotel, standing outside my door? Why are my friends being subjected to the same stupid surveillance? I don't want it. I demand that these goons be taken off our backs now—at once."

Chambrun told me later there was something very close to hysteria under Teague's fancy surface.

"I'm not in the mood for demands, Mr. Teague," Hardy said. "Let me make it quite simple for you. Two of your friends have been murdered. We think perhaps all of you are in danger. While you're in my jurisdiction we're going to see to it that nothing happens to you."

"There's going to be hell to pay in this place," Teague said. The little amber eyes suddenly blazed at Chambrun. "An illegal and unwarranted monitoring of phone calls, and now our freedom curtailed."

"Your freedom hasn't been curtailed," Hardy said, sipping his brandy. "You're free to go anywhere you choose at any time you choose. You can check out of the Beaumont. You're your own man, Teague. But while you're in the city of New York you're going to be guarded."

TEAGUE'S eyes narrowed. "Are you telling me that I'm at last free to see my friend Doris Standing?"

"You can see Miss Standing," Hardy said. "Of course your bodyguard and hers will be on hand. And I suspect her lawyer will be with her."

"She's free to leave the hotel?" Teague asked.

"Carefully guarded — if she chooses. I understand, though, she's rather annoyed with how you tried to put that business on to her lawyer. It could be she doesn't want to see you."

Teague controlled his voice with difficulty. "Every employee in this hotel will do exactly as he's told. If you want to present phony phone calls in defence of Madison I know there'll be half a dozen people to testify to them. We're playing against a stacked deck."

"You could save yourself and all of us a lot of trouble and inconvenience, Teague," Chambrun said, "by telling us exactly what happened on the night of February 25th."

Teague's face turned a yellowish green. He looked like a man who'd been struck a mortal blow.

"Doris has come out of her trance?" he asked in a husky voice.

And then he realised his mistake. Doris couldn't have talked or they wouldn't be asking him. He made a superhuman effort to get himself under control.

"It was a waste of time coming here," he said. He turned and walked out of the office, followed by his bodyguard.

Hardy emptied his brandy glass. "You hit a bull's-eye with that February 25th crack," he said.

"The trouble is the target is in the dark," Chambrun said. "I don't know what I hit."

While all of this was going on I'd been polishing off the day's ordinary routines in my office. When I'd finally finished the paper work I went down the hall to my quarters, to find one of Hardy's men parked outside my door. Craig's bodyguard.

Craig was lying on the twin bed in my bedroom, hands locked behind his head, eyes closed. He looked grey from fatigue.

"I begin to understand why people confess to crimes they haven't committed," he said. "No rough stuff, you understand. Just Hardy and Naylor going over and over the same ground. I damn near caved in just to get rid of them. Then, unexpectedly, they just gave up."

I brought him up to date on Bobby Towers' little game with Madison. In the process I tossed in Chambrun's theory about the dual danger to Doris.

"Is there any reason I can't see her?" he asked.

"We can try," I said. I picked up the bedside phone and called Chambrun.

"Craig can go up," he said. "Madison's with her. We'll let them know you're coming. We'll give Craig ten minutes with her and then we want to join you. The time has come to make a strenuous effort to lift the fog."

There are four penthouses on the roof of the Beaumont. They are served by the hotel staff, but they're not available to transient guests. They're actually co-operatively owned apartments. Chambrun had invested in one of them.

Gary and I, accompanied by his bodyguard, went up in the elevator and found another of Hardy's men stationed outside the door of the penthouse. We rang the doorbell and T. J. Madison answered it. Behind him, across what must have seemed like a great space to Gary, we saw Doris, sitting stiffly erect on a couch by Chambrun's fireplace. Madison closed the door, leaving the two watchdogs on the outside.

Gary walked slowly toward the girl. She seemed to be frozen where she sat. And then, before he reached her, she was on her feet and took the few quick steps that carried her into his arms. I turned away. Her hunger for him made me an intruder.

"He may be helpful," Madison said.

"He wants to be," I said.

"I've been trying to persuade her that she needs psychiatric help," Madison said. "I've put Chambrun's theory pretty solidly to her. As long as she can't remember these last three weeks she's in serious danger. She doesn't even have the choice of telling or not telling whatever it is she's hidden from herself. Meanwhile, Teague has time to make dead sure she is permanently silenced before she does remember."

"With her money she can go hide anywhere in the world until the fog clears," I said. "Take Craig with her!"

"And with his money Teague can follow her," Madison said. "At least we can physically protect her here—from Teague and from the person Chambrun called X."

Across the room Doris and Craig were sitting together on the big overstuffed couch, talking earnestly together, her hands held tightly in his. Madison and I wandered into a little study to the left of the front room, intent on giving them as much time together as we could. It seemed pitifully brief when the doorbell rang and Madison opened it to Chambrun and Hardy.

When we joined them I saw there'd been a change in Craig. His eyes were bright. She'd restored his lost energy and strength. They sat side-by-side, her hands in his, but the desperation I'd sensed in both of them before seemed to have evaporated.

"I'm in your hands — all your hands," Doris said. "Madison has convinced me that I should stay where I am and fight. Gary has given me the courage, if that's what you want me to do. But, Mr. Chambrun, I'm afraid to face what I can't remember."

"One thing we're very sure of, Miss Standing," Chambrun said, "is that the thing you've hidden from yourself happened on last February 25th. I think we should call in a first-class psychiatrist. Possibly he could help you to remember. There are drugs, properly administered, that might break down the barrier."

Doris' lips trembled. "If you say so."

"Then I suggest you authorise Madison to hire the best private detectives he can find in Los Angeles to pick up your trail on the night of the twentieth of February and follow it as far as they can. Do you know where you were going that night?"

"To Emlyn's for cocktails. And then — then I don't know."

"I suggest you put both plans into motion at once," Chambrun said. "We can protect you from Teague and his friends, but we're working blindfolded against a murderer who may have you high up on his list."

Madison had already headed out of the room toward the study to make arrangements for the California detective.

"Will you trust me to find the right medical man for you?" Chambrun asked.

"I have to trust you, Mr. Chambrun."

"One other thing, Miss Standing," Hardy said. "Stay here, in this place. Don't be tricked into going out."

"Tricked?" she asked.

"You might get a message that I want to see you somewhere, or Chambrun wants to see you. Know that it's a trick if you get such a message. If any of us wants you for anything we'll come here."

"I understand," she said, in a small voice.

"Get some rest if you can," Chambrun advised.

I felt it was time for a double martini. I said something of the kind to Chambrun on the way down in the elevator.

"Care to have it with Veronica Trant?" he asked.

"Why not?" I said.

"Let me make the phone calls necessary to dig up a doctor for Doris and I'll go with you," he said. "You might call Veronica and find out if it's convenient."

The lady was delighted at the prospect. "Gail's gone out to spend the evening with some friends. I was beginning to frizzle up with boredom."

I WAITED for Chambrun to make a series of calls. It was perhaps a half an hour before he joined me in his outer office.

"I've got on to a top man," he said. "He can't get here for a couple of hours, but I gather he's worth waiting for. Veronica say Yes?"

"Tickled pink," I said.

Chambrun lighted a cigarette as we waited for an elevator to take us to the eighteenth floor. "Gail Miller was what I think was called a 'starlet' back in the 'forties," he said when I told him the secretary was out. "She had one big moment — some wartime epic. Second lead, but it attracted attention. Then she faded out. She made some USO tours with Veronica. I think that's where they teamed up."

"She can't be much over forty now," I said.

"You can't be sure about women's ages these days," Chambrun said. "Only the very young and the aged can't fool you. If you didn't know Veronica's history what would you take her to be?"

I laughed. "A very well taken care of forty-five."

I would have said the same thing five minutes later when she opened the door of her suite to us. She was ageless. She had on a black cocktail dress with a very full skirt that went all the way down to her slippers, a fitted bodice that accented a still lush figure, and a wide V that went out to the very tips of her still lovely shoulders.

"My very dear Pierre," she said.

He bent over her hands with a kind of old-world courtesy.

"I know it's been a bad day for you, Pierre, or you wouldn't have stayed away from me so long."

Room service had provided

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Mrs. H. WIFE

"Nothing to it! The sandwiches are percolating, the coffee is buttered."

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"No cheap teas for me!

I want Bushells"

Flavor is more important than price

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her with one of our travelling bars; ice bucket, glasses, a dozen different liquors and a fine sherry, sliced lemon and orange, lemon peel, bitters, sugar, soda and tonic—the works.

"Please be bartender, Mark," she said. "A very mild gin and tonic for me with a twist of lemon. Pierre?"

"Forgive me if I just have tonic without the gin," he said. "The night stretches out far ahead of us."

"I've been a foot to stay hidden away so long, Pierre," she said at one point. "But I wasn't really sure of it until I got here today. I used to think I hated being trailed around and gawked at by fans. And yet, in a way, they were my life's blood. I could be making pictures now if I wanted to, you know. I was a good actress, Pierre, but the image was romantic. When I saw the rushes on my last picture. I knew I was going to have to start playing John Wayne's mother, I didn't want that. I didn't need it. So I just shut the gate to my house and lived inside it—with Gail, poor child."

"Poor child?" Chambrun raised his heavy lids.

"Twenty-two when she gave up," Veronica said. "A love affair that went very badly wrong for her. She's missed a whole life, staying with me. I should have pushed her out, but in a way I needed her, so I was selfish."

"How did you come to decide to move around again?" Chambrun asked.

"A tragedy," Veronica said, her face clouding. "Norman Terry. You remember him? Suicide. He was one of the last of the great names of my day. I had to see him on his way, Pierre."

"Of course."

VERONICA spread her hands out. "So Gail and I came out in to the world for that, and suddenly I wanted more. On the spur of the moment we decided to come to New York — but, oh, so secretly. Eddie Schramm, the producer, offered me his apartment and we came — still hiding, you understand. Ten days of hiding behind black glasses, window shopping, eating in modest little side-street restaurants where there'd be no chance of being recognised. And then we said, to hell with it! Let's come out in the open. Let's have fun! So where else but here, my dear Pierre! But I've waited quite long enough to hear about your excitement."

He gave her a fairly detailed account of the past twenty-four hours at the Beaumont.

"Mark tells me you've had a brush with Teague," he said, when he'd finished.

"I got the minor league treatment, I guess," she said, but she sounded bitter. "I met Emlyn during the war when I was overseas doing shows for the troops," she said. "He was an amusing creature. You understand, Pierre, I wasn't Gloria Swanson in "Sunset Boulevarde" when I went into retirement. I saw a few friends; I gave a few parties. I just stayed out of the public eye and out of reach of the sightseers and the autograph hunters. Emlyn looked me up. He used to drop in occasionally for a drink.

"He got the idea somewhere along the way that I should give a big party for a lot of the old-timers who'd been around in the old glamor days. An anniversary party —celebrating the making of my first picture. The idea appealed to me. There are a lot of the old stars around, many of them not so well off as I am. Emlyn said he would take over all the details for me — the caterer, the music, the guest list. I had invitations engraved and Emlyn sent them out."

Her face hardened. "The night of the party was a beautiful night. We had tables set up all over the terraces; there was music and flowers and champagne and a full moon. And no one came."

"What?" Chambrun said sharply.

"No one came, Pierre — except Teague and his friends. And they came — to laugh. I made my big entrance — my big return to life, Pierre — and there was no one there to see it except the laughing Teagues."

"But the guest list — the invitations!" I heard myself ask.

"The invitations had gone into a trash can somewhere," Veronica said. "Of course I didn't know it at the time. It was a long while before I realised I wasn't forgotten, abandoned by my friends." She drew a deep breath. "I do not love the Teagues, Pierre. I do not love them at all."

"They are nourished by cruelty," Chambrun said. "What went wrong with Norman Terry? I understood he was well off, financially; not ill."

"Poor Norman," Veronica said. "For forty years he was a romantic hero to the women of the world. And then he moved into the age of the unhero. The matinee idol is dead. People today must laugh at sick jokes or sit yoga-like examining their miserable childhoods. The image of the romantic hero has been ground up in the sausage machine that is television. Norman couldn't take it. He couldn't bear to be laughed at."

"His funeral was on the twenty-eighth day of February," Chambrun said. "When did he shoot himself?"

"On the twenty-fifth," Veronica said.

Chambrun's bright eyes flashed my way quickly, but his voice was quite casual as he asked Veronica if there'd been some specific incident that had set Terry off.

"I don't know, Pierre. If I had I might have saved him," she said. "He came to see me on the afternoon of the night he killed himself. I guess it's no secret that Norman and I had been more than an acting team in the old days.

"We might have married, but Norman had a wife, locked away in a mental institution. A divorce would have turned him into a villain in the public mind. So he and I had what we could have in secret. In the end it died a natural death. There was nothing to nourish it. I was growing older. Younger, more exciting women camped on his trail, but we separated without bitterness but with continued affection and regard for each other."

"You say you could have saved him?"

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THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***Let it be your ambition to keep calm and look after your own business, and to work with your hands so that you may command the respect of those outside your own number, and at the same time may never be in want.***

—I Thess. 4; 11, 12.
(New English Bible)

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"He came that afternoon," Veronica said. The little lines at the corners of her eyes showed pain. "I was down with the flu. He told Gail he needed to see me urgently. So I got up and dressed." She smiled faintly.

"At my age, Pierre, it takes a little while for me to ready myself for the outside world. Gail entertained him while he waited, and she says he seemed very distressed about something. When I finally joined him, was alone with him, I was shocked to have him burst into tears. He said he was going away. He wanted to say goodbye.

"I couldn't get him to tell me what it was all about. He wanted to thank me for the past, for everything we'd been to each other. The best and the only good thing that had ever happened to him, he said. I was worried; anxious for him. But I never dreamed—" Her voice broke.

The telephone rang and at a signal from Chambrun I answered it. It was Mrs. Kiley, the night chief, calling Chambrun. The doctor Chambrun had sent for had been able to get away sooner than he'd expected. He was waiting downstairs to be taken up to Doris Standing.

Chambrun apologised to Veronica for an abrupt leave-taking. Dr. Martin was told to go directly to the penthouse where we'd meet him.

"Coincidence on coincidence," Chambrun said, when we were out in the hall together. "Both the critical dates in Doris' blackout match up with the critical dates in the death of Norman Terry."

DR. MARTIN was a pleasant-looking man about forty. He stood a little distance from the front door to Chambrun's place, while Chambrun gave him a brief sketch of the problem he'd face inside. Then we went to the door and rang the bell.

There was a long wait.

"Mr. Craig went downstairs about half an hour ago," the cop said, "but the lawyer's in there."

I tried the bell again. Chambrun was already fishing for his key. He unlocked the door and we went in.

"Madison!" Chambrun called out sharply.

There was no answer. Chambrun walked quickly down the corridor toward the bedroom wing. Seconds later he called out to us. The doctor and I hurried after him.

We found ourselves in what I took to be the guest bedroom. An open closet door revealed Doris' Marinelli wardrobe. The french window opening out on to Chambrun's roof garden was open. Chambrun had evidently gone out through them. But the doctor and I were momentarily frozen.

Stretched out on the floor near the window, his head in a pool of blood, was the motionless figure of T. J. Madison. He'd been shot.

I ducked for the phone next to the bed. I relayed the emergency to Mrs. Kiley. We needed Dr. Partridge, an ambulance, and Jerry Dodd. Chambrun's voice kept me from hanging up. He had reappeared in the french door.

"Every exit to the hotel is to be blocked off!" he said in a cold, hard voice. He went past us and out to the front door. Hardy's man came back with him, looking a little stunned.

"I didn't hear any shot," he said.

"You wouldn't," Chambrun said. "The place is soundproofed."

"Have you looked through the rest of the apartment?" the cop asked.

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

"Waste of time," Chambrun said. "She's gone. And it's my fault. I should have insisted there be a man stationed on the roof. There's a fire-door exit at the other end of the roof. As sure as anything she was taken that way. Check out on your other men. Make sure Teague's bunch are all accounted for. It's as clear as if they'd left a note for us. Doris came in here to rest. We'd urged her to do just that. Someone came in through the french window. Maybe she screamed. Anyway, Madison heard something and came in here and was shot for his pains. Idiot! I should have made sure of the roof. Mark, see if you can locate Craig."

Any hope that we might get a story from Madison was quickly doused. Critical was the diagnosis, emergency surgery indicated. Possible brain damage.

A preliminary report from Hardy's men seemed to indicate that Teague and Company were accounted for every minute of time since long before Doris could have been spirited away. The penthouse was the one place where the man stationed outside the door didn't have a complete coverage on comings and goings. The roof was wide open.

Craig had been covered with equal thoroughness by the man assigned to him. His story was simple enough. When Doris had obeyed instructions to get some rest he'd gone back down to my quarters to get freshened up. His bodyguard had gone with him. It seemed that all of our nice, tidy suspects were as pure as lambs.

We were face to face with the other half of the coin. The side marked X.

At the end of an hour of searching it was apparent that the pattern had changed. Doris had not been shot in cold blood like the others and left to be found. X had either found a magic way to hide a body or he had somehow managed to spirit Doris out of the hotel, hopefully still alive. To die somewhere else?

"She can't have been carried out of the hotel or dragged out," Chambrun said. We were in his office with Hardy. "If she's not found in the building, then she had to walk out of here under her own power."

"Voluntarily?" I asked.

"If that's what you call it with a gun in your ribs," Hardy said.

The ever-surprising Ruysdale looked up from her telephones. "Did anyone check on whether her street coat and hat are missing from the apartment? She checked in, you remember, wearing a trench coat, soft felt hat, black glasses. If she walked out of the hotel bare-headed and without a coat she'd have been almost bound to be recognised. She's as famous as a movie star."

"So what, Ruysdale?"

"So someone may remember a girl in a trench coat, soft felt hat, and black glasses. You've been asking if anyone saw Doris Standing."

Hardy's crew were still up in the penthouse area. There was no street coat or hat among Doris' belongings. No black glasses.

And so a new question was fired at the Beaumont's staff. Did anyone remember a girl in a trench coat, soft-brimmed hat, and black glasses?

Round and round it went.

Ruysdale interrupted. "Long distance call from California for T. J. Madison," she said. "It's some private detective agency. If Mr. Madison isn't available they'd like to talk to Mr. Chambrun."

Chambrun has one of those telephone talk boxes on his desk, where you can throw a switch and everyone in the room can hear the conversation. The call was switched through it.

"Chambrun here."

"I'm Harry Markson, of the Markson Detective Agency," the voice from the box said. "Mr. Madison said if I couldn't reach him I was to report to you."

"That's correct," Chambrun said.

"We were to backtrack on Miss Standing's trail starting February 20th," Markson said. "We've come on something which maybe you can simplify for us on that end."

"Yes?"

"On the night of February 20th, Miss Standing had dinner at a public restaurant here—The Cherub Club—with some friends. There were six men and another woman. The woman was a Miss Barbara Towers, of Malibu. The men—I'll skip the addresses — were an Emlyn Teague, a Jeremy Slade, an Ivor Jerningham, an Oscar Maxwell, a Van Deusen Delaney, and an old-time movie star named Norman Terry."

The box was silent. So were we.

"You see why I'm calling? Three of these guys are dead. Right? Our check here tells us the rest of them are all registered right there in your hotel."

"How true," Chambrun said, dryly.

"After dinner on that night—the twentieth—that whole crowd left The Cherub Club together. Private automobiles. We could spend days trying to pick up the trail of where they went. All you have to do is ask one of them there in your place."

"We'll just do that, Mr. Markson," Chambrun said. "But I don't promise we'll be able to cut any corners for you."

Chambrun switched off the box. He sat like a little dark statue

"What's the surprise?" Hardy asked. "She's always said she started out to have dinner with Teague and friends that night."

"The surprise," Chambrun said, very quietly, "is Norman Terry. He committed suicide five days later. On the twenty-fifth. Ring a bell with you, Hardy? He was buried on the twenty-eighth. That was the day Doris called Gary Craig here in New York and said she was in trouble.

"And by the purest chance we came across Norman Terry's trail earlier this evening. He paid a call on Veronica Trant the afternoon of the day he killed himself. Miss Trant is at this moment a guest of the hotel. When you have a violent death juxtaposed to a night out with Teague, you have a right to wonder. I think I'd like to have a word with my old friend, Miss Trant."

He made a little gesture indicating he wanted me to go with him.

Chambrun didn't speak to me or look at me on the way up to the eighteenth floor. I was toying with the vision of Veronica Trant playing the dramatic role of avenging angel for Norman Terry, her one-time lover.

She had changed out of the cocktail dress into a wine-colored housecoat. She had on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, and a new novel was tucked under her arm.

"Pierre!" she said. "I thought my social activities

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STRAY DOG

By DAN ROSS

Black Boy had no fine pedigree, but he was Jimmy's greatest pal

JIMMY WOODS was upset about Black Boy. And he knew he really had no right to be, since Black Boy wasn't his dog, but merely the dog he wished was his. Not that he would have picked out a mutt like Black Boy if he'd been given the choice.

But he had given his heart to this dog of uncertain background with sad brown eyes and lop ears.

Black Boy came to the house when he knew Jimmy would be there. Since Jimmy was in high school this was generally always at noon or the late afternoons. Black Boy had never come around in the evenings since the time Jimmy's father had violently sent him on his way.

Jimmy had been shocked at his father's attitude toward the dog. As a 15-year-old, he had a deep love and respect for his dad and he knew that his father normally liked animals, although he had refused to allow him to have his own dog. But this he blamed on the trouble! The trouble that his mother referred to only occasionally with a sad expression on her face. Yet not even the trouble seemed a satisfactory reason for his father's cruelty to the stray.

His mother had frowned. "Your father isn't himself these days. Don't mind him."

Jimmy had stared at Black Boy as he pushed the pan around not wanting to miss a morsel of the good meal. The big black dog lifted his greying muzzle from the empty dish and licked his chops with a flick of a long red tongue. The ridiculously long tail began to wag as he waited for the drink of water that always came next.

Jimmy patted the big bony black head of his adopted friend. "Black Boy must be real old," he said. "Seems to me somebody should have given him a home before this."

His mother set down the pan of water, which Black Boy lapped noisily. She smiled at her son. "Perhaps he did have a home once and somehow lost it. Now he's got used to being a stray and he's too old for settling down."

"I would get him a licence and keep him here if Dad would let me," Jimmy said soberly. "And I'd bet he'd settle down."

"Maybe. But since your father won't have him it doesn't matter."

Jimmy sighed and again patted Black Boy, who was now nuzzling him to go out to play.

Jimmy had left with the big black dog running joyously ahead of him for their play in the ball field. He blamed the whole business of not being able to have a dog on the trouble. The trouble that had started four years ago when his father had been involved in some business failure and been accused of not keeping straight books.

According to his mother's story it had been another man who was chiefly to blame. But his father had gone to prison for a two-year term. When he came out he was a bitter, changed person who avoided his old friends and neighbors.

The change had been difficult for Jimmy. His father no longer gave him the same companionship, the companionship so badly needed by a growing boy. There was this chasm between them.

In this situation Black Boy had been very good for the boy. He had showered affection on the old dog and the black mongrel had returned it in full measure.

Evening came and Jimmy decided to go down to meet his father at the train. His father left the car parked there and Jimmy would wait by it and when his father got off they would drive home together.

They were only about a mile from the house when it happened. Black Boy darted out across the road from the bushes in wild pursuit of some unseen animal. Jimmy's father jammed on the brakes, but not before the car struck the big black dog with a heavy thud.

Jimmy uttered a cry and jumped out to find the body of his friend on the muddy, wet road. He found him a couple of feet behind the car stretched out piteously with a rear leg showing a jagged bone break and the greying muzzle flecked with froth. Black Boy rolled his brown eyes and whined.

Jimmy's father came to stand beside him. "Don't touch him!" he warned.

"We've got to do something for him!" Jimmy's upturned freckled face showed distress.

His father hesitated. Then he said, "There's an old blanket in the boot. Get it."

Jimmy and his father used the blanket as a stretcher to lift the injured dog into the back seat of the car. They completed the drive to the house with Jimmy offering encouragement to his injured friend over the seat and his father grimly silent at the wheel. When they parked in the yard of the modest cottage his father got out quickly and went inside.

Jimmy was kneeling by the stricken dog when his father came out again. He looked up at his father's stern face and at once felt alarm.

His father said, "We'll lift him out of the car and I'll finish him."

"No!" Jimmy jumped up, for now he saw the gun in his father's hand. "No! You can't do that!"

"Don't be silly!" his father snapped. "A stray like that! Injured as badly as he is! He'll be better off dead! He belongs to no one and no one cares about him!"

"I care about him!" the boy's voice was shrill. "Maybe he is just an old stray dog now. But he was somebody's once. And he could be again if you'd just give him a chance!" He was sobbing now.

His father's expression had changed in a subtle way, somehow softened. He stared at the boy. "So that's how you feel. You think this stray deserves another chance?"

"Yes, I do!" the boy said rebelliously.

And then his father did an unexpected thing. He shrugged. "Perhaps you're right," he said quietly. "I'll phone the vet."

Jimmy found it hard to believe his good fortune. Just as he found it hard to understand his father's changed manner when the vet arrived. He talked with the vet for quite awhile after the dog had been treated. And Jimmy, who knew the two men had been friends before his father's trouble, had never seen them so at ease with each other since.

At last the vet went, after assuring them Black Boy's injuries, while painful, were not fatal. The big dog lay in the kitchen of the house with his leg in a splint and Jimmy beside him.

Jimmy's father gazed down at him in the way he used to do. "Since we're going to take responsibility for this dubious hound," he said, "we may as well go all the way. Get your mother to give you enough money tomorrow to pay for his licence."

Jimmy's eyes were wide with happiness. "Thanks, Dad!" he exclaimed.

"Maybe I ought to thank you, son," his father said a little more seriously. Then he turned to Jimmy's mother, who was standing by with a tender look on her face. "When a boy believes in second chances for a stray, I don't think we ought to discourage him, do you?"

(Copyright)

The Primus De Luxe: two burners

Twin burners — with separate controls. It has giant standout windshields — and a wipe-clean stainless steel spill tray. Attractive two-colour hammer-tone enamel finish. Collapsible.
2064 Primus De Luxe Stove 17" x 9" x 3½". Weight, 9 lb. $23.50 (Cylinders from $5.55.)

Brilliant outdoor lamp

Portable lamp equivalent to 100 candlepower. With a handy carrying handle and protective case. Shock-proof mantle. Great for prawning or crayfishing. Fits all Primus cylinders. Price: $8.75.

Grasshopper

Designed for use with the 2201 disposable gas cylinder which provides Butane gas for 4 hours' cooking. Easy to carry and ideal for outdoor or indoor use. The pot stand is adjustable to take both tins and saucepans.
Stove No. 2255 $6.30:
Cylinder No. 2201 $0.68.

Hobby Kit Gift Pack

Consists of a 2000 gas cylinder, pin-point blow lamp burner attachment 2144, interchangeable full flame burner 8719 and flat-paint burner 8723, copper soldering bit 8379 and holder 8430. A must for every handy-man.
Price: $15.55.

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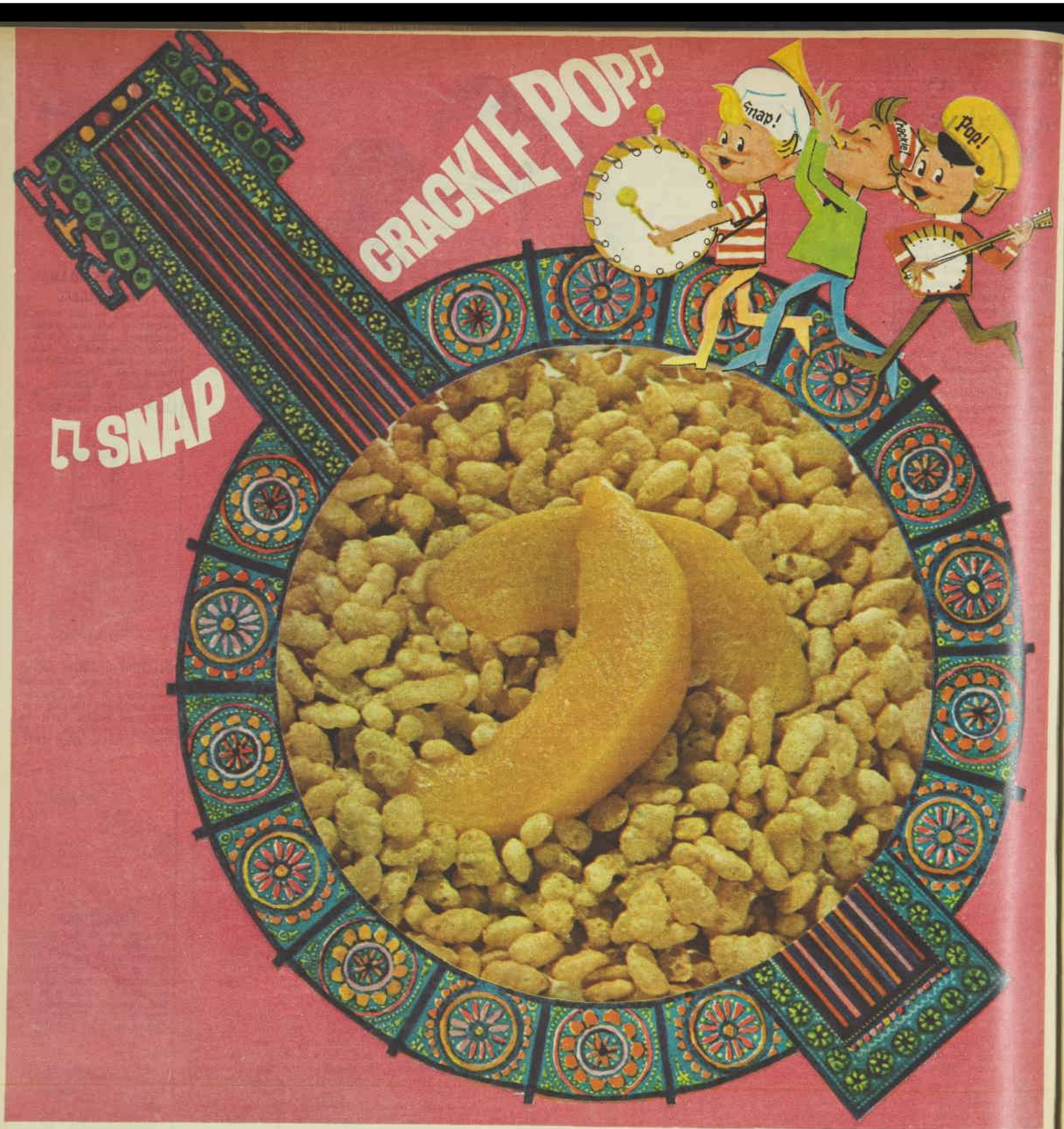

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Every Snap! Crackle! Pop!* you hear, is a grain of nourishing rice bursting with hearty goodness and fun and crisp, delicious flavour!

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YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT KELLOGG'S* RICE BUBBLES† GIVE YOU THE RICH RICE GOODNESS OF VITAMINS AND MINERALS CALLED THIAMIN, RIBOFLAVIN, NIACIN AND IRON.

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for the day were over. But please come in."

"Your secretary's still out?" Chambrun asked.

"I don't expect her until all hours," Veronica said. Then her eyes widened. "What's wrong, Pierre? Has something happened to Gail?"

"It's nothing like that. I just wanted to be sure we were alone. We're deeper and deeper in trouble, Veronica."

"And Teague and his friends are in the clear?" she asked.

"Beyond question." And then he told her about Markson's call; what Markson had been called on to do.

"Norman!" she said. "But I don't understand the connection, Pierre. What can poor Norman have to do with any of this?"

"Was Norman Terry a friend of Teague's?" Chambrun asked.

"Not that I know of," she said, promptly. "I was surprised when you said he'd had dinner with Teague."

"Was he friends of any of the others?"

"I really can't tell you, Pierre. Even about Teague. I hadn't seen Norman for nearly a year before that last afternoon of his life."

"He didn't mention Teague or any of the others to you that last time?"

"No! I'd remember anything about Teague."

"That day when Terry came to see you," he said, "he spent some time with Gail Miller while you were dressing. Did she give you the details of that conversation?"

"There was nothing specific," Veronica said. "She said he seemed distressed about something, but he didn't say anything that gave her a hint of what was troubling him."

"Veronica, you told us Gail had had a tragic love affair. Who was the man?"

"You may not believe it, but I don't know," Veronica said. "It had happened before she and I got together. That's almost twenty years ago, Pierre. It was a private thing. If she'd wanted to tell me she would have."

Chambrun took a deep drag on his cigarette. "Could it have been Norman Terry?" he asked.

"It seems impossible she could have kept it from me. There are dozens of pictures of Norman in my house. We talked about him from time to time, and we saw some of the old films on television. Surely there'd have been something to suggest it — some give-away."

"And there wasn't?"

"Nothing, Pierre."

"But it could have been," Chambrun persisted. "They both lived and worked in Hollywood at the time her love life went sour? They could have known each other?"

"They could have," Veronica said, slowly.

Chambrun stood up. "Who are the friends she's with tonight?"

"I don't know, Pierre. I don't question her." Veronica reached out a hand to him. "Pierre, you're thinking—"

"I'm thinking Terry may have told her something that day at your house—the day he killed himself—that could help us. The minute she gets in I want her to call us. Will you see to it?"

"Of course."

Ruysdale was in the outer office when we got there.

"Hardy has Teague and his friends inside," she said.

"Anything from the staff?" Chambrun asked.

"Waters, the Fifth Avenue doorman," Ruysdale said, glancing at her notes. "The only people answering the description we circulated — trench coat, soft hat, black glasses — to leave his way

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

were the two ladies from 18B. Miss Trant and her secretary."

Chambrun turned toward the inner office, and then stopped. "When was it he saw them go out?"

"Late this afternoon."

"Put me through to Miss Trant," Chambrun said.

A moment later he was talking to Veronica. Veronica hadn't been out of the hotel since she'd checked in that morning.

"They're about the same height, good figures," Chambrun said. "Waters, recognising the secretary, assumed the other one was Veronica. Get Hardy out here."

"I haven't got time to explain it to you now," Chambrun said to him as he came in a few minutes later, "but I think I know who your killer is and where Doris has been taken. Let's hope it's not too late."

Chambrun and Hardy and I took a taxi outside the Beaumont. Chambrun gave the address of an apartment building on North Park Avenue.

A uniformed doorman at the apartment building asked us politely who we wished to see.

"What floor is Mr. Schramm's apartment?" Chambrun asked.

"Eleven, sir. But Mr. Schramm's in Europe."

"There were two ladies staying there."

The doorman smiled. "Sure," he said. "Veronica Trant and her secretary. But they moved out this morning."

"They haven't come back?"

"As a matter of fact they're up there now, sir. I guess they came back for some things."

"Is there more than one way into Mr. Schramm's apartment?" Hardy asked him.

"Front door and service door at the rear."

"Let's go," Hardy said. "I want the key to the back door. You're to let these two gentlemen in the front door."

THE four of us went up in the self-service elevator. In the hallway the doorman showed Hardy how to get around to the rear entrance.

"Give me two minutes," Hardy said.

We stood there, Chambrun's eyes fixed on his wrist-watch. In two minutes he signalled the doorman to open the door of Schramm's apartment.

Chambrun and I stepped in. From some way off I heard a voice — a woman's voice.

We tiptoed down the hallway and stopped short of a door that opened into a living-room.

"We're running out of time, Doris," I heard Gail Miller say.

Chambrun took a step forward into the room.

"Entirely out of time, Gail," he said.

It was quite a moment. Doris was seated on a couch in the room. Gail Miller stood directly behind her, a gun held against Doris' neck. The secretary's black glasses glittered in the lamplight as she saw us. One deep breath, I thought, and Doris' head would be blown off. My feet felt as though they were buried in cement. I fought to keep my face deadpan as I saw Hardy appear in a doorway at the rear of the room, behind Gail Miller's back. He had his gun out. I wanted to yell at him not to shoot. Even if he made a clean hit Gail's finger would squeeze the trigger.

"I was pretty sure you'd have to come here, Gail," Chambrun said, in a conversational tone. "Strange town. You had no place of your own. I rather imagined you'd kept the key when you left here this morning."

Doris' face was chalk white.

Hardy had taken one noiseless step forward.

"I think you'd better get out of here quickly, Mr. Chambrun," Gail Miller said. "There's a tiny, tiny chance I may let Doris live. But if you interfere—"

"And let the others go scot-free?" Chambrun asked, still completely offhand in his manner.

"I don't know what can be done for you, Gail. Your lawyer will certainly plead insanity for you and you should have a chance to live again. But without Doris, Teague and the others will go scot-free."

"What are you talking about?" she asked, coldly.

"I don't know what Teague did to Norman Terry. Perhaps you'll tell me. But I do know that when Doris comes out of the dark she can hang the lot of them. They've been so desperate to get her away, to silence her themselves. You're just playing their game for them, Gail."

Hardy had come a yard closer.

"You loved Norman Terry very much, didn't you, Gail?" Chambrun said.

"Oh dear heaven!" she said.

"He told you what they did to him, didn't he? The day he died. He didn't tell you he was going to kill himself, did he? You wouldn't have let him go. You'd have confessed what you felt about him to Veronica and enlisted her help. But he told you what they'd done to him. Did he tell you he was going to get even and then go away?"

"He was going to get even," Gail said. "They must have laughed at him again — shamed him out of it. These people are not human," she said. "They don't deserve to live."

"What did they do to him, Gail?" Chambrun asked.

"They shamed him!" Her voice was suddenly shrill. "They used the Towers woman as bait. He—he was weak. He was sixty-five, with a glorious life behind him, but he still had to keep proving to himself that he was the great lover. And she led him on, until one night at her Malibu house, he made love to her with the same old cliches he'd used all his life. She led him on, and suddenly they all rushed in laughing. And there was a tape recorder — and they'd taken down all his foolish words — his trembling voice. And he suddenly knew that tape would reveal him at a hundred private parties — that the whole world would be laughing at him. The great lover — turned into an old goat! That's what they did to him, Chambrun."

The room was deathly still for a moment; so still I was sure Gail must hear Hardy breathing only a few feet away.

"He was going back, he told me, to have it out with them. He was going to get that tape and destroy it." Gail's voice broke. "The next morning we heard about his suicide on the radio. I suppose he failed at what he set out to do. Or, even if he didn't, he couldn't live with himself anymore."

"But why didn't you kill Doris back at the hotel?"

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THE CONCERT

By CONSTANCE CLARKE GREENE

Nancy grew thoughtful as she listened to the young voices.

THE evening sky had turned lavender, from the deepest to palest. The breeze blew the scent of fresh-cut grass and children begged to be allowed an extra ten minutes to finish their games.

Nancy Westerly sat on her porch, creaking back and forth in her glider. It was very like one she remembered from her childhood, not very decorative, but nothing else gave the swooping sensation that it did.

The telephone rang and she sighed. Let it ring. She steeled herself — eight, nine times. Anyone with that much tenacity had to be Tina.

"Mother, darling," Tina breathed. She had to want something. She never called anyone "darling" unless she wanted something.

"Could you be an absolute lamb and throw a couple of things into a bag and stretch out on the couch just for tonight? We just had a call from the Harrisons and they want us to go to town to celebrate his new job. And I just bought an absolutely ravishing new dress, on sale. Please do say you'll come!"

"Is Mrs. Mason busy tonight?" Nancy asked.

"Sweetie, I told you I bought a new dress, and even though it was on sale we can't afford sitters and new clothes. Ben says we've got to get through the winter on what we had last season. And maybe his mother will kick through with snowsuits for the kids."

Nancy knew she was going to say yes and also knew she would be sorry the minute she said it.

"I'll be over as soon as I finish my gliding," she said.

"Your what?"

"My gliding." Nancy pressed her lips together. "I'm sitting on the porch enjoying my glider."

The lavender edges of the sky were melting into purple. The children, all except for the ones who were verging on adolescence, were presumably tucked in their beds. Someone had a guitar and was singing a mournful song in a voice that had the beauty of youth.

"I'm a man of constant sorrow. I've seen trouble all my day," the voice sang and Nancy was glad it was dark and that she could not see the young face behind the voice or that it could not see her. She was not sentimental, but sometimes she cried at movies and at songs that brought things back.

She felt like calling out, "Don't you know any happy songs, any gay ones?" but knew that if she did, the spell would be broken, the group would disperse, and a moment would be for ever lost. So she sat, quietly gliding.

Some telepathy must be working for her, because after the sad song they broke into a spontaneous, joyous piece about a copper kettle. It was light and swinging and Nancy clapped her hands soundlessly to the beat of the music.

"I love that one," a girl's voice said. "It makes me feel good. It makes me feel like I'll never be old."

"I know what you mean," Nancy nodded her head in agreement. "It makes me feel that way, too."

The telephone rang again just as they started a lilting refrain about unrequited love.

I've always been sort of partial to unrequited love, Nancy thought. That's Tina and I'm darned if I'm going to interrupt my concert to answer. Let her ring.

The telephone bell sounded angry.

Eventually the ringing stopped and the music and the young voices. Nancy suddenly was thrust back into the years and saw herself as a little girl sitting at the feet of someone who was playing the mandolin. It was the most amazing thing the way that sudden picture flashed itself before her in complete recall.

The telephone began to ring again and this time she knew it could not be denied. She got up stiffly and picked up the receiver.

"Mother, are you all right? I called before and I thought something had happened when you didn't answer. It's late and the Harrisons will be here any minute." Tina's voice was tight.

"You're just the way you were when you were a little girl," Nancy told her daughter. "What you must do, you must do right away and it must be your way. I will come, but I will not stretch out on the couch. No one could stretch out on that couch. It is like a board.

"I will stay with the children this one last time. I love them, but I am getting old and I like my own bed. In the future, forget the new dress and buy the children's snowsuits yourselves. In the long run, you will be glad you did."

"Mother!" Tina could hardly get the word out. "Are you sure you're all right?"

Nancy laughed.

"I have never been better in my life," she said.

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"But I said I wanted to look at some furs."

Chambrun asked. "Why bring her here?"

"One of them had to talk first. Doris was the only one I could get away from the hotel. I needed time — to persuade—"

"You wanted to know where that tape was so that you could destroy it," Chambrun said. "But Doris can't remember about it. She really can't, you know."

"She's got to remember!" Gail said.

"I think I can guess something else Doris has forgotten. I don't think your friend Norman Terry committed suicide. I think he was murdered and the suicide faked. That's why Teague has run so many risks to get to Doris. Because she might tell the truth.

"I think your friend Terry went in fighting mad; perhaps threatening them with a gun. I think one of

THE EVIL THAT MEN DO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

them shot him in self-defence. Then, together, they had to protect themselves. They took him to wherever it was he is supposed to have died. A second shot through the roof of his mouth, that blew off the top of his head destroyed the evidence of the first shot. They were in the clear, except for one thing. Doris ran. Doris drew a blank. But in the end Doris could destroy them. And she will—if she lives. But if you kill her, Gail, we'll have only my guess —and Teague will go free."

It happened in slow motion. Gail lowered the hand that held the gun, and Hardy took one unhurried step to her—and it was all over.

"It had to be murder," Chambrun told us much later that night in his penthouse. I was there with Hardy, and Miss Ruysdale, and Gary Craig. Doris was asleep in the guest-room. "It all came together as Gail talked."

The human mind is a strange and wonderful instrument. Doris had blanked out a memory she couldn't endure. But when Chambrun had put it into words there in Schramm's apartment she had, in effect, been forced to remember.

Doris had been in on the dreadful evening when Norman Terry had been shamed in Barbara Towers' house. Like so many of Teague's jokes, she hadn't realised how far it was going. But it had been the end of the line for her. The next morning she'd taken off in her car, with no particular destination in mind. She wound up in a motel fifty miles up the coast.

On the twenty-fifth she heard the news of Terry's suicide in a late news report. She'd headed straight back to Hollywood. She'd gone to Teague's place and walked in on a council of war. Alibis were being fabricated — just in case. The whole ghastly story had been revealed to her. Terry had come to Teague's and demanded the tape at gunpoint. When they laughed at him he had fired at Teague — and missed. It was Slade who had shot him dead. The rest was just as Chambrun had dreamed it.

Doris had listened in a state of shock. She hadn't been a party to the actual murder of Terry — but she was part of the whole miserable business. She went away again that night to another motel.

For three days she wrestled with it. And then she called Craig in New York — and then blankness. Where she had been for the next two weeks she still didn't remember, but her absence threw Teague and the others into a wild state of anxiety. It was obvious she was a very real danger to them. And so a search; and so Slade to New York; and so a closing in on Doris when the word came from Slade that she was at the Beaumont.

But another force was at work — a demented Gail Miller. A Gail Miller secretly determined on a massacre. She hadn't decided where she would begin, or how. She'd come to New York with Veronica, and on the morning of the day Doris had checked in as Dorothy Smith, she'd gone to the Beaumont's hairdresser.

AND there, sitting in a booth, she'd heard a couple of Monsieur Charles' girls gossiping. Doris Standing had just checked into 9F. And so she decided the time had come. She'd gone to 9F that afternoon, meaning to begin with Doris. But when Slade opened the door to her, he became No. 1 on her list.

She got away with it without a hitch. Now she couldn't stay away from the hotel. What was happening? Was there still a chance to get at Doris? And lo and behold, the whole Teague gang walked on to centre stage. There was real cunning in the way she operated now. She watched and waited — and saw the encounter in the Blue Lagoon. Jerningham, she decided, would be No. 2. The police would surely concentrate on Gary Craig. And so, in the early hours, she went to the tenth floor, knocked on Jerningham's door — and that was that.

She'd already persuaded Veronica they should move to the Beaumont. But now the going was rougher. Hardy was on the deck. Teague and Company were guarded. There was one thing she had to accomplish. Before she wiped them all out — and she was calmly certain she would succeed in that—she had to find out where that tape was hidden; the tape that would destroy everyone's memory of Norman Terry. The plan to take Doris out of the hotel and to Schramm's apartment evolved. Nothing would stand in her way — not T. J. Madison, nothing.

As I write this there are one or two things that need finalising. T. J. Madison has recovered. He recovered in time to represent Doris Standing at a Grand Jury hearing which handed down indictments against Teague, Maxwell, Delaney, and Barbara Towers for first-degree murder. Doris would be one of the chief witnesses for the prosecution a month later.

Gail Miller pleaded not guilty of a murder charge on grounds of insanity. She's in an institution not far from New York, prognosis for recovery — bad. When the Teague trial is over I assume Doris and Gary Craig will try to pick up the pieces together.

And I? Well there's Shelda, and the busy world of the Beaumont. And there is Chambrun. Without him there would be no Beaumont.

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For you—a SLIMMER napkin—shaped for form-fitting comfort . . . with the exclusive full-length "safety shield."

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"Help. Low necklines need a low cut bra. Berlei to the rescue."

"Berlei taught me if I subtract a little it adds up to a better figure."

"Please Berlei, I want to add up to 34", 22", 34"."

Black crepe evening gear from Biba. The low neck needs a 245 Berlei Temptress bra.

The 'long stemmed' look of a Berlei 582 Hi-Waister girdle. $11.50 (115/-). And a Berlei Temptress bra 245. $5.25 (52/6).

The bra is Berlei's 820 in nylon lace. It comes in white, skintone, and black for $4.00 (40/-). The long 4" leg-pantie with lace to match is Berlei Fancy Free 584. $10.00 (100/-).

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"I learned how to make the very most of my figure. Thanks to Berlei."

"I thought getting fitted for a bra and girdle was silly. Until I talked to the Berlei fitter."

"I'm the quiet scientific type. I like a soft rounded figure."

"I like low cut bras best, and I need a girdle to get the right shape. Berlei gives me both."

"A low cut dress needs a low cut bra. That's simple geography."

"The In-Group isn't an age group. It's a state of mind and a figure by Berlei."

Simona designed this straight hanging dress in straight lines. Berlei designed the curves underneath.

A Tullo dress in navy blue and orange linen. Over a low Berlei bra in nylon lace.

A soft sheer summer dress in white. Victoria & Albert. And a soft rounded figure by Berlei.

Berlei's 245 Temptress bra (see front page). This time in black for $5.25 (52/6). It's worn with a 580 Fancy Free girdle that shapes hips and tum and tail for $8.50 (85/-).

A simple black shift with white border lines. Biba again. Berlei again.

Berlei's 990 bra from the Gothic range. Smoothes your figure for $4.50 (45/-). Worn with the same 586 pantie as page 3. This time it's in white for $11.50 (115/-).

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A deep sliced dress by Biba, worn over the Berlei gear the next girl is wearing.

The backless geometry of Berlei's 250 bare minimum bra. Back strap attached to girdle or you can go totally backless. $4.25 (42/6). The Fancy Free waistline girdle is 580. $8.50 (85/-).

The bra is Berlei's famous 200. Cut low under the arms so you can wear the lowest fashions with no bra showing. $4.25 (42/6). The pantie with the long 5″ leg is Fancy Free 525. $11.00 (110/-).

A black version of the Berlei 820 bra you saw on page 1. $4.00 (40/-). With a black version of Fancy Free 586. Lace matches the bra. $11.50 (115/-).

A one-piece skivvy top pantsuit by Trent. And a slim figure by Berlei.

If this ad. was in colour, you'd see you need Berlei skintone garments under this sheer chiffon dress from Simona.

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The low cut lace contour bra with wide-apart shoulder straps is Berlei X-tasy X1133. $2.50 (25/-). It's worn with a tiny X-tasy pantie X1511 for tiny skirts. $2.99 (29/11).

The little lace bra is Berlei X-tasy style X1030. $1.99 (19/11). Comes in black and white. The short girdle in nylon net is X1510. It trims your figure for only $2.99 (29/11).

Noeleen King this time. A banded and buttoned orange shift. It's over Berlei again.

The same X1133 contour bra (see 2nd girl) doing the same pretty things to a different figure. The 5" leg pantie for under trousers and long dresses is X1538. $4.50 · (45/-).

A striped T-shirt from the House of Merrivale. A figure from the House of Berlei. Racing cap from the Squire shop.

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A 'doe skin' trouser suit from Victoria & Albert. Worn over, you guessed it — Berlei.

A short gold and purple dress with checkerboard arms, from Simona. Over a short Berlei pantie.

A half cup bra in lace. Berlei X-tasy style X1132. $1.99 (19/11). The tiny pantie with tons of control is X1536.$3.99 (39/11).

A hot pink and navy T-shirt for evening. Freedom of movement from Berlei.

A lace contour bra that lifts your bust and gives you the forward look. X1131. $1.99 (19/11). Worn with a short X-tasy girdle X1535.$3.99 (39/11).

Flowered chiffon over silk. From Primavera. Worn over Berlei.

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Now! Colour your winter shoes spring with Meltonian COLOUR CHANGE!

Now . . . 24 fashion shades in clever Colour Change

For only 75 cents you can colour change any shoes to compliment or match the latest Spring fashions.

Our model is wearing a new Spring dress from Tullo. It cost around $19. Now she's being really with it and having shoes to match—for only 75 cents. Why don't you do the same? Colour Change old shoes, new ones . . . fabric, mesh or leather. Paint on an even waterproof gloss that lasts until you feel like another change.

Go gay for Spring. Wear shoes to compliment or match all your Spring clothes and let Meltonian Colour Change foot the bill — only 75 cents a bottle.

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Our 1967 World Tours

— There are still some places for latecomers

● *Mr. and Mrs. James Treweeke, of Rosebery, N.S.W., and Mr. and Mrs. Albert George Treweeke, of Kogarah, N.S.W., who are booked on The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour 1967.*

PRICE, timing, and itinerary are three of the answers travellers on our World Discovery Tour 1967 have given when asked: "What made you decide to go?"

Mr. and Mrs. Albert George Treweeke, of Kogarah, N.S.W., spent months poring over travel booklets and tour itineraries offered by other firms.

"We have been thinking of a world trip since my husband retired two years ago," said Mrs. Treweeke, a grandmother.

"We knew just about every group tour offering. When The Australian Women's Weekly announced its second World Discovery Tour, it had a better itinerary than most and was reasonably priced.

"My daughter recently did a few weeks' cruise to Japan that cost almost $1000. For a little more each, we'll have 18 wonderful weeks away."

Mr. Treweeke, a former Rugby League International, last visited England in 1929 as a member of the Kangaroo team.

He and his wife were so thrilled with the tour they persuaded Mr. Treweeke's brother, Mr. James Treweeke, a retired retail butcher, and his wife, of Rosebery, N.S.W., to accompany them.

Another traveller, twenty-one-year-old typist Marina Beimanis, of Homebush, N.S.W., plans to visit her birthplace, Riga (Latvia), which she hasn't seen since childhood, during her three weeks' free period.

"I had planned to visit my former home for years," said Marina. "Recently I found that fares alone to and from Latvia would cost almost $1400.

Visit relatives

"When I realised I could do this tour, see so much on the way to and from Europe, and travel to Latvia in my free time, I knew I had to go."

Marina will stay with relatives in Riga.

Although many of the berths on this holiday of a lifetime have been booked, there are still a few places for latecomers.

World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., Australia's leaders in the group-travel field, have planned the excellent itinerary and made all travel arrangements.

The tour ship, one-class P & O liner Himalaya, sails from Sydney on February 2. All its 1300 berths have been taken for the tour.

The 18-week holiday through 18 countries costs as little as $1392 (£NZ585) per person.

The Himalaya picks up New Zealand passengers in Auckland, then calls at Sydney for the main group of tour passengers before going to Brisbane.

(Western Australian, South Australian, and Victorian passengers may join the P & O liner Oronsay to travel to Sydney to board the Himalaya.)

The Himalaya visits Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, Aden, Port Said, Naples, and Barcelona on the way to Europe.

The entire tourist class section of the Oriana has been booked for the return trip. Ports of call include Athens, Port Said, Aden, and Colombo.

The basic price of $1392 per person (£NZ585) provides return shipboard accommodation, a total of 13 nights' accommodation in well-situated London hotels, a 23-day European tour of eight countries, and a seven-day tour of England and Scotland.

See your travel agent now! It's the holiday you have been dreaming of for years.

HOW TO BOOK

● **Full details of the wonderful day-by-day itinerary are in the special tour brochure which you may obtain NOW through any of the General Sales Agents listed below, or your travel agent.**

NEW SOUTH WALES-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Telephone 28-4841.

NEWCASTLE AND NORTHERN N.S.W.: Jayes Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle. Telephone 25-191.

VICTORIA - TASMANIA: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., CML Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne. Telephone 67-7481.

QUEENSLAND - NORTHERN TERRITORY-NEW GUINEA: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek Street, Brisbane. Telephone 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide. Telephone 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Westfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Telephone 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs Street East, Auckland. Telephone 20-959.

ENJOY WHITE CHRISTMAS

IF you wish to travel overseas between October, 1967, and February, 1968, join one of our two White Christmas Party Tours.

You can board the Arcadia in Sydney on October 19, 1967, on its inaugural voyage via South Africa and South America to Europe for a wonderful 16 weeks' holiday for as little as $1298 (£NZ548).

This basic fare—costed for four-berth cabin accommodation—covers return fares, London accommodation for a total of 13 nights at well-situated hotels, and a 17-day coach tour of nine European countries.

The Arcadia calls at Melbourne, Adelaide, and Fremantle for tour members. It then visits Durban and Cape Town, in South Africa, and crosses the Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil, where there is a short stop-over.

From Rio, the ship recrosses the Atlantic to Dakar, in Senegal, Casablanca, in Morocco, and Lisbon.

After arrival in London, there's a planned tour of city sights. Between November 30 and December 15, a 15-day own-expense period gives time for visiting relatives or friends or individual sightseeing.

If the Arcadia sailing isn't convenient, the Canberra leaves Sydney a month later, picking up interstate travellers in Melbourne and Fremantle, then calling at Singapore, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Naples, and Lisbon.

Canberra travellers link up with the Arcadia group in London. Each group has the choice of one of two European tours.

One tour gives the Christmas period in Lucerne, Switzerland; the other in Rome.

Both groups return together in the Canberra via Suez.

The cost of the 12-week Canberra/Canberra holiday, which has been popular with families and children on school vacations, is as little as $1170 (£NZ496) for an adult and $776 (£NZ326) for a child.

By special arrangement, travellers on either tour may extend return bookings up until April 30, 1968, at no extra cost.

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Lantor has a flair for keeping clothes in shape. Sew it in and see! It washes and wears without sagging or stretching. Gives all the clothes you make yourself a smooth, expensive look that lasts. Lantor won't bulge or drag. And because it can't fray it's easier to cut out than the simplest shift! Leroy use it to give their clothes the professional finish. Give yours the same look with Lantor!

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New improved Laboratory-tested MENDACO is certified to stop attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis, Sinusitis and Hay Fever. Stops wheezing, coughing—lets you breathe easily and sleep like a baby. Get MENDACO at chemists money-back guarantee. Only 6/6

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New Guinea	$4 35 (£2 3 6)	$8 70 (£4 7 0)
N.Z. and Fiji	$5 20 (£2 12 0)	$10 40 (£5 4 0)
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Foreign	$6 55 (£3 5 6)	$13 10 (£6 11 0)

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HOUSE of the WEEK

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1 Exterior of the front of the Waddys' 70-year-old white-painted house in Double Bay, N.S.W.

2 Living-room. Above the sofa hangs a recent portrait of Mrs. Waddy, painted by Margaret Fest.

3 Kitchen has been left just as it was when the Waddys moved in.

4 The little hall is enhanced by a pretty gold-and-white wallpaper and a gold-covered table lamp.

5 The delightful patio, perfect for summer entertaining. The avocado tree growing here bore only four pears last year, but this year, after a "beating," is expected to produce a much-improved crop.

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Pictures by Keith Barlow
Story by Shan Hailey

RETURNED TRAVELLERS FIND IDEAL HOME

AFTER 12 years abroad, Mr. and Mrs. Rowan Waddy have now come home to Sydney. Having spent seven of those years in America, Mrs. Waddy and her husband had decided they were "the perfect apartment dwellers."

Unable to find a flat they liked that was large enough (they have two young children), not too expensive, and reasonably close to a beach, they eventually chanced, a year or so ago, upon this 70-year-old house.

"It's one of a rather English-y row of houses," said Mrs. Waddy, "it's in Double Bay, which we like, we could afford it, it has no garden (we're neither of us a bit garden-conscious) . . . and inside it's like a penthouse!"

There are, upstairs, four bedrooms, a dressing-room, and two bathrooms; downstairs are a hall, drawing-room, dining-room, and kitchen.

"We didn't have to do much to the house in the way of alterations," said Mrs. Waddy. "The previous owners had done it up, and there was nothing that actually needed doing, although we are slowly changing one or two things.

"In the main bedroom we're putting in a huge carved mahogany double bedhead, which will envelop the twin beds. The wallpaper in this room was extremely difficult to do anything with—mauve and green violets—so we've used a dark purple ottoman silk for the bedspreads and curtains.

"We flagged the patio, and we more or less live there in the summer. It's very private and can't be overlooked. We do a great deal of entertaining, and for informal parties use just the kitchen and the patio. It's also marvellous for formal dinner parties — with candles and the lot."

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Outdoor enjoyment can bring vivacious beauty to your looks, but protect your complexion against the drying effect of wind and weather. Before and after going out of doors spread a film of moist oil of Ulan evenly over all the exposed parts of your body. This will provide natural nourishment to preserve the fresh youthful beauty of your skin and you will have a pretty blemish-free complexion, shoulders, arms and hands.

. . . *Margaret Merril*

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 481. — FROCK

Smart-design frock is available cut out to make in pale blue, pink, and lemon linen-finish cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $4.75; 36 and 38in. bust, $4.75; 40in. bust, $4.95. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

No. 482. — CUSHION COVER

Attractive cushion cover is available cut out to embroider with an Australian animal-and-flower design on cream, white, blue, and green Irish linen. Price is $1.25 plus 15 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 483. — NIGHTGOWN

Pretty nightgown is available cut out to make in white woven cotton with pink rosebud design. Lace is supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, $2.75; 36 and 38in. bust, $2.95. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

483

482

481

Who took the sting out of Shampoo?

Johnson's removes jam and plasticine and all the other things children collect in their hair. But it's specially made **not** to sting or burn the eyes. It takes the tears out of shampoo time, puts a fresh young lustre back into hair. (Along with a pleasant, natural smell that whispers: Cleannnnnnn).

Johnson & Johnson

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Household hints from readers

• Hints sent in by our readers give useful advice for housewives. Each wins a prize of $2.

BABY'S discarded high wooden chair will make an extra stool for the house. Knock off the back, sides, and foot-rest, then fill all holes with plastic wood, sand down, and paint. — Mrs. V. E. Martin, 9 Jinda Rd., Koongamia, W.A.

★ ★ ★

New topping for fruit cake: Mix together 1 tablespoon drinking chocolate, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon crushed nuts. Spread evenly on top of cake batter and bake in the usual way.—Mrs. V. E. Johnson, P.O. Box 21, Bundara, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To keep yourself dry when bathing a new baby, make a towelling apron large enough to cover the entire front of your frock and line it with plastic. This prevents clothes from being drenched.—Mrs. N. P. Richards, 31 Crawford Ave., Stafford, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Cook macaroni in a wire basket in boiling water. It won't stick to the saucepan and is easily lifted out.—Mrs. J. Baker, 43 Britton St., West Richmond, S.A.

★ ★ ★

An excellent way of getting rid of flies is to dip a sponge in boiling water and place it in a saucer, then pour half a teaspoon of oil of lavender over the sponge. It will give off a fragrant odor which, for some reason, flies don't like. Moisten the sponge with boiling water about twice a day, and with oil not more than once a week.—Mrs. A. R. McLean, 21 Fairmont Ave., Camberwell, Vic.

★ ★ ★

To prevent stifling cigarette smoke at parties, sprinkle a little baking powder in the bottom of ashtrays. Cigarettes left burning will soon be extinguished and ashtrays will be easier to clean. After cleaning, a rub with a waxed polishing cloth will prevent ash from sticking to the ashtray.—Mrs. I. Raymond, 373 Kensington Rd., Kensington Gardens, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Ground coffee will stay fresh for long periods if you turn the jar upside down when storing the coffee. Even a small amount in a large jar will stay completely fresh. —Mrs. M. Speakman, 195 Carlton Terrace, Manly, Qld.

★ ★ ★

Make a "peace pillow" by gathering your own herbs and aromatic plants, such as marjoram, basil, lavender, and rosemary. Hang them to dry, then crumble the foliage and fill a small calico pillow. Leave it on your bed, where it will impart a delicious and refreshing scent. It is called a "peace pillow" because it is said to calm a ruffled spirit.—Mrs. R. Fitzpatrick, Valla Beach, via Nambucca, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Press rice cereal chocolate crackle mixture into ice-cream trays, then push ice-block separator into the mixture. When set, lift out and break into blocks. This method saves time making up individual patty pans.—Miss C. O'Brien, Box 25, Kyabram, Vic.

★ ★ ★

When buying material for the children's summer pyjamas, buy extra to make a pillowslip. The children will be delighted at going to bed with pyjamas and pillowslip to match.—Miss G. Macdougall, Williams Rd., Armadale, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Scalded cream, so delicious with hot scones, etc., is not readily obtainable in the city. Here is a simple method for making it. Mix ½ pint cream into 1 pint milk, bring to boil in large saucepan, then pour into shallow dish and allow to stand 24 hours. Then skim off the cream.—Mrs. G. M. Taylor, 3 Redcourt Ave., Armadale, Vic.

★ ★ ★

If you keep a few fowls and like to let them out of their yard for a short while but find it hard to get them back again, try letting them out about half an hour before it begins to get dark. They will then return to the yard themselves without having to be chased back.—Mrs. K. Harrington, 80 Lincoln St., Lindisfarne, Tas.

★ ★ ★

When a recipe calls for a small amount of melted butter, boiling water, or hot milk, use a soup ladle for heating it. You can hold the long handle over the flame without burning your fingers.—M. Buchanan, c/o 25 Allena St., Chermside, Qld.

★ ★ ★

If your potatoes have over-cooked to pulp and you cannot drain off all the water, mix some dry breadcrumbs with seasoning and butter, then mash the potatoes as usual. The crumbs absorb the water, are not discernible, and the potatoes are nice and fluffy.—Mrs. E. M. Douglas, 36 Brisbane St., Mackay, Qld.

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Big cake tins and ovens never seemed to fit. Dash! So we give you the widest (19″) oven in a normal size electric range

new Westinghouse — It's the considerate cooker...

. . . an electric range so considerate of your cooking problems that you'll think it was made personally for you. Having an oven wide enough to take two big 9″ cake tins, side by side, is only one of its considerate features. Another one is that you can rotisserie-roast any meat (lamb, beef, veal, pork or poultry)—big joints of 10 lbs. or more—without getting a spot of grease on the oven walls. Your meat tastes better than any you've eaten before and there's never any need to clean out a "gooey" oven so long as you rotisserie-roast. What other considerate features? See alongside. All available in either elevated or upright (illustrated PAG 224) models.

Westinghouse
the Considerate Cooker

"White Hankie" test proves oven is "spatter-free"

After you've rotisserie-roasted a big family-sized meal of any meat, take your finest hankie and wipe over the oven walls. If it's a Westinghouse, your hankie will still be clean.

"Lift off" oven door, easy to get on and off

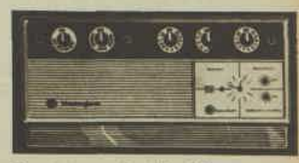
You don't have to struggle with the Westinghouse oven door—it just slips back into place. This results from superior design, the door mechanism being in the door itself.

Fittings that wipe clean in a wink

Dished hob prevents spilled food running down the sides, etc., of the range; all round corners (inside and outside) for easiest cleaning; spill trays that you clean with the "washing up"; self-cleaning hotplates; plus the miracle "spatter-free" rotisserie oven — in three models.

Grills meat the way you like it

Grill elevator has three positions—"Rare," "Medium," "Well Done." Anti-flash tray reverses to give an extra three "in between" positions—e.g., "Medium/Rare." Big plate-warming area under grill.



Real beauty that's functional, too

The beautiful new Westinghouse updates your kitchen by years and years. Yet the real beauty of it is that it's so functional—all controls easy to read and placed at finger-tip convenience.

A fine product from

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Extra!
when you come this way

On the way to all the glittering cities of the East lies Singapore—which more than matches them in fascination. Here you find an exhilarating "Instant Asia" of Malays, Chinese and Indians. Here are lively dances and festivals; splendid sightseeing; adventurous eating; luxury hotels and nightclubs; and some of the best shopping in your life—for variety and bargain prices. Singapore lies on all the major air and sea routes of the East, the easiest place to catch a connection to anywhere else—if you do decide to go on at all!

Singapore
Instant Asia

STPB-20-66

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Sydney: 15 Grosvenor Street. 27-5791.
Melbourne: 50 Franklin Street. 34-4111.
Canberra: Room 101, Industry House, Barton, A.C.T. 7-2519.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

READER'S STORY

Tasty meals on a tight budget

● A Queensland reader, who lives alone and has to keep costs down, shows how even on a small budget it is possible to cook meals which sound as mouth-watering as more expensive spreads. What she has, of course, is ingenuity—and a true cook's flair for food.

I DO not know if you would call this a composite recipe or a way of life, but I thought it might interest elderly women living alone on a small income.

Firstly, I buy half a pound of skirt steak, a small piece of kidney, half a pound of minced steak (not the expensive topside); also one wide rasher of bacon costing about 12 cents.

The meat mentioned costs 38 cents, and in a few days I buy six small chops for 40 cents so I can vary the menu.

I start off with steak-and-kidney pudding made in a small steamer, 4in. in diameter. I use half the steak, a little kidney and onion, flour, water, and seasoning.

Dumplings

For the paste I use two dessertspoons of SR flour, 1 dessertspoon of grated suet (last year I bought a very large piece which has kept perfectly in the fridge), and a little water. Instead of putting the paste on top of the meat, I make two dumplings, which are steamed with the meat. There! I have prepared two meals.

The remaining kidney is chopped finely with a little onion, one third of the bacon, and fried and thickened with flour and water, and eaten on toast the next day for breakfast.

As I don't like the same meal on two consecutive days, I prepare another meal the next day, and this could vary.

Maybe cabbage rolls come on to the menu, made by mixing half the mince with a little onion and garlic, cooked rice, and seasoning.

This is divided into four and made into four neat parcels by enclosing each portion in cabbage leaves softened by a little boiling.

The four packets are simmered in a mixture made of a tablespoon of tomato paste (the contents keep indefinitely after opening the tin by placing in the freezing compartment) and a little water.

The next day I may have a grilled chop for a change, and I then turn my attention to the rest of the steak and mince. If I don't feel like cooking, I still have two cabbage rolls and half the steak-and-kidney pudding left.

The remaining mince may be made into four rissoles (add onion, a few dampened breadcrumbs, and seasoning). When they are nearly cooked, I add the second third of bacon, cut into strips.

The other half of the steak can be made into various dishes — goulash with tomato and potato steamed on top, stew with lots of celery, carrots, and peas, or even, if the butcher has been generous, it is sometimes possible to make a large beef olive, sufficient for two days.

Of course, there are still the five chops left. These might provide one grill, two days of savory chops.

Dredge the chops in seasoned flour, place in a small casserole, and cover with chopped onion. Pour over this a mixture of one tablespoon of plum jam, the same quantity of worcestershire sauce, and a little water. I use the frypan for an oven (place the casserole on two short skewers) as this is more economical than the stove.

The remaining two chops can be cooked according to taste — curried, or something similar.

Sunday omelet

Sunday is regarded by me as my lounging day, so I don't cook dinner at night, but make a two-egg omelet, with a filling of fried tomato, onion, and the last third of bacon.

This mixture is too much for the omelet, so I have what is left over on toast the next morning.

I must admit that I am not a big meat-eater (need I say!), but, at the age of 70, it doesn't hurt to cut down on meat. To balance the diet, I have an egg every morning, with a large piece of cheese to supplement the luncheon lettuce and tomato.

I also have plenty of vegetables, which are cheap in the North at this time of the year, although it is only fair to say that the greengrocer's account is more than the butcher's.

However, I find that with the foregoing method I am able to have very good and varied meals at a small cost.

P.S. The second half of each dish is heated in a casserole over boiling water. — "Mac," Cairns, Qld.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4936854

● *Sister Jacob (arrowed) at a reunion of "her" mothers and babies in Hyde Park, Sydney.*

Sister Jacob retires

For nearly 50 years her life has been devoted to the care of mothers and babies, in the cities, and the lonely country places.

● On September 30, Sister Mary Jacob, ATNA, retired after 23 years with The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Sister Jacob, at right, has worked in mothercraft since World War I.

"I am expecting my first child in six months' time, and as I live far from any clinic or mothercraft centre I feel I may need your help and advice. Our mails are only fortnightly, the nearest doctor 250 miles away.

"Could you help me with any suggestions to make the confinement easier? I would also like a copy of the leaflet on Nursery Ailments, mentioned in the Women's Weekly."

IN her 23 years as The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft nurse, Sister Mary Jacob had thousands of letters like this one from an expectant mother on a cattle station in the Northern Territory.

On the eve of her retirement, she sat in her mothercraft room in a Sydney office building, among the pre-natal charts, the bassinet with its resident practice-doll, the plastic bath in which so many mothers had learned to bath a baby, and looked down at this letter.

The leaflet and a book on relaxation and exercises for natural childbirth had been sent off.

"I shall miss my country mothers," said Sister Jacob fondly. "I think so much of these lion-hearted women, and I've been glad to have been able to help them through the Women's Weekly.

"One missionary's wife in the islands had been writing to me for pre-natal advice, and when her time came she was travelling in a small boat to a larger island.

"The boat broke down, and they drifted for three days, but she made it in time. Another Outback mother-to-be had to ride a horse every day to fetch water.

"Whatever physical hardships these women had to face, they also had the task of bringing up a baby without experience or help."

Many of them wrote to her when she took on the Mothercraft Service in 1943, and soon the letters began to come in so thick and fast that she put her advice into a series of printed leaflets.

In them she touched on all the little problems that might crop up in a baby's day to day life.

She remembered that not every mother had a chemist's shop on the corner, and included simple recipes for home-made lotions.

She wrote about the clothes a baby would need, and assembled patterns for inexpensive, practical clothes for a layette—and often went out and bought the materials for mothers hundreds of miles from shops, and posted them off.

The leaflets spread a unique network of mothercraft-by-correspondence over Australia and reached to New Zealand, New Guinea, Malaya, India, Indonesia, and the Pacific Islands.

Natural childbirth

Yet next to her country mothers and the leaflet service, nothing has been dearer to Mary Jacob's heart than her classes for natural birth.

They grew out of visits by expectant mothers toward the end of the war. Feeling alone, with husbands away, they'd come to see Sister Jacob, after having writen to the Mothercraft Bureau.

She was already a disciple of Dr. Grantley Dick Read, impressed as he was by the remark of the mother giving birth in a London slum: "It wasn't meant to hurt, was it, Doctor?"

Looking back on those days, when pre-natal classes were rare and generally regarded as only for cranks, Sister Jacob says: "I felt there was a great need to teach expectant mothers how to care for themselves and to prepare themselves for the birth of their babies."

She began to teach the breathing and relaxing techniques, and added lessons in mothercraft.

No mother from Sister Jacob's classes ever brought her baby home from hospital and had to ask someone else to bath it. Confidence in handling her own child, as well as confidence in producing it, was one of the joys Mary Jacob was able to assure for "her mothers."

Thousands of them trekked up to her rooms over the 21 years she sat and faced each little group, talking and illustrating, and changing their outlook on the previously fearful idea of having a baby.

"Now, girls," she would say, after a few practical demonstrations of breathing and relaxation techniques, "I want you to breathe slowly . . . deeply . . . now relax . . . go limp all over."

Rows of expectant mothers, sitting on chairs, would do just that, sagging on their chairs as their relaxation became an automatic reflex.

One of them said, when she did come into labor, that she could hear Sister Jacob's voice saying, "Come on, relax . . . limp all over."

"In fact," she said, "Sister Jacob really had the baby for me. For 20 years I'd lived in dread of childbirth.

"I was always being told by my mother's generation, 'You don't know what pain is until you've had a baby. Just you wait.' But Sister Jacob's classes made childbirth the most wonderful experience of my life."

Hardly an afternoon passed in all those years that a mother did not appear at Mary Jacob's office door, beaming with pride, to show off the new baby and to tell "how it went."

Obstetricians were heard to remark that "you could tell a Sister Jacob mother by her good behaviour in the labor ward."

In the years immediately after the war, there used to be an occasional gathering in Sydney's Hyde Park of mothers, with babies in arms or with toddlers, all milling around the small, energetic figure of Sister Jacob — a family reunion of "her mothers."

Years ago, when Mary Jacob came from Adelaide to Sydney Hospital to do nursing, she wanted to be a surgical nurse. World War I was on.

But Sir Truby King was just establishing his family and child care clinics in New Zealand, and inspired by his enthusiasm she went to Dunedin to train.

She became matron of the Karitane Baby Hospital, Christchurch, and did clinic nursing before being appointed matron of the Truby King Karitane Training Centre, Woollahra, Sydney.

Then came 14 years as sister-in-charge of the Australian Mothercraft Society's Clinics before her appointment to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau.

In 1948 she put all her philosophies and advice on babies, from pre-natal to toddler stage, into a down-to-earth book, called "You and Your Baby," which has gone to far-flung corners of Australia — and the world — as a bible of sensible child-rearing. It is still being revised and reprinted.

Book a 'great help'

As one mother wrote, "I have a baby son a few weeks old, and your book is a great help to me to bring him up a nice, healthy Australian. I can't get to a clinic."

Now, in her sunny flat overlooking the ocean at Fairy Bower, Manly, N.S.W., she doesn't intend to slip into lazy retirement.

"My family needs me," she says firmly. "It's time I did more to look after them should they get sick." She has two brothers, one sister.

It would never occur to her that someone might now look after her. The habit of guarding the welfare of others is too hard to break after 50 devoted years.

THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN 20 YEARS

wash corns and callus away!

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Feet and hands are kept smooth, beautiful and healthy. Heros smooths away dry or horny skin, rough edges and recurring callus. You wash them away like you wash your hands. There is no messy, long treatment.

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Why suffer corn agony and weary aching feet caused by callus? Try Heros—it really works. In the economical pack, only 79 cents at all chemists. Lasts about six months with continuous family use.

READ THIS REMARKABLE LETTER

15 YR. OLD CORN VANISHES

40 Kerferd Road, Glen Iris.
20 July, 1966.

"For at least fifteen years I suffered with corns which were most painful. I tried numerous so-called cures to no avail. I have used Heros for the last 3 months, with only two treatments, and I have now no sign and my feet are no worry.

Yours faithfully,
(sgd.) R. E. Smith.

Heros

chiropody sponge

Left: Calibre diamond half-circle eternity ring, $220. Centre: Magnificent brilliant-cut diamond with tapered baguette shoulders, $500. Range from $300. Right: Baguette diamond full-circle eternity ring from $740.00.

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There's nothing like a quiet life, down on the farm

(As long as you can stand the pace)

"It's amazing how a woman can paint a rosy picture of a life she thinks she would fancy, such as living in the country, pointing out how nice it would be for the children . . . and so on." A sceptical male reluctantly admits that the rural life may have some attraction, after all.

WHEN a wife is trying to win over her husband to the idea of living on a small farm, she does so by giving him visions of lying in a hammock strung between tall trees, playing golf at the local club, enjoying barbecue evenings in ideal settings.

I should have been warned; I knew my wife had these notions before I married her . . .

In fact, the day I went to pop the question I helped remove the fowl-house gate from around her horse's neck before I could do so. (Ever tried to ask someone to marry you while they continue to explain how the horse had tried to eat the fowl-feed and had got entangled in the gate . . .?)

This was the forerunner of many such predicaments, I was to discover, but it all seemed amusing at the time.

So we married, and settled down on a "few acres with cottage" (as the ad said), some miles from the city — to which I travel daily to business.

There was no reason why I should become involved. I could continue with my job, coming home to the peace and quiet of the countryside. Enjoying the garden and its produce. Sitting under a colorful umbrella, enjoying the cool drinks together on the lawns.

Ideal? . . . But wait! Those lawns need mowing.

I'd had years of city dwelling, and mowers just hadn't come into my life — till then.

We bought one of those you see in the ads . . . with a happy, smiling woman using it with ease. Of course, my wife isn't mechanically minded, so I mow the lawns.

I've got quite handy at mending fences, too. Not only to keep wandering cows out, our horse and goats in.

Neighbors take a dim view of your animals eating their gardens . . . yet blame you for having poor fences if theirs get in and eat yours!

The boys' cubby-house is another example of my prowess. They don't seem to notice the walls lean a little.

The boys, however, were easier to please than the goats. How was I to know they would object to their roof sloping toward the entrance? Now when it rains they stand outside rather than walk through a waterfall. (I must put a gutter up when I have time.)

The Scouts have had quite a few barbecues here. We never seem to have time to have one ourselves and city friends think it too far to come for a steak.

I do manage a round of golf sometimes, but not as often as when we lived in the city.

Goslings due

As for relaxing in the garden . . . how can you, with weeds choking out the pansies and various pests devouring the salad greens.

My wife loves to plant things, but hasn't time to weed or water, and spraying gives her hay-fever.

Besides, she has quite a goat herd now, and fattens ducks and cockerels for sale.

I have become handy with the axe, especially on the necks of those roosters who have awakened me too early with their senseless crowing.

You must wonder how I am finding time to write all this. I'm doing it at the office where it is quiet, with traffic running far below.

There is nothing to beat the country once you get used to it. In fact, I can scarcely wait to get off the train tonight — that goose I set five weeks ago is due to hatch her eggs any time, and we're picking our peas.

I have a load of timber coming for a new calf pen. I'm raising calves this year. You should see their eager faces when they see me staggering along with their buckets of milk.

And just a minute — I must tell you about my bantams. And one of the boys has a pony now — the other breeds pigeons.

You must come to our place for a holiday some time. There's a hammock you could unpack and hang between the trees. A bit worn? Not on your life! You see, it's never been used.

When a cow eats the kitchen curtains—you can only laugh!

"Before we became farmers (?) ourselves, I often wondered why so many comedy films and books were written about farm life. I soon found out. On a farm battling to survive, you NEED that sense of humor." A Western Australian reader gives HER views.

WHEN we moved on to our farm, we were as green as the grass that grew up through the old broken veranda boards. But the plans!

We were going to have a flourishing farm, and the house renovated in next to no time. Well, we're still no closer to these goals, but, if nothing else, we've gained a lot of experience.

The farm couldn't support itself, so my husband worked during the day while I managed the few chores he couldn't do mornings and evenings.

On my first morning I bustled efficiently into the noisy fowl-sheds. Everything stopped. As if at a given signal the whole Five Hundred Fowls stopped cackling, eating, and scratching to cast their beady eyes over me.

I entered the first pen and thrust my hand under the squatting birds for the eggs, as I'd seen my husband do. I received a sharp peck on the hand.

By the time I'd finished the pens I was in tears of rage and fright. Almost all the sitting birds had attacked me. Those birds never came to like me. They never pecked my husband, always me.

I soon **learnt that the only way to handle them was to grab them by the tail and heave them out of the nest. (Hubby never found out about this, fortunately for me, as I lost a few eggs in mid-air.)**

I did become attached to a few fowls. One I called Kapok. She had been almost crushed beneath a door as a greedy chicken, so I felt she must have had plenty of stuffing to have survived, hence Kapok.

When we moved the fowls into cages last year, my pecking worries ceased, but they still seem to regard me suspiciously.

Then we decided it would be nice to have fresh milk, and what a saving! So we invested in our first cow.

Maggie and her calf shifted in with plenty of fuss and ado. She was a lovely, big, quiet Guernsey. Soon after, I took a liking to a neighbor's Guernsey heifer, so he sold her to us at a generous price.

That was Molly. She has run the place ever since. If we have visitors she comes to the kitchen window to look them over. When we are late to milk she bellows impatiently and paces the fence.

She must always be first into the bails and have the best bundle of hay. The rest of the stock stand aside for Molly's wants — or look out!

As much as I like her I wouldn't turn my back to her. She's a bit too playful. When she puts her head down and shakes it, I'm off.

Molly was responsible for my new kitchen curtains. The window was open, there was little feed in the paddocks. Molly was hungry. She tried the flutering curtains.

Prancing, tossing her head

I didn't do anything. I learnt, after chasing her round the farm with the broom after she'd stolen a big box of fruit by putting her head through that same window, how futile it was. She pranced in front of me, tossing her head as if it were one big joke.

The day after we got Molly she put her head through a skirt drying on the clothesline. (She always has her head through something.)

I heard a terrible bellowing. I raced outside, and there she was in all her splendor. The waist of my good skirt was around her horns and the full skirt hung down her neck, covering her face.

Every time she snorted the skirt blew out, then clung to her wet nose. I was terrified, and ran down to the neighbor's babbling like a maniac. Accustomed to our queer carryings-on, the neighbor merely walked up to Molly, removed the skirt, and made me feel the idiot I was.

Now we are beginning to adjust ourselves to these situations. We are still battling, but it's a wonderful way of life for us and our three children.

These past two mornings a young kookaburra has been attacking the air-vent into our kitchen. The noise is overpowering, and heaven knows what he plans to do when he does break through! The unexpected is always with us.

In the crazy hubbub of the discothèque, a few blemishes can get by untouched.

But zoom into close-up, and you'll bless the day you discovered Innoxa's Solution 41.

Better say it straight out. Spots and acne and all skin blemishes are miserable. So miserable, it doesn't make sense to treat them with any cheap remedy. Much wiser to spend a little more on something that *works*: Innoxa's Solution 41.
Innoxa took trouble with this solution. In fact, they kept at it until they were sure it acted better than the others. Really sure.
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For teenagers

SUMMING UP SUMMER . . .

● *While "granny" and "oo-ah" (giant square framed) glasses will be popular, others will have sequins, eyes, and Union Jacks painted on lenses.*

● *Kiddies' shoe straps, cut-out toes, and Grandma heels will be favorites, while transparent plastic pumps and boots are new. In all colors, they mix-'n-match with summer fashions.*

● *Bright girls will wear "Paris Pigtails" — bunches knotted high, and flicking up at the ends. Others will casually push back their sunglasses to hold flowing tresses in style.*

● *Looking marvellous with mini-kinis (bikini bikinis), feather boas will be worn this summer at all the best beaches, where the latest polo-necked swimsuits will also be found.*

● *Matching everything from jeans to formals, multi-color plastic earring ideas range from hooplas to hexagonal creations. Because cork ear-gear floats, it can be worn surfing.*

"IT'S in the wind" — or "C'est dans le vent," as the French teens say—that there'll be gimmicks, gimmicks, and still more gimmicks this summer.

For the mini-minded, skirts will fly as high as 7in. above the knee to show off sun-tanned legs and will feature everything from Grandma Paisleys to bull's-eye target trims.

The Bare Look is big news; in fact, fun-fashions have so many cut-outs (from cut-away sleeves, backs, and fronts on shifts to giant portholes on slacks sets) that a halter-necked belt is almost all that's left.

Trouser suits *always* have a floppy hat to match. With slightly higher waistlines, slacks feature long bell-bottoms which rest on sandals or bare feet.

Really "tame" (new word for swinging) slacks have one striped and one checked leg, or one long leg and one Bermuda-length.

Claret with pink, lemon with purple, and lime with orange are summer's color schemes. Choose your favorite and stick to it.

Cat-suits (slacks and top all in one) and party 'jamas in shiny satin are some more summer headlines, while "Poor Boy" dresses, shorts, and T-shirts are still around.

Union Jacks sewn on T-shirts, jeans, or a navy swimsuit, can also be joined for a striking scarf.

From dawn to dusk, wear pastel nylons that tone with your dresses, switching to chorus-girl stockings (in black or white mesh) after dark.

Evening shifts of butcher-stripe cotton, mattress ticking, and terry-towelling strike the right off-beat note for formal wear.

And have you heard of the latest color for underwear? It's claret. All the "budget birds" are dyeing their old undies to match claret cottons.

Instead of a hole in each knuckle, hot-weather gloves have the whole knuckle area cut out in a large oval shape.

For jeans and beachwear, "kooky kids" will be painting white sandshoes with the maddest op art designs.

Newest false eyelashes are of glittered mink! And speaking of false lashes, take a tip from an American model, who paints extra ones on her cheeks to make her bottom lashes look thicker.

Favoring a natural, "Nothing Look" make-up, some girls will even paint on a sprinkling of freckles for fun.

Add white fingernails and frosted lipstick to show off a suntan—and if you are really mod you'll paint flowers on your toenails!

Story: KERRY YATES

Pictures: DON CAMERON

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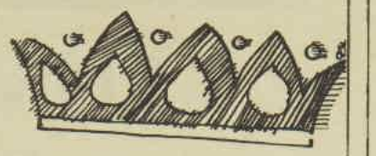

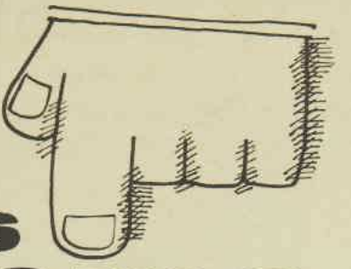

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HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

ROMANCE BREAKER

"MY girlfriend, five months younger than I am, seems to delight in breaking up friendships between girls and boys, then afterward decides she doesn't like her 'conquest' anymore. She wears way, way, WAY-out clothes and is sort of cute-looking. People have told me that I am more attractive than she is, and I don't find it hard to talk sensibly to boys. I also wear mod clothes. Do you think boys prefer people who show off like my girlfriend? Please help me—she has already ruined a near-romance of mine."

"Worried," S.A.

● You mention that you can talk "sensibly" to boys. This makes me wonder whether you pursue this line to the point of BORING your dates. While a boy admires intelligence in a girl, he is also looking for a sense of fun. Your mod girlfriend sounds as though she fits the bill perfectly, so perhaps you would be wise to follow her example instead of resenting her. Besides, have you ever thought that the girls whose romances she breaks up may deserve to lose their partners or be better off without such fickle characters?

Just a fairytale?

"WE are three 15-year-old girls who are in love with the same man. He is more than twice our age, married, and has three children. He claims he likes us and has even kissed us on two occasions. We love him so much that it affects our schoolwork, and trying not to drop any hint of it at home is driving us crazy. We can't help thinking that he just considers us as kids he can have some laughs with. What can we do?"

"Mixed-up," Vic.

● You sound like three little girls inventing a fairytale, but if you are telling the truth, stop wasting your time mooning over this stupid man and find boyfriends in your own age group.

His change of heart

"ABOUT a year ago I fell in love with a boy in my class. I know he likes me and that my love is genuine. Sometimes he used to talk to me, but only about schoolwork. He gave me a friendship ring about two months ago and now he is avoiding me. None of my girlfriends likes him and they always make fun of him. Please don't ask me to forget him because I've tried that, and it makes things worse."

"Confused," N.S.W.

● Clearly your girlfriends' laughter has scared this boy off. As you move around with them, he obviously believes you find him just as funny as they do. Make the first approach and ask him point-blank what has caused this change of heart. It's up to you to show him that your feeling is genuine.

The girl who isn't invited

"I AM 16 and for the past year I've been going to parties, dances, and other social activities; I always enjoy myself, but never hear from my partners again, although they often promise to get in touch with me. I have heard from different sources that these boys always enjoyed themselves. Yet when the school dances come round I seem to be the only girl who hasn't been invited."

"Wallflower," Qld.

● Have you ever thought that perhaps your longing to have a boyfriend is influencing your behaviour on dates? You may be a little too talkative, a little too eager to prove to your partner that you're gay company. Naturally, any boy would make a mental note not to get too involved with you. Try to relax—and for heaven's sake, be patient! You have all the time in the world to meet that special someone.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

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Just twist the cap and it's off! Twist on again and unused portions are fully protected until the next meal! Heinz exclusive safety seal keeps contents tamper-proof until the moment you decide to open

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This offer is limited to two vouchers per family.
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BEATNIK

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay $2 for each letter used.

Mind your manners

LETTERS

● *Recently I went to lunch with a boy I had just met. I was very impressed with his manners in such things as opening the door for me, holding the chair out for me to sit down, helping me on with my coat, and so on. It was certainly a wonderful change. This boy is no square. He is a fan of the Rolling Stones, his hair is far from short, and his clothes are modern. Why can't more boys go to a little bit of effort and show their manners?*

—L. BARRATT, Rostrevor, S.A.

"Music" lover

AT a party I went to in a private home, a group called the Misfits were playing. The music was so loud that the whole place shook and I couldn't hear myself speak.

When I went to an in-gear shop in town, another group called the Moods were playing. Again the music was so loud that the lighting fixtures shook and I couldn't hear a word that was spoken. I think music this loud is really wonderful! — *S. Taylor, Mentone, Vic.*

Latest cult . . .

PEOPLE are forever branding new breeds of teenagers. The latest are the sharpies, who have been criticised ever since they hit the teenage scene. They are no worse than mods or rockers — in fact, it is a pleasant change to see girls in pleated skirts instead of the mini or tight slacks. Boys also look better in "flags" than tight jeans. The sharpies are a neater cult of teenagers, and I have noticed more short haircuts and more boys who look like boys. — *"Little Sharpie," Frankston, Vic.*

. . . and its origin

THE sharpie cult originated in England, and is a rebellion against tight trousers, pointed shoes, feminine men's clothes, and repulsive long hair. Who looks better, a long-haired mod who is hard to recognise from a girl, or a short-haired sharpie who dresses conservatively? Girl sharpies wear pleated skirts, cable jumpers, cardigans of bottle-green, grey, or light blue, and sandals. Their hair is clipped short, and they, too, always look neat and well dressed without going overboard as some mod girls do who wear the latest in op. art fashions or the mini-look.—*"Sharpie Girl," Oakleigh, Vic.*

Career guide

EACH week at our school every class up to, and including, third year has a guidance period in which career problems are discussed. Students who do not have similar courses will find it very helpful to ask themselves these questions concerning any career that interests them:

- Will the job allow me to use my abilities in a way that is beneficial to society?
- What interest does the job hold for me?
- What income will it return?
- What are the prospects for advancement?
- What qualifications are necessary?
- How much training will I require after leaving school?
- What vacations are offered?
- What superannuation scheme, if any, operates?
- Will my physical limitations permit me to follow this occupation? — *Gwenda Blackwell, Castle Hill, N.S.W.*

★

I WONDER how many people know that the popular song "Lover's Concerto," sung by the Toys and also Mrs. Miller, is from a tune originally composed by Johann Sebastian Bach entitled "Minuet." Toward the end of his life the great German composer was a favorite of the kings and princes of Europe, and his brother was also a musician. Of course, the tune has been modified, but the original melody is still there. — W. Impey, Ayr, Qld.

ON THE AIR

● Two months ago I would have ridiculed the suggestion of listening to Parliamentary broadcasts as a way of spending spare time. However, I have found many advantages in listening. First, you know and can discuss intelligently the latest political issues. Secondly, you gradually learn to dissect a speech and constructively criticise it. I can thoroughly recommend fellow teenagers to take up this beneficial way of spending their spare time.—Tony James, Toorak Gardens, S.A.

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

LIPS GO PINK

I AM glad to report that color has come back to the lips this spring. Colorless mouths are out.

The girl who chooses pink for her lipstick this year won't go far wrong. Pink is gay and glowing and, best of all, flattering.

Pink suits (almost) everyone from a newly bathed babe to a seventy-year-old. Whether you choose a pale shell shade, a frankly pretty pink, or a really swinging pink depends partly on your skin tones and partly on your color sense.

Smooth, soft, subtly colored lips give warmth and life to the face. Apply lipstick with your lips parted so that you can take the color right into the corners without smudging.

Use a lip brush or a lip pencil to outline the shape and then fill in with color. Blot with a tissue, apply a second coat, and blot again.

If you prefer to use a greasy lipstick because your lips are dry, this firm outline guards against the possibility of the color smudging or running.

—Carolyn Earle

ROUND ROBIN

Adair

DO-OR-DIOR PROTESTS

I SEE that a group of London models recently demonstrated publicly against Christian Dior and some other fashion houses.

This sounds rather like a case of biting the band that feeds them.

But, in fact, the models were mini-skirt supporters protesting against Dior's newly announced long skirts.

According to reports, it was a pretty tame demonstration.

In a way, I suppose, this was only to be expected. Models are used to a different sort of parading.

And perhaps the organisers accidentally whacked into the demonstration a crop of photographic models, who just jutted out their stomachs in that ghastly stock pose and stood still.

Then again, maybe some girls wore wigs — and no one could picket!

It could have been a more colorful feeding of Christian to the hemlines if the girls had carried catchy placards.

You know, something like, "Make hems less, not more."

However, it would have been no good adapting the demonstration techniques such as "Teach-ins," etc. A parade-in just wouldn't work.

In such a long parade, fashions could be out of date before the parade finished!

I also see that support for mini skirts has come from Moscow. A case of painting the gown red?

Hemlines three inches above the knees popped up at the official Central House of Models there recently.

Mini skirts are called mini yubkas in Russia, by the way.

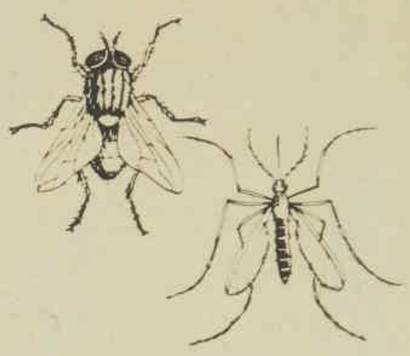
Perhaps they wear them with **nyet** stockings?

A contingent of Russian models could have made the London parade more militant.

Their cry could well have been, Better Red Than Dior.

Advertisement

Pest Proof your Home this Summer



Survival of insect pests is not possible with the new powerful safe Pea-Beu Insecticide

Australian homes are annually confronted by the irritating menace of flies and mosquitoes. These annoying insect pests invade the home to present a dangerous threat to the family's good health and clean living habits and it is in the interest of Public Health to ensure that Australian homes are effectively proofed against flies and mosquitoes this summer.

Flies are recognised by leading entomologists as the carriers of such dread diseases as typhoid, dysentery, tuberculosis, cholera and possibly hepatitis. The germs of these diseases may be carried into your home on their hairy bodies or through their digestive systems. Simply by walking over a surface or using the proboscis like a straw, a fly deposits or transfers bacteria on to uncovered food or drink.

Mosquitoes are the second most prevalent summer pest in Australia. Although the male is generally harmless, the female of the various species is known throughout the world for spreading malaria, yellow fever, dengue and other diseases.

In order to propagate the species, the female must obtain a blood meal with the result that Australians frequently experience the incessant droning and sting that accompanies sleepless nights.

Because mosquitoes and flies are particularly active during the hot summer months, Australian householders should take special care at this time of the year to ensure that their homes are free from these insect pests.

Discovery of a Powerful Insecticide.

Fortunately, the discomforts of insect invasion can now be controlled and eliminated, thanks to the announcement made recently by A.N.I. Chemical Research of the development of a new powerful safe insecticide that destroys on contact all insect pests yet, as it does not contain any of the poisonous hydro-carbons such as D.D.T., BHC and Lindane, it is guaranteed safe to use in the home, in the presence of children and pets as it cannot harm the lungs.

The wide umbrella-spreading fume action of the Pea-Beu insecticide penetrates deep into every corner of the room, searching out and killing all insect pests. No insect can survive its lethal killing action described by one observer 'as if by an electric shock' and, because of its safety factor, Pea-Beu can be sprayed into cupboards where food is stored.

In some countries where insecticide laws are stringent, Pea-Beu is the only insecticide classified by the authorities as 'safe.'

Pleasantly perfumed to leave a refreshingly clean aroma in the home, Powerful Pea-Beu insecticide is now available through leading stores and chemists and is the safe, positive way to ensure your home is pest-free this summer.

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To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and tinea, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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ACP62 FP

Delectable Canned Pears cost only 5 a serve

and they taste like a million dollars

Canned pears make 'Perfect Partners' with ice-cream, jelly, custard, evaporated milk, pastry or cornflakes. And they're just perfect straight from the can. Canned fruit . . . Nature's own instant dessert.

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AT HOME . . . *with Margaret Sydney*

● I am still laughing over the story of the Devonshire shopkeeper who put a bowl of water in the window of his shop and propped a label against it saying "Transparent Chinese-dragon fighting fish."

SOON a crowd had gathered. "Look, they're fighting, you can see the ripples in the water," someone said. Next, people were coming into the shop to ask the price of the fish. Others even claimed they'd been on the lookout for some time for a pair they could buy to add to their aquariums.

The owner of the shop, Mr. Brian Miller, claims that he only wanted to attract some notice to his shop, and that he is completely baffled by the public's reaction. I don't believe him.

He must be one of those lucky people with a delightful dead-pan sense of humor who can get his laughs without openly making fun of anybody.

Mike recently listened entranced to an account by an uncle of mine of how in his youth he had pulled an old, old gag in a city street.

He and my father, when they were young men, were walking along Pitt Street, Sydney, when he suddenly grabbed my father by the arm and pointed up, with great excitement, at the top of what was then the tallest building.

My father, who had the same sort of freakish sense of humor, caught on quickly, reared back in astonishment, and stared up. Then, in an excited undertone, they began to gesticulate and argue over the totally non-existent scene at the top of the building.

In no time at all they'd collected a crowd about them and then, as each new arrival was told by someone else what they thought had just happened up there and was about to happen again at any moment, the two perpetrators quietly retired to the opposite pavement and enjoyed the fun from there.

This story so much took the fancy of Mike and his friend Chris that they decided to try it out for themselves. Unfortunately they chose a suburban street, and one of those holes in the pavement that mysterious people dig and fence and go away and abandon.

The boys hung over the little square fence, pointing and shouting and sadly, I fear, overplaying their hands.

To their utter disgust, not one person stopped—everyone hurried past, casting a quick glance into the hole and a more lingering, pitying glance at two demented children who seemed to have escaped from their keeper.

"Oldies have no sense of humor," Mike said censoriously when he told us about it. His own seemed to have been a little damaged. He absolutely refused to go shopping during the next week in case anyone recognised him!

"Don't eat that! It's crawling with calories!"

THIS is a terrible time of year for cooks — at least, for those cooks whose households include young and fashion-conscious females. Every meal I have served in the past couple of weeks has been grumbled about.

Why? Because winter clothes comfortably cover a multitude of extra ounces, and all these have to be shed if summer clothes are to look the way their owners want them to.

I was astonished the other day to open the refrigerator and find a little handbag-size mirror taped with sticky tape at eye-level on the door of the freezing compartment.

"It's my brilliant idea," Di explained. "Every time I open the fridge I see myself and I just shudder and shut the door instead of having a snack."

I wouldn't mind shedding a pound or two myself before summer is really with us, so I left it there, although personally I think a full-length one on the wall beside the fridge might do the job more effectively.

Next time Di opened the fridge her mirror was gone. "Who moved it?" she said belligerently.

"I did," Mike said. "It's on the inside of the door, halfway down."

"What's the good of that?" Di said.

"I was only trying to help you. I thought it might be a good idea if you could see your hips," Mike said, and ducked for cover.

Actually, there's a sort of unwritten law in this family that people who want to lose weight have to do it without interfering with the eating habits of other members.

How do you serve a family dinner that satisfies the appetites of those who want to keep their weight where it is, while allowing those who want to diet to do it without too much pain? It can't be done, of course.

Puddings made of lemon juice, white of egg, and air bubbles go nowhere at all with Mike, whom his loving sisters frequently describe as "a horrible, skinny, gluttonous boy."

It hurts them to see the size of the lunch he takes to school. It hurts them to see him eating five slices of toast to fill the enormous corners left by a hearty breakfast.

It hurts them most of all to have to admit that, in spite of what they regard as a positively bestial appetite, he remains unarguably thin.

Nor do they love him for the terrible warning cries he lets out as they help themselves to something. "Good heavens, don't eat that!" he says. "It's absolutely CRAWLING with calories!"

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

● *Cider goblet and cover.*

COULD you tell me whether the bowl in the enclosed photograph is a Negus or Wassail bowl? It is in perfect condition although we believe it to be quite old. The lid has the number 33, but the ladle has no markings. — Mrs. M. E. Prout, Jimbour, Qld.

This is not a Wassail bowl. Wassail bowls were in use during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and were usually made of wood or sometimes of pewter. Your ornamental example of emerald-green glass with electro-plated mounts was made during the Victorian era —dates about 1860 to 1875. It is probably a cider goblet and cover.

● *Wall plates.*

ENCLOSED is a photo of two very old wall plates. My mother is 70 years old and they belonged to her maternal grandmother. On one is the following verse:

"Be wise then Christian while you may,
For swiftly time is flying,
The thoughtless man who laughs today
Tomorrow will be dying."

On the other plate is a scene of a bridge with sailing ships with the words "An East View of the New Bridge, Sunderland." My mother's people came from Northumberland, England, so I expect the Sunderland mentioned is the English town. — Mrs. J. Morgan, Penrith, N.S.W.

The pair of pottery wall plaques are good examples of Sunderland pottery. The designs and verses are transfer-printed, and the framework is decorated with copper lustre. These date about 1840.

★ ★ ★

IN your issue of January 26, 1966, you answered a query about silver teaspoons. I wonder if you can tell me how old mine are. They are marked with a king's head facing to the right, a horizontal "T," and a lion. — Mrs. M. Dent, Canberra, A.C.T.

I think your teaspoons would be George III made in London 1814, if the letter is a capital "T." If a small "t" the spoons would be made in 1794.

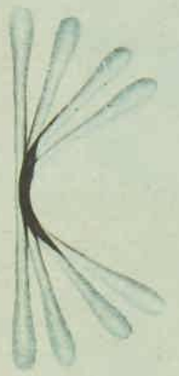
I WOULD like to know if my old plate could be Chelsea. It is eight inches in diameter, rather heavy, and does appear to be old, as much of the gold work is worn off. It was given to me by my late mother more than 40 years ago as being more than a hundred years old then. I would also like to know something about my glass vases (also in the picture). — Mrs. Eva Mitchell, Boyup Brook, W.A.

The blue-and-white plate is not Chelsea porcelain. The Chelsea porcelain works (established about 1743 and closed in 1769) used an incised triangle as a factory mark from about 1743 up to approximately 1750. One of the earliest examples is the "goat and bee" cream jug which bears the incised triangle mark "Chelsea" in script lettering and invariably the date 1743 or 1745 underneath the base.

Your plate is a typical example of nineteenth-century Staffordshire ware and dates from about 1835 to 1845.

The pair of green glass vases are Mary Gregory glass. They are approximately 70 years old.

● *Staffordshire plate and Mary Gregory vases.*



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They can clean a baby's nose.

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And between his toes.

They can apply and remove make-up.

They were invented for babies.

But grown-ups like them, too.
(Like most of Johnson's baby things.)

* 25c for 50. 45c for 100. Johnson & Johnson

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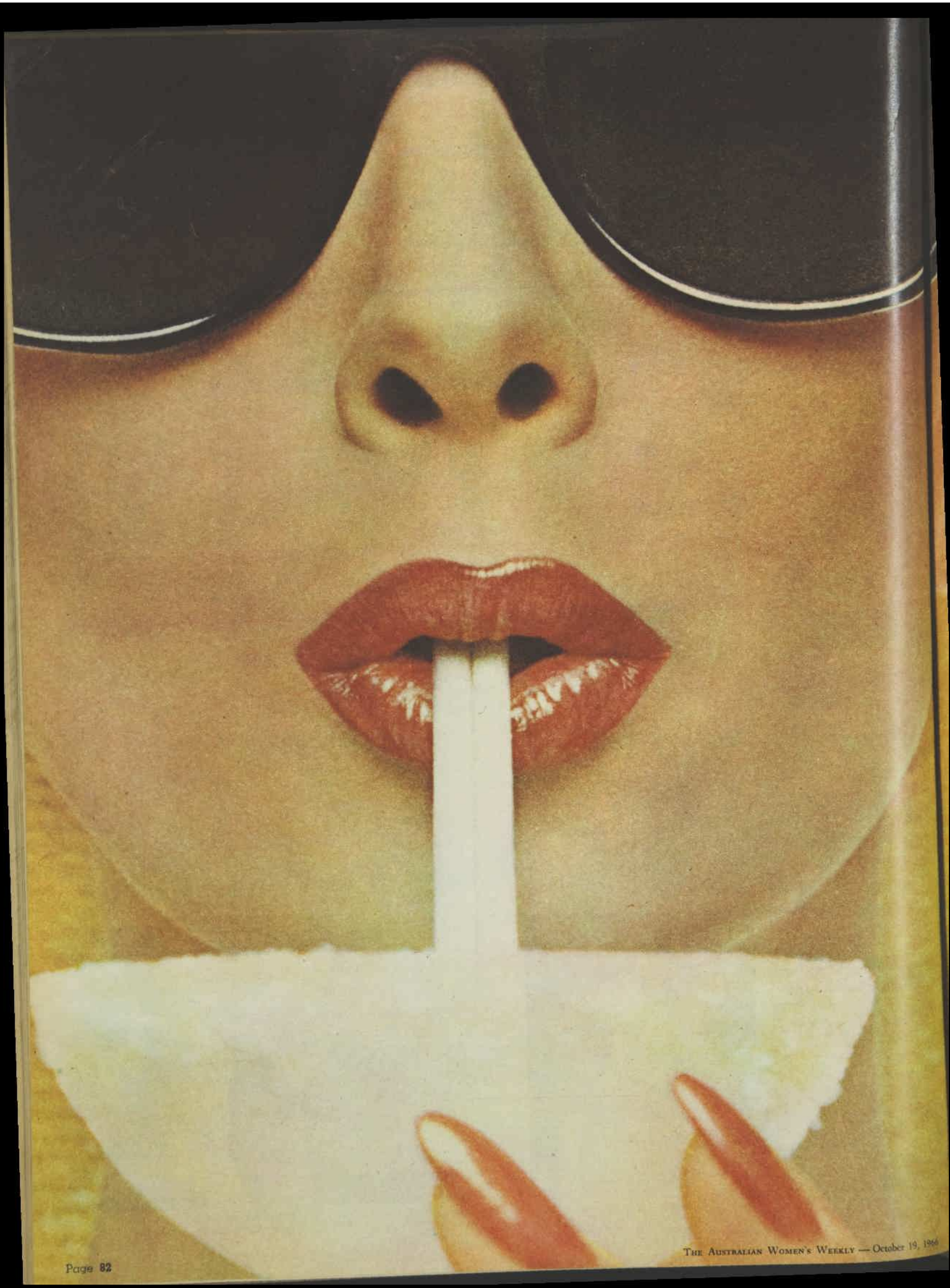

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Revlon invents wet lipstick

(and makes dry lips obsolete!)

It's a totally new texture in lipstick. Soft, soft, soft. So light, it almost skims on. (Other lipsticks seem to drag on by comparison.) The feel is fantastic—like wearing no lipstick at all. And it's literally loaded with luster. Lights up your lips with a new subtle shimmer. Distractingly sensuous. This is the Big Change in lipstick that simply had to happen. But nobody (not even Revlon) could bring it off till now. Don't ask how we did it. Our lips are sealed.

New 'Moon Drops' Lipstick

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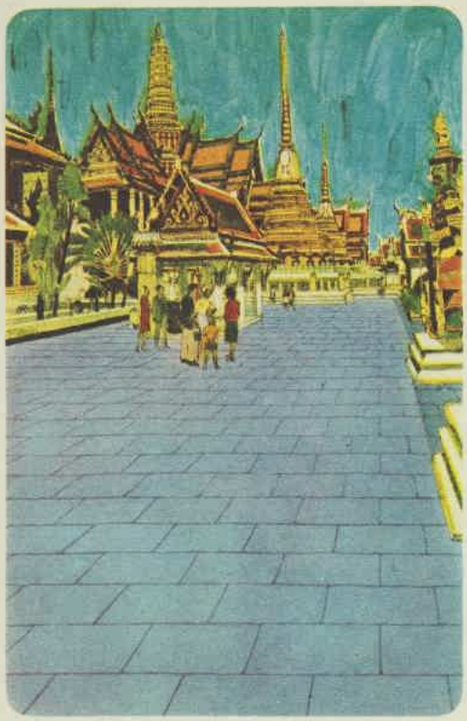

56 exciting days, cruising aboard the luxury T.S. FLAVIA. Departs Sydney (March 20), Melbourne (March 22), Adelaide (March 24), Fremantle (March 27) and returning May. 10 overseas ports-of-call. 2 days in Singapore. 3 days in Bangkok, the Venice of the Far East. 4 days in Hong Kong, the world's most fabulous market place. 7 days in Japan at the height of the Cherry Blossom season. And an additional Oriental port-of-call (between Bangkok and Hong Kong) to be announced. No other Oriental cruise quite comes up to Cogedar's, and none has more adventure, more romance, more memories. T.S. Flavia is stabilizer-fitted and air-conditioned throughout. 350 cabins all with private facilities. Every day aboard this happy ship is a delight — its service . . . comfort . . . friendly, relaxed, elegant atmosphere, and entertainments are beyond compare.

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BIRTHDAY CAKES

• A six-page feature of cut-out birthday cakes to delight boys and girls aged from one to ten years. Directions begin, page 88.

FIRST BIRTHDAY: This Candle Cake spells magic for the little one-year-old birthday girl. The cake is easy to cook in a nut-roll tin.

SECOND BIRTHDAY: A gay Fairy Mushroom Cake will make storybook tales come true for a two-year-old. All but the little gnomes are edible.

THIRD BIRTHDAY: Pretty Dolly Varden Doll Cake for a little girl. Colored sweets form skirt panel.

FOURTH BIRTHDAY: A Rocking Horse Cake would be equally suitable for a birthday boy or girl aged four, is easy to cut from slab cake.

Recipes and directions from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

• *More cakes on page 87.*

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This is a Corning Ware saucepan... the most

beautiful saucepan in the world. You can use it as a serving dish or as a casserole. But it is really a saucepan and belongs on the *top* of the stove. Buy yourself one or two Corning Ware saucepans. They cook better and look better on top of any stove. Especially yours.

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BIRTHDAY

CAKES ...continued

SIXTH BIRTHDAY: A Space Ship Cake for the young budding scientist in your family

FIFTH BIRTHDAY: A Giraffe Cake is ideal for this occasion. The giraffe is preparing to nibble candy mint leaves growing on a candy tree.

SEVENTH BIRTHDAY: Yacht Cake is set on blue sea tipped with white waves.

EIGHTH BIRTHDAY: Teenage Doll Cake has its own wardrobe, most of it cut out from licorice, to delight a girl.

● Directions for cakes begin overleaf.

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AFTER cutting out the cake pieces, assemble rocking horse as shown.

HOW to cut out rocking horse.

BIRTHDAY CAKES . . .

● These cakes are shown in color on pages 85, 87

CANDLE CAKE
(First birthday)

1 packet cake mix
royal icing (see opposite page)
small artificial or fresh flowers
yellow, red food coloring

Note: Cake mix of any desired flavor can be used.

Make up cake mix as directed on packet. Fill into large, well-greased nut-roll tin (or large can from canned foods can be used). Fill about ½ full (all the mixture may not be needed). Stand upright on baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes or until cooked. Allow to cool completely before removing from tin. (Any remaining cake mixture can be baked in patty tins.)

To assemble: Stand cake on covered board. Slice a small section off top at an angle. From this, cut a candle-flame shape. Or cut flame-shape from one of the patty cakes. Cover cake with white royal icing. Place candle-flame in position on top of cake. Secure with a little royal icing or, if necessary, with wooden cocktail stick.

To decorate: Tint a small amount of icing pale orange with food coloring (mix yellow and red). Cover candle-flame with this. Using white royal icing and piping bag with a large writing tube, pipe unevenly down cake to form melted wax. If piping bag and tubes are not available, icing can be dropped from a spoon and guided down cake with wooden cocktail stick or metal skewer. Allow icing to dry completely. Tint candle-flame with diluted yellow and red food coloring. Decorate base of candle with small artificial or fresh flowers.

FAIRY MUSHROOM
(Second birthday)

2 packets cake mix
royal icing (see opposite)
round white peppermint sweets
licorice straps
assorted sweets for decorating
coconut
coffee essence
green and red food coloring
small gnomes or tiny dolls.

Make up cake mixes according to directions on packets. Pour half into greased 7 or 8in. round-based pudding basin or heatproof basin. Place spoonfuls of cake mixture into 6 small round patty tins, then pour remainder of mixture into greased, large, nut-roll tin. Bake in moderate oven until cakes are firm to touch. Allow to cool.

To assemble: Trim nut-roll cake to 5in. long by slicing top off at a slight angle. Balance round cake on top of nut-roll cake. Secure the 2 cakes firmly together by pushing wooden skewer from top of round cake down through to base of nut-roll cake, leaving 1in. of skewer out at top to use as chimney.

To decorate: Make up royal icing. Tint pink with red food coloring. Coat over mushroom stalk and under part of mushroom dome with pale pink icing. Make markings with skewer dipped in coffee essence. Reserve a little pink icing for baby mushrooms. Place large mushroom on board. Color remainder of icing red with food coloring. Spread over top of mushroom dome. Press white round peppermint sweets over top of mushroom. Cut door shape from licorice strap, press on to cake; press round colored sweet to door with icing for door-knob. Make window from large round colored sweet with window separations made from thin strips of licorice. Top skewer with colored jube, forming chimney-pot.

Small mushrooms: Join small patty cakes to marshmallows or caramels with icing or cocktail stick. Spread a little red and pink icing over top of cakes. Paint spots on icing with coffee essence.

Path: Cut path edge from licorice strap. Use round colored sweets as cobblestones. Tint coconut green with food coloring, sprinkle around to represent grass. Place gnomes or dolls in position.

DOLLY VARDEN
(Third birthday)

1 packet cake mix
½ basic quantity royal icing
coloring
small round colored chocolate-centred sweets
licorice
marshmallows
small paper umbrella
ribbon bow
plastic doll
coconut
yellow, green food coloring

Make up cake mix (any desired flavor) as directed on packet. Fill

1 stay-clean surface

2 non-stick Teflon

3 stainless steel

Bet you can't make up your mind which one you'd like most.

No. 1 is made with Sunbeam's unique new pressed metal process . . . It's easier to clean, both inside and underneath. It doesn't pit or corrode either, always looks cleaner than frypans you've known before. And its 25% lighter. $29.95.

No. 2 is also a light weight. Lined inside with Teflon (the amazing new substance nothing sticks to). So you can enjoy no-fat, non-stick cooking. Teflon just wipes clean. $32.95.

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Sunbeam

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. . . . . continued

into a greased Dolly Varden cake tin or into greased, deep heatproof pudding basin. Bake in moderate oven for 35 to 40 minutes or until cooked. Allow to cool on cake cooler.

To assemble: Cut legs from doll. Cut a small round piece from narrowest end of cake; insert doll. If a pudding basin is used for cooking the cake, trim cake to form a smooth, rounded skirt. If you would prefer to keep the doll whole, cut a circular piece from centre of cake, right through the cake; insert doll. Trim cake, if necessary.

To decorate: Divide frosting in half. Color one half with yellow food coloring. Spread white frosting over cake, leaving a front panel. Cover this panel and bodice of doll with yellow frosting. Cover yellow panel and bodice with small round colored chocolate-centred sweets. Trim with thin strips of licorice. Edge bottom of white skirt with halved marshmallows.

Secure ribbon bow to doll's hair with small pin, secure a small paper umbrella to her hand with sticky tape. Stand doll on prepared cake board. Sprinkle board with green coconut (add a few drops of green food coloring to white coconut, and rub it in well with fingertips).

Note: Paper umbrellas can be obtained from the party counters of large department stores. The doll can be bought at any toy shop.

ROCKING HORSE
(Fourth birthday)

1 packet cake mix
royal icing
blue food coloring
licorice straps
large round sweet
pink musk sticks
assorted sweets for decorating
coathanger

Make up cake mix according to directions on packet. Bake in greased slab tin 35 to 40 minutes. Cool on cake cooler.

Cut out as shown in first picture on opposite page, then assemble as shown in second picture.

To decorate: Make up royal icing, color blue with food coloring. Spread over horse shape. Make mane and tail from licorice straps; cut with kitchen scissors. Make eye from large round sweet, eyelashes from small pieces of licorice, nose from small colored round sweet. Cut feet and mouth from pieces of licorice strap.

Saddle: Make saddle shape from pieces of pink musk stick, decorate with small round colored sweets and colored jubes.

Rocker: Remove hook from coathanger. Wash and dry wood thoroughly. Place at base of horse. This can be painted in color, if desired.

GIRAFFE
(Fifth birthday)

1 packet vanilla cake mix
royal icing
orange food coloring
coffee essence
instant coffee or cocoa
licorice
candy mint leaves
green musk sticks
round colored sweets

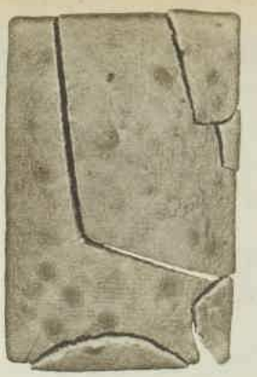
Make up cake mix as directed on packet. Pour into greased slab tin, bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Cool on cake cooler.

Cut out and assemble as shown in pictures at right. Legs can be made longer with small squares cut from the excess cake. (Excess cake can also be cut up and used for lamingtons.)

To decorate: Make up royal icing. Color orange with food coloring. Spread over assembled cake. Use large round red sweets for spots. Cut some in half to use as spots on edges. Arrange over body and neck. Cut eye from licorice, place in position. Place strip of licorice on ear to form centre of ear. Tint a little orange icing brown with coffee essence, instant coffee, or cocoa. Coat horns with this. Place small sweet with hole in it at end of horns. Cut in half a round red sweet with hole in centre for mouth. Use round colored sweet for nose.

Tree and grass: Make trunk and branches from green musk sticks, leaves and grass from candied mint leaves, arranged decoratively.

Continued overleaf



CUT OUT slab-cake for giraffe as at left, and then assemble as shown at right.

CAKE FROSTINGS

Royal Icing

2 egg-whites
1lb. pure icing sugar
lemon juice

Beat egg-whites lightly in a bowl. Gradually add sifted icing sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time. Beat well after each addition. Continue to add icing sugar until mixture is of spreading consistency. Add few drops of lemon juice; mix in well.

Butter-Cream Icing

8oz. butter or substitute
10-12oz. icing sugar
2 dessertspoons lemon juice

Cream butter well, gradually add sifted icing sugar, beat until creamy and fluffy. Add lemon juice gradually, beating well.

THIS IS A 3 MINUTE PEA

given just the right amount of sunshine, just the right amount of rain, then picked at just the right moment.

Each crop tested exactly for perfection by a Maturometer then expertly frozen and packed.

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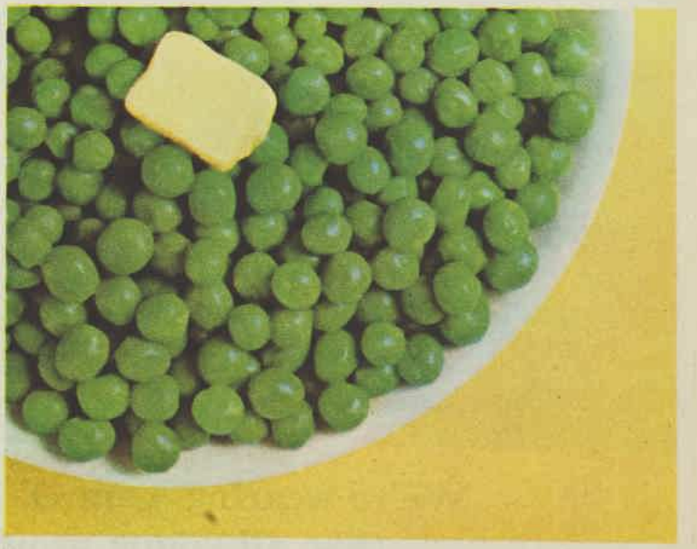

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NINTH BIRTHDAY: This lovely Flower Cake would appeal to any child. See opposite page.

SPACE SHIP
(Sixth birthday)

1 packet cake mix
royal icing (half basic recipe)
red, green food coloring
silver or grey food coloring
2 licorice straps
1 packet round peppermint sweets with centre hole
1 ice-cream wafer
1 small glass jelly mould
2 small dolls

Make up cake mix (any desired flavor) as directed on packet. Fill into 2 well-greased 9in. pie plates, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake cooler. When cool, sandwich the 2 halves together with little royal icing. Tint remainder of royal icing pale green. Smooth icing over cake. Let stand until icing is quite firm.

To decorate: Paint top design with red food coloring as shown in color picture on page 87, leaving circle of green in centre the size of the jelly mould. Allow to dry.

Cut ice-cream wafer diagonally, cover each wafer on both sides with green icing. When dry, paint tip with red food coloring and edges with silver or grey food coloring.

Paint any desired lettering in red food coloring on wafer and on side of cake. Paint a silver or grey zig-zag in centre of red coloring on top of cake. Attach dolls to cake, cover them with the glass mould. Press wafers into cake on either side of mould. Cut licorice in half lengthwise, attach round base of cake. Cut 2 zig-zag strips of licorice, attach with icing on top of cake. Press round white peppermint sweets into position, as shown in picture.

YACHT
(Seventh birthday)

2 packets cake mix (any desired flavor)
royal icing
orange and blue food coloring
licorice
1 packet white peppermint sweets with centre hole
1 green sweet

Make up cake mixes as directed on packet. Fill into 2 greased 9in. by 5in. loaf tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.

To cut out. First cake: Cut thin slice from top of cake to level surface. Cut off corners at one end to form pointed bows of hull of yacht.

Second cake: Cut cake in half diagonally, forming 2 triangles. Trim from short base of one triangle to make level; from base of other triangle cut 1½in. to make a shorter sail.

To assemble: Cover oblong cake board or piece of cardboard with blue paper. Make up the icing. Color a small quantity of icing with blue food coloring. Divide remaining icing into 2 portions. Leave one portion white, tint the other orange with food coloring.

Arrange hull in position on blue paper. Secure sails together with cocktail sticks. Place sails on hull, push wooden skewer through each sail down through to base of hull to hold sails in place. Ice sides of hull orange, top of hull blue, and sails white.

To decorate: Along top edge of side of hull place ¾in. strip of licorice to give sharp edge. Place round white sweets to form port-holes. Cut white sweets in half, arrange as waves. Cut anchor shape from licorice. Attach to boat with string twisted round a green sweet. Put on side of hull. Use wooden skewers for mast and boom; shortening skewers, if necessary. Place in front of sails. Cut number and sail motif from licorice, press on sail. Cut flag from triangle of paper, paint and attach to mast with clear sticky tape.

TEENAGE DOLL
(Eighth birthday)

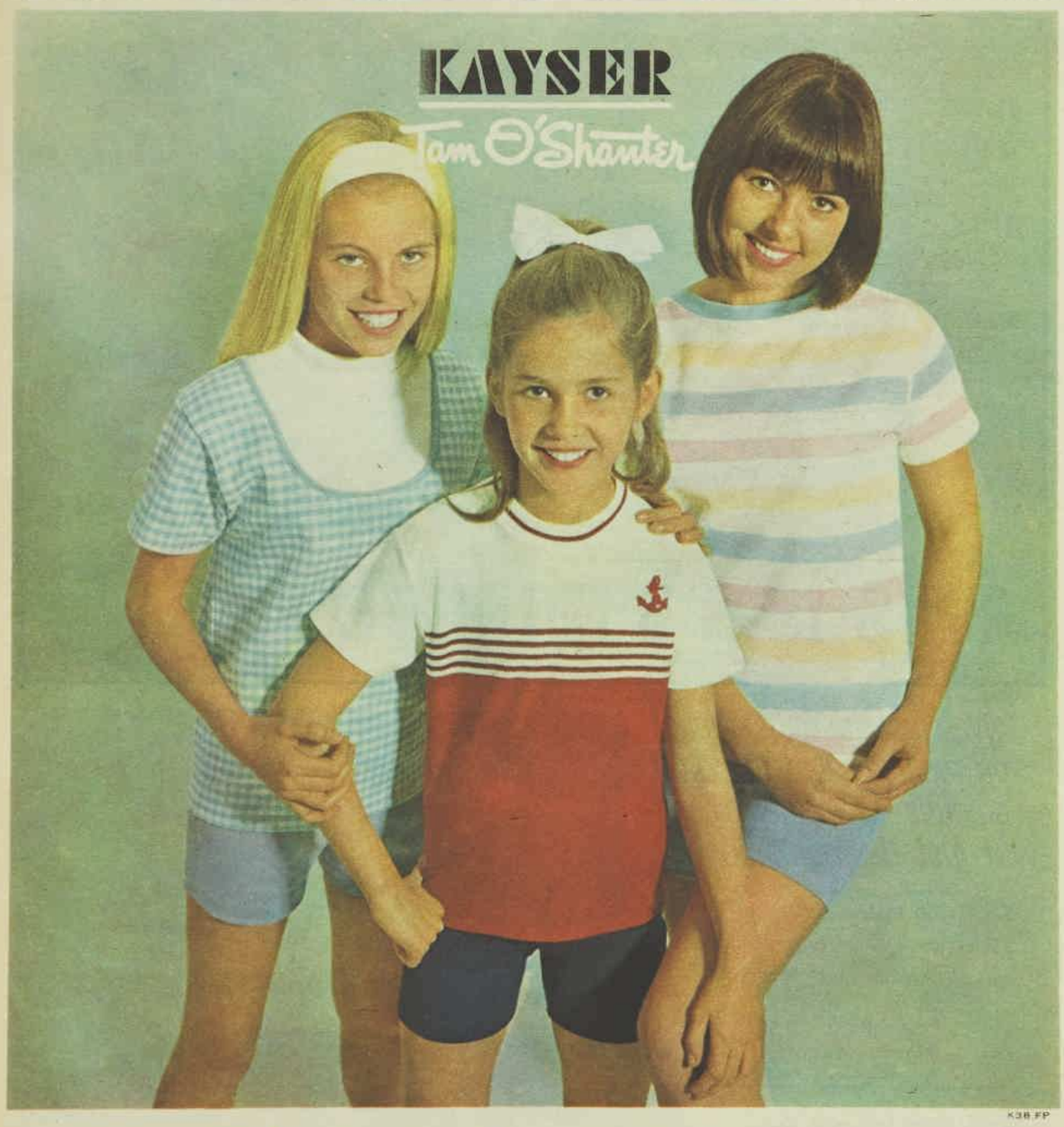
1 packet cake mix
royal icing (half basic recipe)
licorice straps
small round colored sweets
pink and green musk sticks
colored jubes
hundreds and thousands
pink, green food coloring

Make up the cake mix as directed on packet. Pour into greased 8in. square cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake cooler.

To cut out: Cut cake in half, forming 2 rectangles. Trim corners from one end of one half to form shoulders of body. Place cup or glass on other cake half, cut round it to form head.

To assemble: Place head above body. Make up half the basic royal icing mixture; divide into 3. Tint one portion pale pink, one portion green, leave remaining portion white. Spread pink over head. Spread white two-thirds down body, finish off body in green to make skirt.

To decorate: Cut hair and eyelashes from licorice straps. Attach eyelashes to small round colored sweets with dab of icing. Make mouth from small piece of musk stick. Make arms, stripes of jumper, and neck of jumper from pieces of pink musk stick. To bend musk sticks, place in warm oven a minute or two then shape or cut in half lengthwise while still warm and soft.



K38 FP

We're wearing Tam O' Shanter styles (like all young people should) They never shrink or lose their shape Kayser makes them good!

(Left) **NINA. Style No. 37046.** Sweetly checked top, with a pretend skivvy. Gay Blue/White, Carnival Pink/White with White insert. Sizes 6 yrs. $2.85, 8-14 yrs. $3.15
KINGSTON. Style No. 35558. Short shorts, in sturdy double-knit stretch cotton/nylon. White, Carnival Pink, Gay Blue, Navy, Brown. Sizes 4-6 yrs. $2.35, 8-14 yrs. $2.50
(Centre) **SUSIE. Style No. 33134.** Nicely nautical top with tiny anchor trim. Sail away stripes of Red/White, Navy/White. Sizes 3-8 yrs. $2.50
CHARLESTON. Style No. 35655. Smooth Jamaica shorts in hard wearing stretch nylon. Navy, Gay Blue, Carnival Pink, Brown, White. Sizes 8-14 yrs. $4.00
(Right) **PRUE. Style No. 37632.** Dashing little Summertime top, in crisp terylene and cotton. Muted stripes of Sail Blue, Pink or Maize. Sizes 6 yrs. $2.65, 8-14 yrs. $3.00
BAHAMA. Style No. 35658. Well cut stretch Jamaica shorts in a snappy double knit cotton/nylon. Gay Blue, Carnival Pink, White, Navy and Brown. Sizes 8-14 yrs. $3.00

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Allow to cool before placing in position.

Belt: Make by cutting licorice strap in half and placing below musk - stick stripes. Buckle is colored jube with tiny strip of licorice pressed on it.

Legs: Make from green musk sticks shaped as above.

Mittens: Cut with scissors from licorice straps.

Shoes: Oval jubes with licorice bow.

Brush: Cut strip off top of jube then sprinkle with hundreds and thousands. Cut handle from licorice.

Comb: Cut from licorice.

Mirror: Cut circle of silver paper or aluminium foil, make handle of licorice.

Paper umbrella: Can be bought at party counters at large departmental stores.

FLOWER CAKE
(Ninth birthday)

● Picture on opposite page.

1 packet vanilla cake mix
royal icing (half basic recipe)
or butter cream icing
colored jubes
candy mint leaves
colored sugar

Make up cake mix according to directions on packet. Pour into greased slab tin, bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Cool on cake cooler. Place completely cooled cake on covered board. Smooth over with royal icing or butter cream icing.

Main flower: Slice each jube lengthwise to make 3 petals. From outside edge of flower, arrange jube petals in circles graduating to centre, using 2 or more blending colors. Finish off centre with whole jube with sliver of contrasting color in centre.

Small flowers: Arrange 3 jube slices in various flower shapes.

Leaves: Arrange candy mint leaves in clusters of leaves.

Stem: Allow icing to harden slightly. Paint stem with water. Trickle colored sugar from piece of paper on to painted stem. The water will cause sugar to stick to icing. (Color sugar with few drops of desired food coloring.)

SOCCER BALL
(Tenth birthday)

● Picture at right above.

2 packets cake mix
royal icing
1 licorice strap
1 cup desiccated coconut
yellow, brown, green food coloring

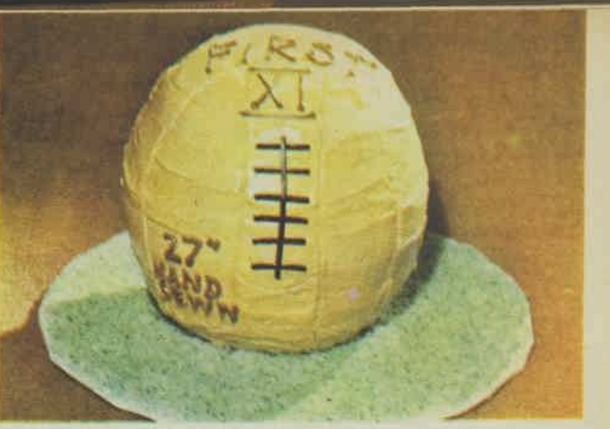
Make up cake mixtures according to directions on packets. Spoon mixtures into 2 round greased heat-proof pudding basins (1 packet to each basin), bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes or until cooked through; cool.

Color royal icing with yellow, and little brown food coloring to make icing light caramel in color. Reserve 2 tablespoons for lettering.

To assemble: Trim cakes, if necessary, to give flat surfaces to join together. Sandwich together with icing, so cake resembles ball in shape. Mount firmly on to prepared cake board.

To decorate: Cover cakes completely with icing, making as smooth a finish as possible. Leave until icing has almost set. From licorice strap cut six 2in. by ¼in. strips, and one 8in. by ¼in. strip. With back of knife mark sections in the semi-set icing to represent the divisions of a Soccer ball. Assemble cut licorice pieces to form the lace section. Add more brown food coloring to reserved portion of icing to make chocolate color. Use plain writing tube to finish ball with desired lettering. Color coconut with green food coloring, sprinkle over board to represent grass.

Rugby Ball: Bake cake mixes in two Dolly Varden tins, cut and trim to shape. Decorate as above.



TENTH BIRTHDAY. A realistic Soccer Ball Cake to celebrate a birthday, or a team's success.

Reader's recipe

A CHICKEN dish with rich, delicious flavor wins $10 in our weekly contest.

CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 chicken (about 3lb.)
1 tablespoon soy sauce
2 tablespoons dry sherry
oil for frying
1 large can oyster soup or condensed mushroom soup
1 can mushrooms or ¼lb sliced fresh mushrooms
1 tablespoon cornflour
2 tablespoons water

Cut chicken into joints. Combine soy sauce and sherry in bowl, marinate chicken in this mixture 1 hour, basting occasionally. Drain chicken, reserving marinade. Heat some oil in frying pan, brown chicken pieces on all sides; drain on absorbent paper. Place in saucepan with reserved marinade, oyster or mushroom soup and canned or fresh mushrooms. Bring to boil, then simmer, covered, 1 hour. Remove chicken joints, keep warm. Blend cornflour with water. Add to sauce, stir over heat until thickened. Spoon over chicken, serve with rice.

First prize of $10 to Mrs. A. Kelly, P.O. Box 203, Lae, New Guinea.

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Give Lipton's new yellow pack a try!

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Cheddar Moon

Space age salads are in!

Put a full Cheddar Moon in the middle of a salad platter or a plate full of crunchy biscuits for guests to help themselves.
Here's an eye-catching centre piece for your buffet that slices with fruits and salads or spreads on crusty fresh breads.
And better still, it tastes good . . . very good!
A big Cheddar Moon will send happy eaters into orbit.

INGREDIENTS:

CHEDDAR MOON RECIPE

1½ lbs. matured Australian Cheddar Cheese.
4 ozs. chopped cooked ham.
2 tablespoons of chopped gherkins.
Mayonnaise to mix.
¼ lb. cream cheese.
4 ozs. finely chopped walnuts.

METHOD:

Grate Cheddar cheese then add ham and gherkin. Add mayonnaise and mix thoroughly to a stiff consistency. Shape into a ball and refrigerate till firm. Cover with a layer of softened cream cheese and roll in chopped walnuts.

So versatile too! Ham may be substituted for bacon or ham paste—gherkin with chopped spring onions, chopped olives or crushed pineapple. And for a really tangy flavour, add Australian Blue Vein cheese to the matured Cheddar.
You can also change the outward appearance of your Cheddar Moon by rolling it in chopped radishes or olives, in place of walnuts.

Discover Australian Cheese

AUSTRALIAN
SWISS

This sweet, nut-like flavoured cheese with its firm, smooth texture is wonderful for cooked dishes, crisp summer salads and tasty sandwiches.

AUSTRALIAN
GOUDA

(Pronounced Gow-da)
With a delicate mild flavour, Gouda is an excellent all-purpose cheese which cuts easily and smoothly without crumbling. Delightful in salads or on a dessert tray together with fresh raw fruits and nuts.

AUSTRALIAN
FETA

(Pronounced Fetta)
A very white, moist cheese more salty than some. Ideal in savouries and hors d'oeuvres where Feta's salty tang is an excellent accompaniment for drinks. Delicious with dark bread or olives.

AUSTRALIAN
EDAM

(Pronounced E-dam)
The mild, rather nutty flavour of Edam makes it an ideal cheese for desserts with fruit or crispy crackers. The red cannonball shape of Edam lends itself to an attractive centre-piece for cheese platters.

DAIRY FOODS
AUSTRALIAN CHEESE

Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board

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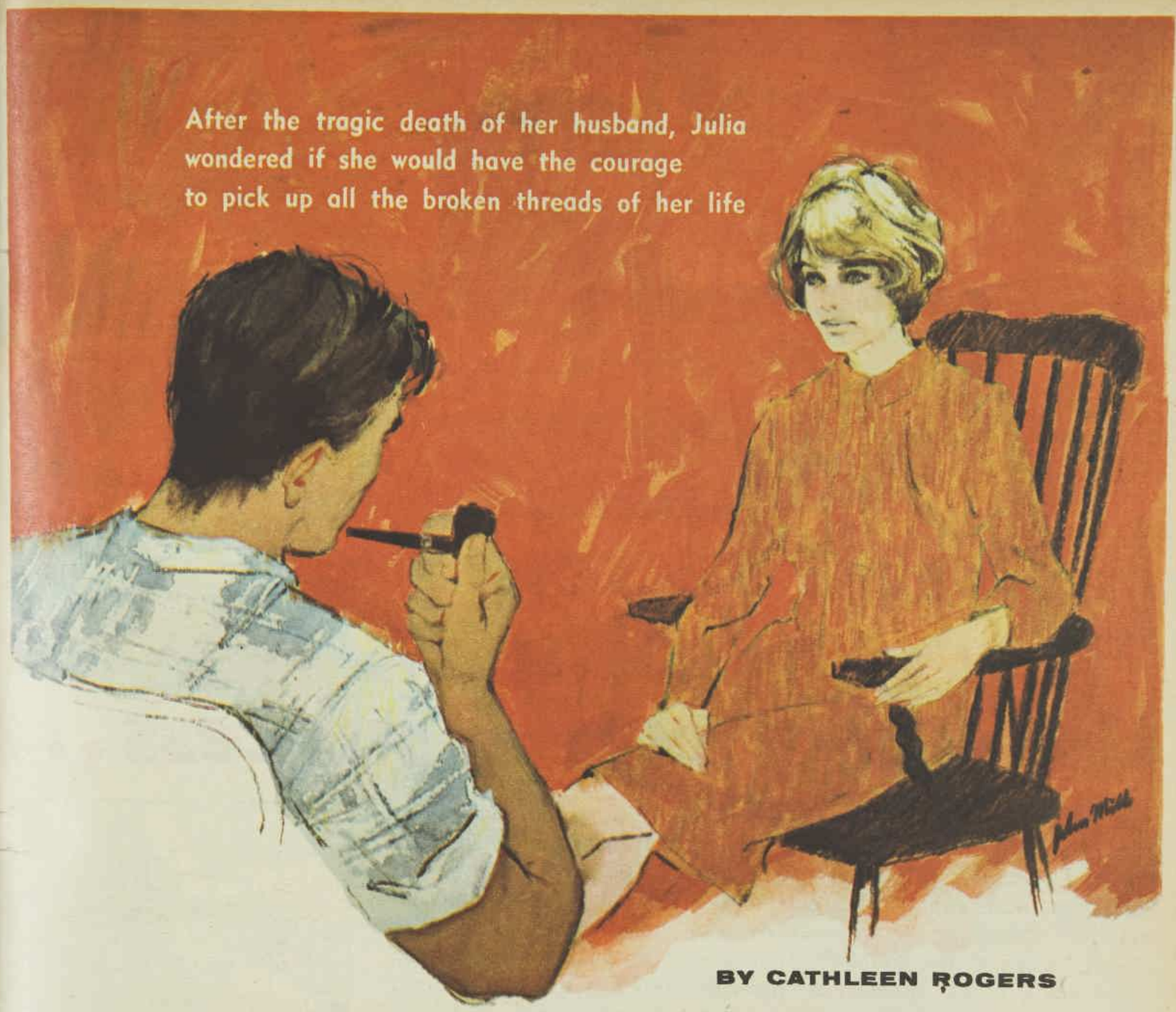

After the tragic death of her husband, Julia wondered if she would have the courage to pick up all the broken threads of her life

BY CATHLEEN ROGERS

THE THREE LAST STRAWS

IT is the last straw, they say, that breaks the camel's back . . .

For Julia Sanders, there were three last straws. The antiquated drying-rack that wrenched its cleat out of the wall and descended, fully laden, on her head and shoulders. The cup that suddenly became alive. And finally, Martin's disobedience.

With the wreckage of that drying-rack still on the floor — for her head ached too violently to clear it away — the cup became symbolic. It was the last cup, a barrier between her and an hour's blissful relaxation, an hour to gaze through the window at the swaying spring blossom and the distant blue hills.

She picked it up. Till that moment it had been an inanimate object against the scrubbed wood of the old-fashioned draining-board. Now, it acquired a life of its own. It twisted and slipped sideways and twisted again as she made frantic efforts to recover it, and finally crashed in a dozen pieces on the tiled floor.

There it lay, inanimate again, triumphant in death, and she could have wept, for it was one of six irreplaceable cups given to her by Adrian on their fifth wedding anniversary. Then suddenly her eyes gleamed angrily and the shattered treasure was almost forgotten, for in spite of all she had told Martin, he was with that dreadful boy again.

Martin, in spite of all her other problems, was turned out every day in fresh, crisp shirt and pants, in clean socks and shoes. The other boy looked as if nothing he wore had been washed for a month. Above steel-framed glasses his hair was dank and tousled; below shapeless jeans he wore thick-soled, muddy boots.

"Martin," she said from the door, "what did I tell you?"

The other boy began to whistle, very softly. He climbed the garden gate and began to swing on it, watching Martin speculatively, and Julia felt a fresh wave of anger sweeping over her.

It was a natural reaction, of course . . . For an hour, even before the drying-rack came down, she had been waiting for Martin to come back. From where, she didn't quite know . . . But the dangers of South London seemed trivial compared with the hazards of this rural paradise.

There were gravel-pits on the downland slopes, deep pools in the river. There were fierce dogs and menacing bulls and even the odd snake, to say nothing of treacherous, water-filled hollows in the deep woods.

And all those fears were gathered now into one fierce spear-point of disapproval against the boy on the gate.

"You're not to go out with him again," she said loudly and distinctly. "I mean that, Martin."

"But why not?" he asked. "Kim's all right."

She glanced over her shoulder at Kim, still swinging on the gate, still whistling.

"He's not the sort of boy I want you to play with," she said with finality.

At that, Kim slid down from the gate and shuffled away, hands deep in his pockets. Martin stood quite still for a moment, then went slowly into the house, the Desirable Old-world Cottage of Character she had bought a month ago with all she had been able to salvage from the wreck. And she felt defeated. She had lost an important battle.

She had behaved like a certain appalling aunt she remembered from her own childhood. An astringent, angular, acid creature who forbade without reason and reproved without justice. Kim, whoever he was, would tell half the village. Or both halves . . . The old cat! She wouldn't let Martin come out. Says I'm not the sort of boy she wants him to play with. Old cat, that's what she is.

And she wasn't that, actually . . . But it's amazing how you can change in a few short months. Change in a way that makes you hate yourself for changing.

She turned from following Martin indoors as Farrel's smart green van came down the road. Farrel owned the farm on the edge of the village and brought her milk every morning.

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30 second pies made with the sweet can of success...

How long to make a luscious sweet-eating pie? Best part of an afternoon? In an hour or so by a crackerjack cook? It takes just 30 seconds with one of Edgell's great new pie fillings. Got 30 seconds to spare? Then make a 30 second pie! Impossible? Simple. Just take a pie crust (make it yourself, or buy one ready-made) and get ready to count to 30. Open a can of new Edgell Pie Filling, pour the thick, luscious filling into your pie crust, spread it around with a knife — and ring-a-ding-ding — you've made a 30 second pie. Serve it cold — or if you prefer, cover it with pastry or foil and heat in the oven for a few minutes. 6 sweet-eating pie fillings. Apple, strawberry, fruit mince, pineapple, sultana and caramel. Got 30 seconds to spare? Open a can of Edgell — it's as easy as pie!

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STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

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MINCE PIES

SULTANA ICE CREAM TOPPING

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RIVETS

THE THREE LAST STRAWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

"Lovely day!" he said, rattling the bottles in their metal crate as if they were cymbals in a spring symphony.

"Is it?" she replied listlessly.

"Don't you think so?" He was a vigorous, greying man with twinkling eyes.

"Of course it is! But I was just looking at the roof. Half the tiles need renewing—"

"And that's an expensive item, eh? You paid a lot more for this old place than it's worth."

"I'm beginning to realise that. Then the drying-rack fell on my head this morning."

"You don't say! Heavens, yes, look at that bruise on your forehead! T't't't!"

"Then Martin's been out hours with a boy who looks like a tramp or a gipsy ——"

"Young Kim?"

"I believe that's his name. Do you know anything about him?"

Farrel threw back his head and laughed. "Kim Creswick? He's all right. The parson's son." He set the bottles down against the step. "Fine chap, Mr. Creswick. Three parishes to look after, and the boy, since he lost his wife. He's up at my place now. I heard him say he'll be dropping in to see you one of these days."

She watched Farrel pick up the empty bottles and go swinging up the garden path.

Kim Creswick . . . The parson's son!

And that was the last, back-breaking straw.

There were still boxes to be unpacked, things to arrange. She worked steadily, methodically through the day, cooking lunch, keeping an eye on Martin, wondering what she would do now if Kim came round — which, mercifully, he didn't.

And hoping that Kim's father wouldn't make good his promise and call to see her. Considering the way she had treated his son, that would be the end.

Besides that, she wanted no advice, no professional sympathy. She'd had enough sympathy of one kind or another since last autumn. That was one of the things she had tried to get away from.

Four o'clock came—five. Tea was cleared away. A light wind was stirring the blossom. She sat near the window, her still-young face cupped in slender hands. In the valley, shadows rise . . . And then the gate clicked and she looked up sharply, her dreaming mood dispelled.

"Martin, someone's coming . . ."

"Yep!" he said, from close behind her. "It's Kim's pop."

"You'd better go upstairs."

Grudgingly he disappeared, and she gave a swift glance round the room, the only one she had been able to make presentable so far. Not that there was time to do anything about it . . . A firm knock on the half-open door, and pulling it back she saw him standing there, a strongly built, pleasant-faced man in rough, soiled slacks and open shirt, carrying a jacket over his arm.

"My name's Creswick," he said. "John Creswick. I hope you don't mind an informal call?"

"I'd rather have that than a formal one," she said. "Come in, Mr. Creswick."

SHE realised that he was her first visitor. He sat down in the chair Adrian had always liked; there was even the familiar creak as it took his weight, and she felt a vague stirring of resentment. She waited for him to speak. It was a long, embarrassing silence till he said:

"You must have worked hard to bring the old place as far out of chaos as this."

"It certainly was chaos," she admitted.

"Still, there are compensations. The garden and the orchard . . . I've a crowd of trees over at my place. The fruit's always secondary to me — it's the blossom I look for every year."

He glanced down ruefully at his heavy shoes. "Sorry — I should have taken them off. I've been giving Farrel a hand. His son's in hospital, and April is a busy month on a farm."

"Is that part of your job?" she asked. "Surely you're not expected to do that sort of thing as if you were an ordinary ——"

Looking into his twinkling eyes, she caught back the words.

"An ordinary man, were you going to say? Oh, I'm ordinary enough! As for it being part of my job — well, what sort of job do you think mine is?"

"I — I hadn't thought much about it."

He laughed — a deep, contented laugh. "I seldom think much about it, either. Usually, I'm too busy getting on with it."

Slowly she relaxed . . .

She realised that he wasn't a talkative man. But for her sake — probably because he knew how ill at ease she was — he kept the conversation going, making brittle, amusing comments about the village, bringing her to the edge of laughter, and then, almost to the edge of tears.

In the garden the shadows lengthened . . . He gave her a

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cigarette, lit up his own pipe, lay back in the chair, looking at her through a haze of smoke.

"All quite important things to us," he said, "and quite trivial to you, I suppose — coming from outside."

"I'm not outside now, so they're important to me, too."

"I'm glad you see it that way . . . You know, every village needs a parson and a good pub. A good public house where strangers and locals are welcome and a man can forget his troubles or blow his top if he feels like it. And a public servant."

"Like yourself?" she asked, still faintly cynical.

"If you like to put it that way. I believe in certain things, and it makes me want to help the people around me. When I do have a spare moment to think about my job, that's the way I see it."

She came a little nearer the edge of her chair. "Suppose they don't want to be helped?"

He lifted his shoulders. "In that case I can't interfere. Though most people do—when the barriers are down."

"What barriers" she asked.

"Pride, stubbornness . . . or loneliness. I run up against all kind of barriers."

"Would you think I needed help?"

"I've no way of knowing that. Probably you do, or you wouldn't have mentioned it."

"And what would you think my barrier is?"

"I don't know you well enough to guess."

"Suppose I said it was happiness? The sort of glowing, wonderful happiness that's gone for ever, that nothing can ever replace?"

"I would have to think very carefully about that," he said.

IN the darkening room, they faced each other silently. She could hear Martin moving restlessly in his room overhead. Given time, she could have grown to like the man who sat huddled deep in the opposite chair. Given time, he could probably grow to like her, too . . . Unless he saw her through different eyes when the disreputable Kim told him about this morning's episode.

She was on the edge of talking to him as she had talked to no other person for months. Already she had given herself away. It was incredible, because she scarcely knew him. But whatever she said he would understand. Instinctively she realised that.

He wasn't like the others. She could still hear their soothing, well-meaning voices: You'll get over it, Julia . . . you're young, darling. Why, you've all your life before you . . .

She began to talk. Quickly, disjointedly. He scarcely seemed to be listening. He was looking at the garden, lit by the low sun's golden beams.

"You see, I was beaten every way. He—Adrian—wouldn't dream of letting me go with him. He said the climate was appalling and to take a young wife and small child out there was criminal. For that matter, he hated the idea of going himself."

"Why did he?" John Creswick asked.

"He needed the experience. Out there he would have more responsibility and be able to prove what he was worth. And, of course, he would have a much bigger salary at the London office when he came back."

"But he didn't come back?"

"No."

She had pushed that fact to the back of her mind; she had refused to face it. Now, talking about it for the first time, she felt the same scalding anger and frustration that had turned her into a shrew this morning when she sent Kim away.

"No, he didn't come back. He happened to be in the wrong street when some of the local enthusiasts were shooting out their political differences."

John Creswick made no comment. He was quietly refilling his pipe.

"The thing was," she went on, "that he shouldn't have been there at all. The firm had warned all their employees to keep within the compounds or go out in organised parties. So they disclaimed all responsibility."

THE THREE LAST STRAWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

"But surely, in those circumstances —"

"I know! Common humanity! His widow and child! If Adrian had been with the firm just six months longer there would have been all kinds of benefits and compensations. I fought them all the way about that, but, of course, they won. In the end they made a compassionate grant — just a few hundred. And there were insurances. Just enough to — to come here."

"To come here — yes. Why did you do that? Why did you uproot yourself and come to an isolated spot like this, miles from the nearest town?"

She went to the window. Beyond the gate she could see Kim, his boy, scuffing his feet among the grass.

"I couldn't stand all the smug sympathy," she said. "The assurances that I'd be happy and smiling again this time next year."

"I know. Sympathy's often harder to bear than ridicule."

"And there was fear. My little boy had an accident coming from school. Nothing terribly serious — bruises and a broken arm. But I was frantic. He was all I had left. I saw this place advertised. There was just enough money . . ."

Her voice trailed away.

"You can't stop the world and get off," he said. "My boy happens

To page 98

THE BOYFRIEND

"He has quite a way with girls—they hate him!"

–circles of spaghetti even the small fry can handle!

They're so easy to spoon up! Kia-ora SpaghettiO's. Small circles of firm spaghetti. Simmered in their own special tomato and cheese sauce that all children will love. Cute little circles that are fun to eat. In four different sizes. From teeny-weeny ones up to small ones. All easy to spoon up. And easy to eat up because Kia-ora makes them so delicious! Treat the little kids soon, to new, neat Kia-ora SpaghettiO's!

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LULUBELLE

"Nothing makes you as hungry as a good game of football."

THE THREE LAST STRAWS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

to be all I have left. He's mad on ships. Next year he'll be off with the cadets for a month on a training ship. All that month I'll be imagining him going overboard. But there's nothing I can do about it."

"You put it so logically!" she said, turning from the window.

"Tell me some other way to put it."

He was looking at the wrecked drying-rack. "When did that come down?"

"This morning, when I was underneath it." She forced herself to smile at him. "And that's helped to make me a very unpleasant person today. I'm sorry, Mr. Creswick."

"You're not unpleasant," he said. "In fact, I've been thinking how attractive you are."

He went over to examine the wreckage. "Cleat pulled right out of the wall. Now it will have to be plugged again."

"I'll scrap the lot. It's an antiquated old thing, anyway."

"I wouldn't scrap it. They're useful in places like this. When the boy comes in wet through, you'll be glad of it. I can bring some tools over and fix it, if you like."

"That's very kind of you, but I'm not one of your parishioners."

"You are. Everybody in England lives in some parson's parish—do you realise that? I'll come over on Monday. Unless you've some tools here?"

She hesitated. Then in a flat, toneless voice she said, "There's a tool-chest in the back shed."

She opened the door. The chest stood in a corner. He lifted the lid.

"Everything very neat and orderly," he murmured.

"Adrian was like that."

"I can believe it."

"The last time I saw the chest open ——"

"Yes?"

"He was making a sledge for Martin."

"And you don't like the idea of anyone else using his things?"

"I didn't say that, but ——"

"He'd probably prefer them to be used than go rusty. Don't you think so?"

She sat down, watching him. He worked quietly and efficiently. There had been no sound from Martin's room for quite a while. There he was, in the garden . . . So he had seen Kim in the lane and crept quietly downstairs to go to him! And could she blame him? Can anyone, young or old, be blamed for disobeying futile, obstructive orders?

John Creswick was unravelling the twisted cords. "You're safe for at least twenty more years," he said.

"I'm really grateful." She said it warmly, impulsively, and he smiled as if adequately rewarded. "I ought to have made tea or coffee for you, but with talking so much I quite forgot. I think there's some beer ——"

"Splendid! And then I must go."

KIM had perched on top of the gate, and Martin was standing beside him. He glanced over his shoulder as if expecting to be called indoors, then warily clambered up beside the other boy. John Creswick was putting back Adrian's tools in the chest. She brought the beer from the larder and reached a glass from the cupboard.

"Two glasses!" he said, shrugging into the old tweed jacket.

Past his broad shoulders she could see the two boys. He turned and glanced through the window.

"Kim looks a bit of a ruffian, doesn't he?"

She shook her head, remembering this morning. The woman who had stood there, calling to Martin in a shrill, strident voice, seemed like another creature. She felt a slow flush of shame cover her face.

"He wouldn't come in, you know. He told me you'd given him rather a rough reception this morning."

"I did," she said.

"He was quite hurt about it. In fact, as I walked over this way I was rehearsing a few cutting remarks about suburban snobbery and the folly of judging people by their clothes."

"I expected that."

"But somehow I never got around to it. Instead of that, we talked about . . . Well, what did we talk about?"

"Fears," she said in a low voice. "And barriers."

"And the blossom on the bough."

"Yes, that too."

"Shall I tell you something else? I thought to myself, she must be an unpleasant sort of woman, but still, she's probably lonely and embittered, so I'd better introduce her to a few people who'll ask her to their homes and make her feel she belongs here. I'll do that, of course, if you like. But . . ."

"Yes?" She looked at the quizzical frown between his eyes.

"But for a while, do you mind if I keep you all to myself?"

She shook her head again, hesitantly, not quite understanding. "No, I—I don't mind at all."

"Then I'll see you on Monday. Tomorrow's my busy day, but — Monday."

"Yes, I'll be here."

She watched him go down the path. He opened the gate, with the two boys still perched on top. He was saying something she couldn't hear, but both boys were laughing.

She turned slowly from the window.

There were scars, resentments, and fears. There was still that sharp sense of loss and loneliness. But in the blossom against the deepening sky, and the quietness of the coming night, and the picture of those three shadowy figures by the gate, there was a beginning of healing, a promise as sure as the rainbow's.

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3956.—Pretty hi-line dress with self tie or ribbon belt. Long or short sleeves also in pattern, plus long dress with or without ruffle trim. Sizes: Young Junr., 30½, 31½, 33in.; Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65c includes postage.

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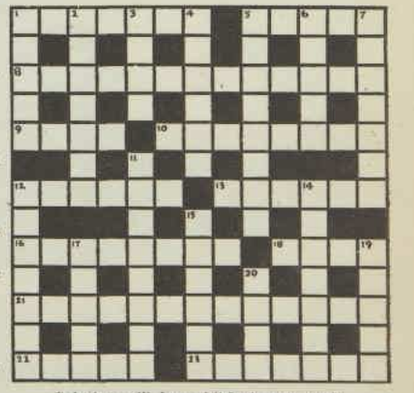
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE is following the radio signals from Skinny. But at the hideout, where Skinny is questioned about the Intel headquarters, the crooks discover his signal device. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Serious organ on a comfortable residence (7).
5. He must be Tito's musician (5).
8. Wireless wire (13).
9. The eagle of 1 across without a short saint (4).
10. Broken off piece (8).
12. Title of any man starting as a thin fog (6).
13. Traps, the centre of which may be near (6).
16. Lover can be stepmotherly (8).
18. Ruse of an employer (4).
21. Thistle-butterflies or women with plenty of make-up (7-6).
22. We are in these water-jugs (5).
23. Gives back (7).

DOWN

1. Weird (5).
2. These animals have well-developed incisors, but no canines (7).
3. Greek god of love (4).
4. Her toy can serve as opposite of practice (6).
5. Origin and genealogy of the gods (8).
6. According to Milton some can do it by only standing and waiting (5).
7. Main set (anagr., 7).
11. Worn down matter such as gravel or rock debris (8).
12. A band worn at mass over the left arm by certain ministers (7).
14. To be obstinate under control I've rest (7).
15. Fighting spirit (6).
17. Macbeth thought he heard one cry, "Sleep no more" (5).
19. Gets up (5).
20. Roma in Italy has the principal part (4).

M	A	C	E	B	E	A	R	E	R	S
P	D	M	V	A	E	I				
A	D	E	L	P	H	I	B	E	G	U	M
R	P	E	N	I	E	P				
E	N	T	E	R	C	A	D	E	N	C	E
R	O	E	T	R						
B	R	I	E	R	S	M	A	N	S	E	S
A	N	T	R	O						
C	H	I	C	A	G	O	S	P	O	O	N
R	E	T	T	E	P	A				
E	V	I	C	T	T	A	N	G	E	N	T
D	A	I	E	I	R	E				
E	L	E	C	T	R	I	C	I	A	N	

Solution of last week's crossword.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents . . .

SUMMER GARDENS

Spring bursts upon the garden with dazzling beauty, but summer can be beautiful, too, if you plan for it. In this booklet are ideas to help you make the most of your garden after spring has faded.

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A NEW LOOK AT YOUR GARDEN

As summer approaches, set your garden ablaze with drifts of color and give it a fresh and different look with some changes in shape and layout.

By ALLAN SEALE

THERE are many ideas that will make a garden more attractive and more livable throughout the year. Keep it cheerful and interesting by adding easy-to-manage perennials and annuals. A cool, shady nook will give comfortable relaxation in summer and a sun-trap provide a winter haven.

Simple alterations to layout can work wonders, such as changing the shape of a garden bed—which at the same time can provide for color in an otherwise static garden.

Shrubbery can be reshaped to give more character, or attractive features added. In this respect the garden is no different from the interior of the home, where an occasional change in decor is refreshing, and it is often the minor changes which contribute the most interest.

Transforming the garden need not be a costly undertaking or involve a great deal of effort, and when planning changes see that they will be easy to maintain later.

Color is a great enlivener, especially pleasant combinations of color. It creates a cheerful atmosphere, and is an attractive highlight among the shrubs and lawn.

But, of course, we enjoy flowers for their individual merit, and are entitled to the pleasure of growing them whether or not they contribute to the general effect.

ANNUALS

In spring there is so much color contributed by azaleas, wisteria, the flowering fruit trees and bulbs, but in summer we lean much more heavily on flowering annuals.

All summer annuals are easy to grow and flower quickly, so there is no need to be without color for long.

The main requirement is a sunny position, something not always easy to find in well-established gardens, but often the problem can be solved by some simple reorganisation. (These ideas are discussed in detail later in this booklet.)

There's a wide range of annuals for planting at this time of the year. Rather than limit your choice to the usual two or three, why not try mixtures of lots of your favorites?

Plan clumps or drifts of different kinds in patchwork-quilt formation. This can create a delightful effect, more interesting than regular plantings of one or two kinds only.

For example, the foreground could be planted with groups of dwarf phlox, Petite Yellow marigold, and Blue Mink ageratum. Gradually step this up in height with patches of Dark Opal basil or Sunburst celosia between drifts of Color Parade petunia.

If there is still background space, let Unwins dwarf dahlia or dwarf Coquette zinnia predominate, but intermingle the occasional clump of blue salvia, Forest Fire celosia, or both.

Where a simple but more dramatic effect is preferred, stud beds of Petite Yellow marigold with clumps of Dark basil or Blue Mink ageratum, or the ageratum with Sunburst celosia.

Combination plantings to a plan can extend the period of color in the garden. If, for example, phlox and petite marigolds were planted in spring, the marigolds would keep flowering until April. When the phlox finish flowering about February, they could be replaced by early violas or pansies. These would be close to flowering by the time the marigolds were removed.

In turn lobelia might follow the marigolds to accompany the violas through the latter part of the following spring while petunias were developing in the background.

(As you may have lost the train of this some time ago, you are now approaching the Christmas after next!)

Beginning on pages 6 and 7, you will find a chart and other information about annuals to help you plan good displays for the summer garden.

● Cover picture. This lovely display is in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Woodland, of Epping, N.S.W. This picture and picture on back cover by staff photographer Ron Berg.

PREPARING THE SOIL FOR FLOWERS

BEFORE planting out seedlings or sowing seeds direct into the garden, it helps to mix a little complete plant food into the soil, and in areas where the soil is known to be acid some lime will also be beneficial.

Use about 1-3rd cup of plant food (2-3oz.) and ½ cup of garden lime to the square yard. Garden lime is ground limestone or carbonate of lime, and is safe to apply with the fertiliser close to or at sowing time.

Well-rotted compost or similar organic material may also be worked into the soil at planting time, or if it is still fibrous and only partly decomposed use it as a surface mulch after the seedlings have been set out.

After fertilising and liming, the planting out or sowing could be commenced immediately, but often it is preferred to water the soil well and leave it for a week. This allows weeds time to germinate and be destroyed by light surface cultivation before planting.

SOIL TEXTURE

Remember that any soil containing clay — in other words any soil which is inclined to set hard — should only be worked when it is just damp. Dug in this state, it will crumble easily and its open texture will encourage healthy root growth.

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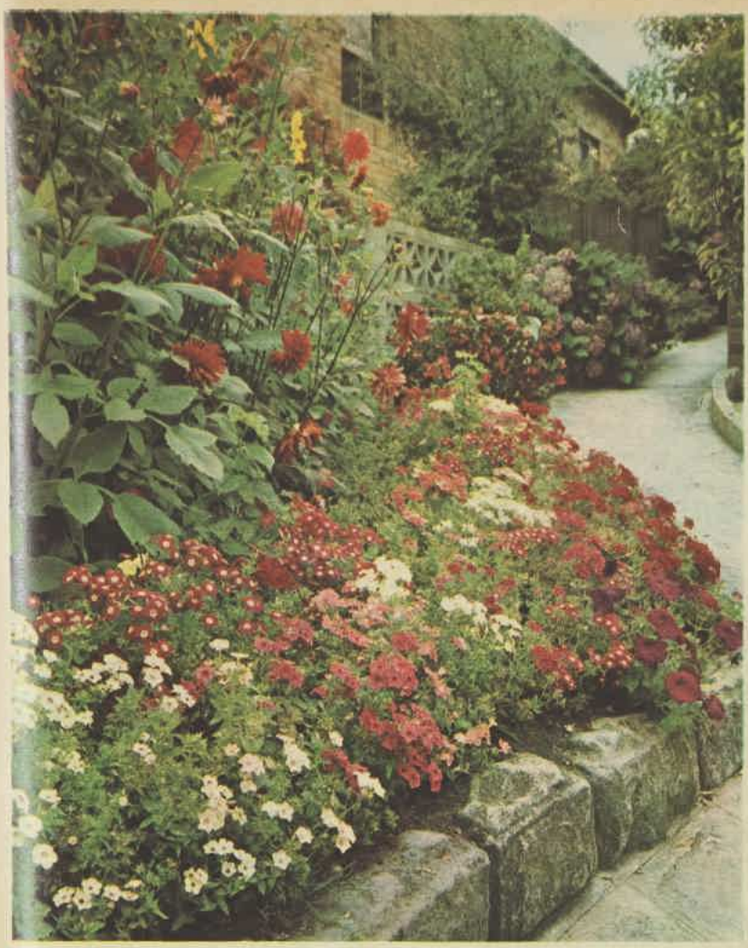
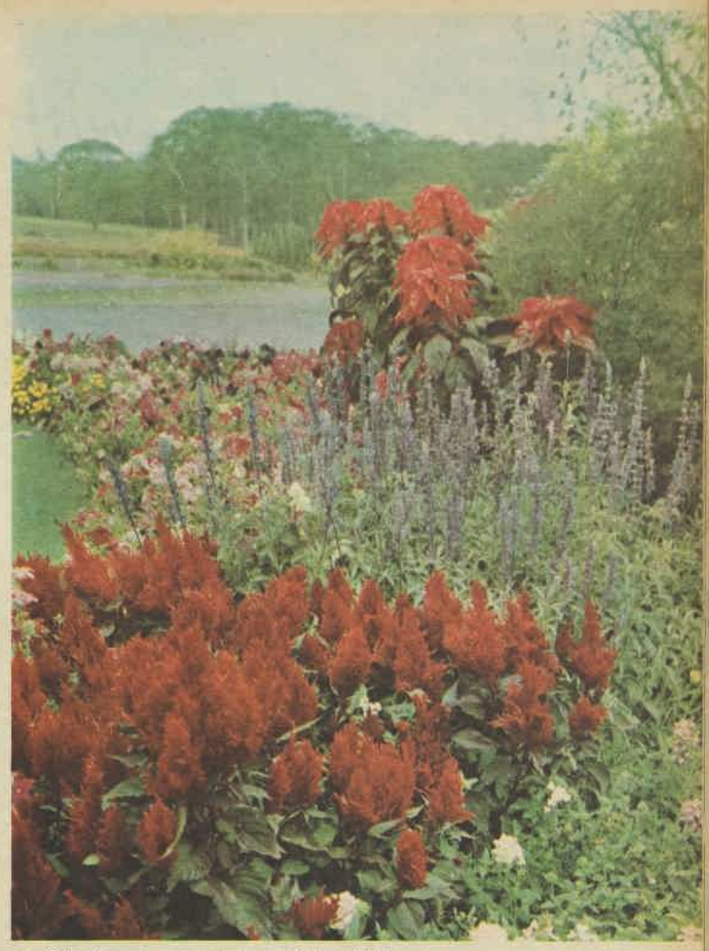


● *Bright phlox and petunias, a background of dahlias, banks of hydrangeas along a far wall. This was part of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Heron's garden at Northbridge, N.S.W., when it was photographed last January*



● *Colorful summer corner at Yates Trial Farm, Castle Hill, N.S.W.: Forest Fire celosia enlivening the foreground; blue salvia; tall amaranthus; Color Parade petunias curving away to the top left.*

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For gardens with a middle-age spread

GARDENS invariably develop a middle-age spread. It creeps up so slowly that it isn't noticed unless something one day brings on one of those fortunate, rare attacks that force you to coldly survey and study familiar surroundings objectively.

Then you discover all kinds of things. It surprises you to find that the garden has grown in on you. The bed along the boundary with the pleasantly combined shrubbery hiding the fence is now little more than a thicket. That graceful curve of the garden is eclipsed by bulging shrubbery. There is no space at all for color.

Don't feel despondent and give up. Stay in this searching mood a little longer and you will find ideas forming for easy rejuvenation of your garden, bringing it back with more interest than it had originally.

Firstly, the shrubs can be trimmed back into shape. Most of them could be cut now even if new growth has started. In some cases, one or two intruding branches could be removed, leaving heavier all-over trimming until later.

Why not open up the area a little by removing one or two of the least attractive shrubs? This would give greater depth to the area and bring the remainder into groups which could easily be balanced, if necessary, with a little extra foreground planting. If this is a sunny section, the space opened up would make an interesting little bay for annuals and other variety planting.

But what about the fence? If you can't hide it easily, feature it. Take the starkness off the palings with a few laths tacked across in lattice fashion and drape a creeper, planted so that it comes in from toward one side. A panel of basket-weave wood veneer may look more effective. (See sketches A, B, C.)

There are plenty of attractive creepers you could use — jasmine, rhynchospermum, or a climbing rose if it is sunny, ivy or an espaliered Camellia sasanqua if it isn't.

If the fence is too shaded for a gay color spot, why not create a small, shady nook for a garden seat? No doubt one of these overgrown shrubs could be trimmed up from the base to expose a trunk. This would give it treelike character and provide a leafy umbrella for the garden seat.

Below the tree a few flagstones, gravel, or both would make the area more attractive, and the fence could be treated as suggested for the sunny color nook.

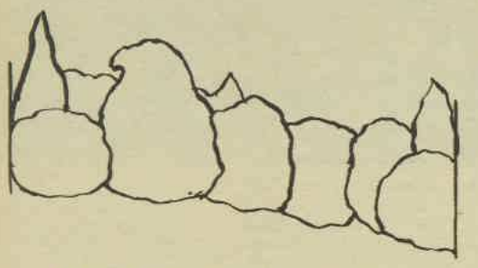
Shrubs which would adapt for this type of conversion could be large cotoneasters, gordonia, arbutus, Tecoma sambucafolia, bauhinia alba or variegata, some of the larger bottlebrush, prunus, or even large rhododendrons or frangipani.

Appreciate that when an old shrub is cut back severely it may take some time to recover its attractive shape, and to avoid a long period of bareness it may be preferable to deal severely first with alternate ones. The remainder can be undertaken when the first have recovered.

The desired shape will rarely be achieved with the first pruning. Cut the shrub back beyond the size you require, then mould the new growth by pinching out the tips to encourage further bushiness and to limit its size. In some cases, excess shoots may need rubbing off.

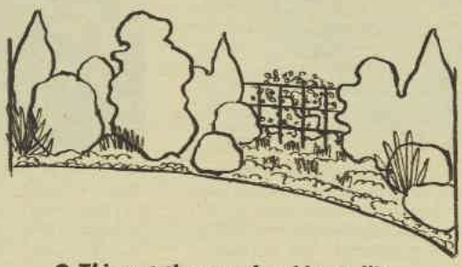
● A little judicious cutting and shaping will rejuvenate your garden, and give its appearance a wonderful lift. The sketches below show two ways you could tackle this: there are many others.

SKETCH A



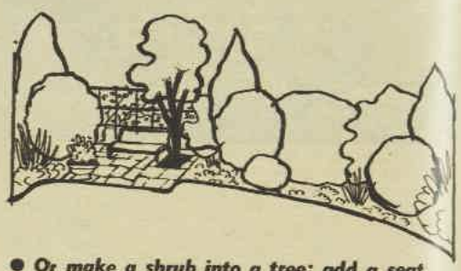
● A shrubbery that's become a thicket.

SKETCH B



● Thin out the growth, add a trellis.

SKETCH C



● Or make a shrub into a tree; add a seat.

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EVERY GARDEN SHOULD HAVE ITS INTERESTING WALK

A WALK winding through a semi-enclosed flower garden could add a great deal of interest, providing extra room for color and allowing you to indulge in a variety of interesting annuals, perennials, and bulbs without them detracting from the overall garden during their off-period.

Alternatively, if you have plenty of space for these plants, the walk could wind through a picturesque little Japanese garden, with a shallow pool, a gently mounded section, and stepping-stones wandering over river gravel.

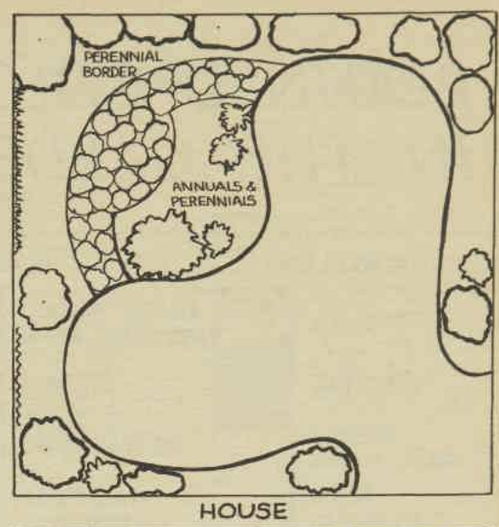
This idea is suggested in sketches D, E, and F.

Sketch D represents the garden in an overgrown state. Sketch E shows it with some shrubbery thinned out and a section cut into the lawn to provide room for a curving, stone-paved walk, and a perennial garden. A Japanese maple at one end forms a light screen and some shade to cater for variety in the perennials.

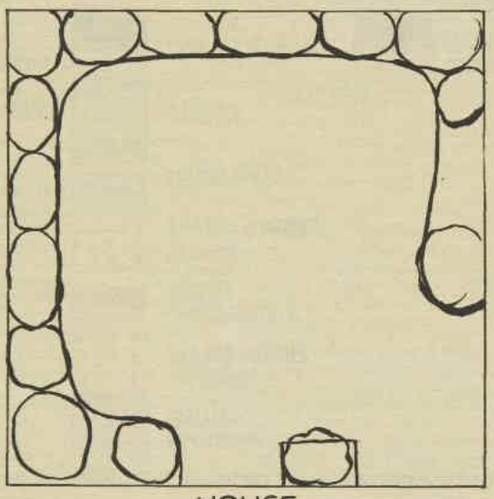
Although the lawn has been reduced in area, the remaining space will give the illusion of longer vistas, and look more interesting than the original shape.

Sketch F shows a similar treatment, except that a Japanese garden replaces the perennial garden. The section around the maple and stone lantern is mounded to give a more interesting effect.

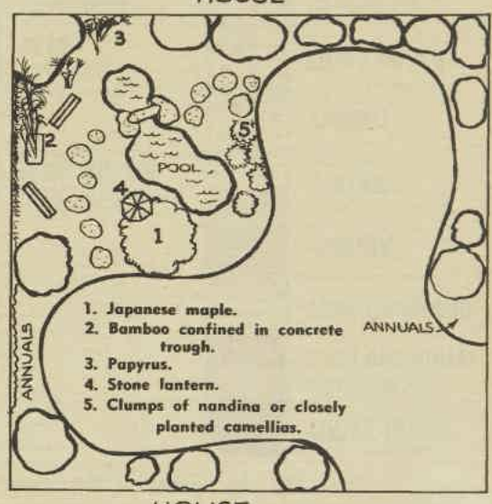
In this layout (Sketch E, right) there is still plenty of lawn, but it loses its square-block look in graceful curves which complement the curved, paved walk through beds of annuals and perennials. Tree on lower right of the path is a Japanese maple.



Sketch D, at right, shows what might be considered an orthodox home garden: an expanse of lawn surrounded by shrubs and annuals. The diagrams E and F illustrate how the same garden could be transformed into patterns of grace and movement, a delight to the eye.



Sketch F, at right, is similar to the one above, but it has been laid out as a Japanese garden, with stepping-stones across a pool, a tub of bamboo, and a stone lantern to help create the atmosphere.



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PLANNED COLOR IN THE GARDEN

● This chart will help you plan a colorful combination of annuals. For a gradually stepped-up effect, choose from each column — diagonally, or across. For an even, carpet effect, keep to the one vertical column. Approximate color tonings are indicated by the square at right of each flower name. All these may be sown now for a fine summertime display.

5-10 INCHES OR UNDER	10-15 INCHES OR UNDER	15-20 INCHES	20-30 INCHES	30 INCHES AND OVER (FIGURE FOLLOWING NAME REPRESENTS HEIGHT IN INCHES)
PORTULACA	CELOSIA "SUNBURST" (FIRE FEATHER, GOLD F.)	BALSAM	ASTERS	BLUE SALVIA 36
AGERATUM	PETUNIAS	GAILLARDIA (PERENNIAL)	BONFIRE SALVIA	MARIGOLDS TALL AFRICAN 36
BEGONIA THOUSAND WONDERS	MEXICAN POPPY	GAILLARDIA LORENZIANA	VISCARIA	ZINNIA DAHLIA FLOWERED TYPES 36
PETITE MARIGOLDS	TALL PHLOX (DRUMMONDI)	ZINNIA LINEARIS	STATICE	COSMOS MANDARIN 40
DWARF PHLOX	BASIL DARK OPAL	ZINNIA OLD MEXICO	GLORIOSA DAISY	DELPHINIUM PACIFIC GIANTS 48
TORENIA			KOCHIA	AMARANTHUS 48
DIANTHUS	BRACHYCOMBE (SWAN RIVER DAISY)		SALPIGLOSSIS	DAHLIAS CHARM DEC., ETC., 40-60
VERBENA			UNWIN'S DWARF DAHLIA	CLEOME 40-60 SPIDERFLOWER
DIMORPHOTHECA			ZINNIA PERSIAN CARPET	HELECHRYSUM 30-36 STRAWFLOWER
CALIFORNIAN POPPY (ESCHSCHOLTZIA)			ZINNIA DWARF (COQUETTE)	
DWARF SALVIA			CELOSIA FOREST FIRE	

Full descriptions of the above annuals and their growing requirements are contained in the following pages.

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Some summer annuals to choose from

● ***Here are more details about the plants on the chart on the opposite page.***

Ageratum: Blue Mink is the most popular variety. It is compact, with massed heads of soft blue. Blue Blazer is a new hybrid type, deeper in color, but usually not as even in growth. Sow in seed-beds or seed-raising mixture and transplant to 9in. apart. Should leaves become crimped and distorted, spray under foliage for aphis.

Amaranthus: A colorful foliage plant for backgrounds, for mixed plantings or massed against sunny walls or fences. Transplant to 18in. apart.

A. Salicifolius is the fine leafed type that is a metallic bronze-green until almost fully grown, when suddenly the new growth bursts forth in a fountain of sunset tonings. Average height 5ft.

A. Tricolor or Joseph's Coat. Leaves are zoned with deep red-gold and green. Colorful in early stages and popular as seedlings. 4ft.

A. Molten Fire: Similar to salicifolius, but with wider foliage and very brilliant plumage in the later stages of growth. 4ft. 6in.

A. Mixtures: Contain a blend of the above types.

Asters: Asters are not as easy to grow as other flowering annuals. They may need occasional spraying to beat the aster grub, and sometimes wilt takes sudden toll. But in some seasons they give a wonderful performance without much attention.

They make such a delightful show that it is certainly worth the gamble to include them in the summer garden, but it is safer to use them as incidental clumps rather than as the mainstay.

Several types are available: **Crego**, the best of the soft, shaggy-petal types. Makes a compact branching plant excellent for garden display. **King Aster,** a strong plant with exceptionally long stems and large blooms with quilled petals. These flowers have better weather resistance than other types, and last well when cut. They carry all the aster colors, as well as some interesting red and coral shades not found in other varieties. Flowers about two weeks later than Crego. **Powder Puff,** an upright slender plant with an abundance of pin-cushion-like flowers bunched close to the stem. Colors are varied and attractive.

Begonias: This refers to the fibrous-rooted types. Modern types such as Thousand Wonders are very compact and free flowering, commencing in spring and continuing until May, or right through the winter in semi-tropical coastal districts. Colors are pink, red, and white, with variations of dark bronze or green foliage in each color. Adaptable to full sun or shade, but for best results need at least a few hours' sun per day. New dwarf types are only available as seedlings. Sow seeds of taller type on the surface of seed-raising mixture or moist seed-box, and transplant to 9in. apart.

Balsam: Hardy in any warm situation. Once established, keep water and nitrogenous fertiliser to a minimum, otherwise plants develop heavy foliage which obscures the flowers. Sow direct and thin out or transplant to 10in. apart.

Brachycombe (Swan River Daisy): A delightful plant little known or grown in Australian gardens, although it originated as a Western Australian native. It thrives in well-drained sunny situations. Growth is ideal for rockeries — rather spreading, about 10in. high, and during summer covered with small blooms, mostly in pale mauve and blue shades. Sow direct, then thin to 9in. apart.

Basil, Dark Opal: A handsome, compact foliage plant growing to about 15in. high, with very dark, opalescent bronze-purple foliage. Later the plant covers with spikes of tiny mauve flowers.

Dark Opal has the characteristic, rich spicy aroma of herbal basil, and just a few plants are sufficient to send occasional waves of perfume around the garden.

Sow direct, or transplant when small, spacing about 10in. apart. For a different effect, try "spotting" single plants at 4ft. to 5ft. intervals among bedding petunias, Blue Mink ageratum or Petite Yellow marigolds.

Celosia: There have been advances in celosia varieties during recent years. The old, dull magenta plumage is now almost out. Celosia thrives in a warm, sunny position.

Forest Fire is the most spectacular of the taller types. It grows to about 2½ft. and is crowned with broad pyramids of rich, scarlet plumage. The foliage is an attractive bronze green. It mixes strikingly with Dwarf Coquette zinnia, and also gives a pleasant effect if planted with a scattering of blue salvia. Transplant about 1ft. apart.

Sunburst is a dwarf-mixture celosia growing to about 15in. high. It contains two types, Fire Feather, with silky, bright scarlet plumage, and Gold Feather, a shimmering gold. Seeds of each are separated in the packages so the colors may be clumped or bordered separately. Transplant to about 9in. apart.

Cosmos: Best known are types such as Sensation, with colors ranging from wine, rose, and mauve to clear white. Cosmos are not as leggy today as in earlier years. The plants are relatively compact, growing only 4ft. to 5ft.

Mandarin is a different and a very striking cosmos. The flowers are bright orange-red, semi-double, about 2in. across, on vigorous plants about 3ft. high. Sow direct into the garden, setting a patch of three or four seeds at intervals of 1ft. They will flower within eight weeks.

Dahlias: These are not annuals, but Unwins Dwarf should be mentioned here, as it is a compact, free-flowering bedding variety which combines ideally with annuals such as Dwarf Coquette zinnias, marigolds, blue salvia, or as a massed background for petunias.

They grow about 2½ft. high, and are heavily studded with flowers about 3in. across in many shades of red, pink, gold, cream, and tawny. Remove the old flowers regularly, and they will continue flowering for a long period.

These Unwins Dwarfs flower quickly from seed and form tubers, so any with special appeal may be used in future seasons. Transplant to about 18in. apart.

Dimorphotheca: Bright little daisies in orange and apricot tones, on plants growing about 10in. high. They prefer warm, sunny positions and once established show resistance to drought. Sow direct, and thin out to about 4in. apart.

To page 10

Sunburst celosia is a mixture of reds and golds

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● *In this garden at Palm Beach, N.S.W., the lobelia has carried through the spring to greet the petunias (Confetti—a multiflora type). In February it could be replaced by early violas, or a late summer-autumn show of phlox, or Petite Yellow marigolds.*

● *Petunias — these are Giant Fringed — are ideal spillover plants for containers, as they help keep the soil cool. The hibiscus is variety Mrs. Tompkins.*

● *Available only as seedlings, Cherry Tart petunias (right) are a first-generation hybrid; the parent-strains must be re-crossed afresh for each season's sowing.*

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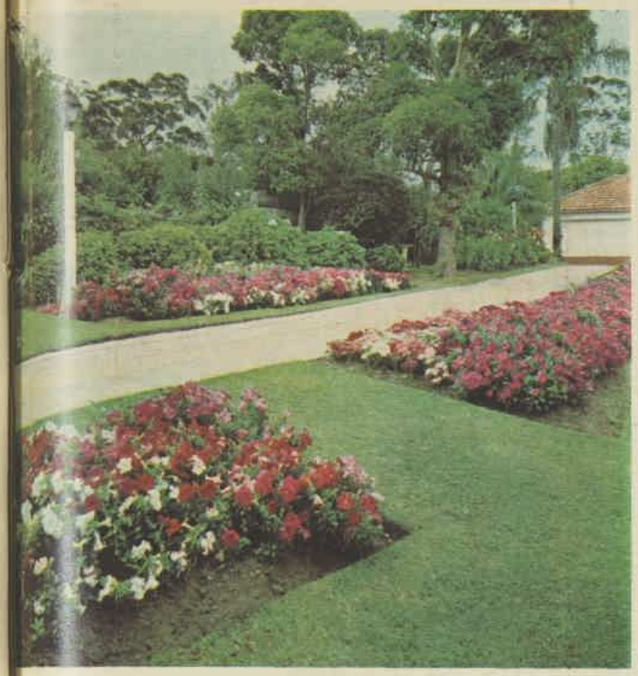
Gay petunias



● *In Mr. and Mrs. Alan Williams's garden at Killara, dwarf bedding petunias, multiflora types similar to Confetti, flower gaily in the sun. Petunias are best kept a little dry and under - fed once established.*

● *White and light-colored petunias (right) are popular when gardens are used at night, as they show up more effectively under artificial light than the blues and reds. This variety is called Happy Talk White.*

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Some summer annuals to choose from—*continued*

From page 7

Gaillardia: G. Grandiflora is the well-known perennial type with flat, single flowers in contrasting colors of reds and gold. G. lorenziana is a quicker flowering type, with pompone-like flowers. The general effect is a pleasant combination of yellow, buff, and tawny shades. About 15in. high. Sow direct or transplant to 10in. apart.

Gloriosa Daisy (hybrid rudbeckia): A long flowering perennial which is hardy enough to grow well in hot, dry situations. The large flowers are 5 to 6in. across, with prominent dark centres and large floppy petals, sometimes plain gold, but mostly strongly zoned with bronze or dark maroon and edged with gold. Sow direct, or transplant to 14in. apart.

Kochia, Summer Cypress: Dense-foliaged symmetrical annuals like small cypress about 3ft. high, soft green in summer, purple in autumn. Suit formal planting, as a temporary hedge, as a background of other annuals, or spotted here and there where a little form is required in the planting. For a hedge effect, transplant to 18in. apart.

Marigolds: Plant breeders seem to be using the marigold to disprove the "silk purse from the sow's ear" proverb. It could well be renamed the Eliza Doolittle flower, as a remoulding process is gradually changing it from an ungainly bush with rather smelly foliage to an elegant, compact plant displaying generous, velvet-textured flowers.

Even the smell has been removed successfully from the foliage of some varieties. In America, an almost pure white marigold has already been produced, but the goal is a true pink one.

Crackerjack is one of the most popular of the taller African types, with sturdy, branching plants 3 to 4ft. high. Blooms are large and ruffled in bright orange, gold lemon, and creamy yellow. **Hawaii** has large, rich orange blooms on compact plants, 2½-3ft. high, with odorless foliage.

French types: These were once considered to be winter-flowering, and they do grow and flower happily during winter where frosts are not severe, but they are at their best during the warm weather.

The **Petite Yellow** is one of the most valuable assets to the summer garden. It is compact, flowering when about 6in. high, increasing to about 10in. as new flowers gradually cover up the fading ones. They flower nonstop for many months, and make delightful company for dwarf phlox, petunias, ageratum, dwarf salvia, etc.

Petite Orange is an orange counterpart of Petite Yellow, with the same free-flowering habit. A little more thought is needed when using this color in company with others, for although it is effective with yellow, white, or blue, it is inclined to kill the bright reds in salvia or petunia mixtures.

Marigolds are hardy, and may be sown direct where they are to flower, or transplanted to about 15in. apart for taller types or 8in. for petite. In pest control, the most important thing is to put down snail baits in the early stages, as these night marauders are especially fond of the petite types. White-flecked foliage suggests infestation of jassid or leaf hopper, a small, quick-moving winged insect. Spray or dust with pesticide.

Nasturtiums: Given the right aspect and conditions, nasturtiums will provide a colorful display. They need plenty of sun and tough conditions when they approach the flowering stage, otherwise the flowers will be hidden by foliage.

There are several other annuals such as petunias, balsam, and Gloriosa Daisy which perform well under similar conditions, but keep your nasturtiums apart from zinnias, marigolds, and other plants which respond to feeding and frequent watering.

Limit feeding to about a handful of complete plant food at the time of sowing, allow moderate watering until plants are established. From then on, keep them on the dry side. This keeps foliage small and flowers plentiful. Nasturtiums are particularly suitable for sunny rockeries, troughs, tubs, or large hanging baskets.

Petunias: A hot dry summer is the ideal environment for petunias. Under this condition they flower gaily for many months, and because of this many new varieties have come on to the market over recent years. Because they are so well suited to the hot, dry American summers they represent the major part of America's "bedding plant" business. Hence nowadays the attention of overseas plant breeders is focused mainly on the once lonely petunia.

For best results, give petunias a little coaxing in the early stages — a cup of complete plant food to 3 or 4 sq. yds. of area, and a reasonable amount of water. Watering should be tapered off when the plants commence to bush out.

If conditions are very dry during the flowering stage, water them once a week, but for the benefit of the flowers, avoid prolonged overhead watering.

If flowering of early established plants tapers off in January, cut them back to stimulate another display of bloom. Petunias are rarely troubled by pests except slugs and snails in the early stages, but well placed baits will usually give protection.

Petunias from seed: As petunia seed is very fine (and expensive), it doesn't lend itself to direct sowing into the garden. For best results, sow them in boxes or containers with seed-raising mixture, just pressing the seed into the surface. Transplant 10 to 12in. apart.

Varieties: Modern petunia mixtures are interesting and very gay. They contain cleaner and stronger colors than earlier types. **Color Parade** is a most spectacular mixture. The flowers are almost as large as the well-known fringed or Exhibition type, but they are produced in masses as freely as the older-type bedding petunia, and the colors are clear and definite — scarlet, dark blue, pure white, rose, and salmon.

This raises an important point: The plant growth of each color is noticeably different in the early seedling stage, so you can arrange a good mixture and avoid predominance of one color.

Confetti is one of the more conventional, smaller-flowered bedding petunias, but it has a good strong range of colors, and is very free flowering. **Exhibition** has large, fringed flowers, attractively marked. They are interesting, but valued more for the appeal of the individual flower rather than for garden color. Growth is comparatively prostrate.

Petunias flower for months in hot, dry conditions

Super Double and Victorious are like fluffy carnations, and have an attractive range of colors. Their growth habits are similar to the Exhibition types, and make effective spillover plants.

Cherry Tart is a showy double with petals changing abruptly from white to cherry-red. Its flowers are smaller than earlier double types, but are more freely produced. Growth is unusually upright to about 18 inches, but compact.

Honey Bunch has the same character as Cherry Tart, but flowers are a deep salmon. There are other single bedding petunias of one color available, such as Red Satin or Happy Talk, scarlet; Pink Bountiful, a soft salmon pink; Butterscotch, one of the first of the creamy yellows, which was followed by the more prolific Brass Band; and colorful older favorites such as Rosy Morn or Rose of Heaven.

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● *Hybrid rudbeckia, the Gloriosa Daisy, likes a hot, sunny position, flowers within 12 weeks from seed sown in the spring.*

● *These marigolds (above) are the variety Hawaii, a newcomer with large, ruffled, orange blooms produced freely on compact, 3ft.-high plants. It has odorless foliage, but so far is available only as seedlings.*

● *The Sungold sunflower (left), unlike the old type sunflowers, makes a showy, 5ft.-high pyramid-shaped branching plant heavily decked with bloom. It is annual, and flowers in summer from seed sown in spring.*

● *Gazanias (left) make a gay ground cover for sunny embankments or other warm, well-drained areas. They smother weed growth, and in spring and summer produce masses of blooms on 4 to 6in. stems.*

● *Celosia Golden Feather (right) grows only 15 to 18in. tall. Its plumes are sparkling gold, and with its scarlet counterpart, Fire Feather, makes up the combination called Sunburst celosia.*

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Some summer annuals to choose from—*continued*

From page 10

Phlox: Phlox will give you a bright, cheerful display in any area where at least half a day's sunlight reaches them. They respond well to moderate feeding and watering, but also perform well under dry conditions. Phlox grow easily, sown direct into the garden or transplanted.

Feeding with complete liquid manures when flowering commences will encourage formation of more buds, and prolong the display. Flowers last better without overhead watering, so a surface mulch around the plants will allow you to water between the plants without puddling the soil.

Drummondii dwarf (compacta) phlox give the brightest carpet effect, as the flowers are carried at a more even level. These grow to 9 or 10in., slightly taller in part-shade.

Drummondii tall grows to about 18in., and is useful where an intermediate height is required. **Bright Eyes** is also a taller type, with a white or contrasting centre which helps to brighten the overall effect. **Twinkle** is a star type, with irregularly cut pointed petals. It is interesting and attractive but doesn't provide the same intensity of color. Height about 10in.

Sow phlox thinly in rows about 10in. apart, and thin out to 4 to 6in. between the plants. Don't worry if several plants are clumped closely, provided there is a breathing space of a few inches surrounding the clump. When transplanting, allow about 6in. between plants.

White tips developing on the foliage are usually a sign that fertiliser has been applied a little too heavily. In this case, give them a good soaking, and they will soon grow out of the condition.

Salpiglossis: This offers variety when you are seeking something different. It provides an attractive array of trumpet-shaped flowers about 2in. long, in numerous combinations of bronze, gold, red, and violet on long, slender stems. Height, 2 to 3ft. Sow direct, and thin out to about 6in. apart.

Snow-on-the-Mountain (Euphorbia variegata): Attractive grey-green foliage heavily margined with white, surrounding clusters of small white flowers. It makes an interesting contrast in the garden, and is valued as a cut flower. Some people are allergic to its sap. Height 2-3ft. Sow direct, or transplant 18in. apart.

Salvia: The red salvias can be used for very dramatic effect. They are spectacular at the edge of a rich green lawn, and mix happily with white, blue, and lemon-yellow, but are too intense to complement other colors. Dwarf or Dwarf Scarlet is very even, and grows only to about 10in. **Bonfire** was at one time a tall and irregular salvia, but selected modern strains grow only to about 2ft.

Viscaria: Masses of disc-shaped flowers (about 10-cent size) in mauve, pink, and pale blue on thin, wiry, branching stems about 2ft. high. Gives a softening effect to the garden. Sow direct, and thin out lightly. Tight clumps of seedlings will flower if there is space surrounding them.

Zinnias: Zinnias give the brightest color mixture of all the annuals. They are sometimes considered stiff, but this could only apply to the tall types when set out in stark rows.

Zinnias are improved by regular feeding and watering, but still provide a good color display under fairly dry conditions. They come up quickly and easily from seed, so lend themselves to sowing direct where they are to flower. Always pinch out the centre flower bud, as this helps the plant to branch into a more compact form, and improves flower quality.

Zinnias give the brightest color mixture of all

Blue Salvia (Farinacea) is a perennial, and makes a sturdy bush, heavily headed with a very erect, soft blue plumage. In mixed plantings it has a softening effect, and is a delightful foil for any other color. Average height is about 2½ft.

Once I saw it used in an unusual but very effective manner in a council garden at Chatswood, N.S.W. A large rectangular bed was planted alternately with blue and dwarf red salvia. The taller growing blue formed a soft blue veiling over the intense red carpet. Transplant dwarf salvia 12in. apart, Bonfire and blue about 18in.

Straw Flower (Helichrysum): These are papery-textured everlastings in gold, bronze, and pink. New types grow only to about 3ft.; space 18in. apart.

Torenia: Resembling small, deep blue snapdragons, with open paler centres. Space 6-8in. apart.

Dahlia-flowered and Californian Giant were the two popular large-flowered zinnias, the first with petals pointing slightly upward, and the latter with a flatter flower formation because the petals were more lateral.

Now there seems to be less distinction between the two. In fact, blends offered by most seedsmen, such as Brilliant Giant or Gold Medal, contain the best of both to extend the color range of the mixtures.

These types grow to about 3ft. and are useful for backgrounds or clumping between the tall marigolds, etc., to extend the color range. When sown direct they may be left as close as 4 or 5in., provided there is at least 18in. between rows. This is closer than usually recommended, but it does give greater color variety. Alternatively, transplant about 1ft. apart.

Dwarf Coquette is a very showy zinnia, with well-branched, compact growth about 30in. high. The even height of the flower heads gives the impression that they are more colorful and carrying more flower than other types. They certainly contain the greatest variety of colors. The giant quilled blooms come in various two-toned pastel combinations, as well as in bright reds, pinks, and golds.

Lilliput or **pompone** zinnias are popular for cutting. They produce their golf-ball-sized flowers over many months. Height, 24 to 30in., space about 12in. apart. The **improved gaillardia-flowered** has blooms about 3in. across, with two-toned petals in combinations such as rose with white tip, maroon with gold tip, etc. Many are singles displaying a prominent centre—the gaillardia character. Height and spacing as for Lilliput.

Persian Carpet (Haageana) zinnia is similar in nature to the gaillardia-flowered zinnia, but it has a more definite two-toned effect and slightly smaller flowers. Height about 2ft. Space about 12in. apart.

Linearis, a small-flowered zinnia, has masses of orange flowers like tiny marigolds. It flowers for a long period, and withstands dry conditions well. Attractive as a background for ageratum or torenia, or in the foreground of blue salvia. Height 18in., space 10in. apart.

Old Mexico is another attractive little zinnia. The petals of the nearly double blooms are deep maroon, with a definite gold tip, creating a star-like character. It is available as seedlings only. Height 18in., space 10in. apart.

Thumbelina is a tiny zinnia only about 8in. high, and it makes a dome-shaped plant heavily studded with 1in. across miniature blooms. Needs plenty of sun and a well-drained position or it may be susceptible to fungous disease. This little plant is excellent in some areas, but disappointing in others.

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PREPARING THE SOIL FOR FLOWERS

(From page 2)

On the other hand, if it is worked when still wet and sticky, it loses its texture and sets extremely hard when dry. If uncertain, test by squeezing a small amount of the soil. It should be moist enough to mould into a ball, but dry enough so that you can crumble it after moulding. If still sticky, leave a day longer.

GROWING FROM SEED

Raising your own seedlings is interesting. The soil you choose can make the difference between success and failure.

Avoid finely sieved soils, as these pack too closely, hampering development and movement of moisture through the soil. Choose something of a more crumbly nature.

Two parts of river sand to one of crumbled moist peatmoss is a safe medium. Add about one heaped teaspoon of garden lime and one of complete balanced fertiliser to each bucket of soil mixture.

Alternatively, there are ready-prepared mixtures on the market which contain a large percentage of vermiculite. This holds moisture without becoming soggy and promotes wonderful root growth, allowing seedlings to transplant easily without root damage. Therefore, special seed boxes are not necessary.

Using these mixtures, up to about 2 doz. seedlings can be grown successfully in a 4in. or 5in. pot. Crocking and other drainage is not necessary.

Where these mixtures are not obtainable, they can be made up by mixing 4 measures of vermiculite with one of previously moistened crumbled peatmoss. As there is no plant nutrient in either of these materials, moisten with a solution of one of the packeted soluble liquid manures, made up at half the strength recommended on the packet. Use about 1 pint of the solution to a gallon container of the mixture.

This mixture is now ready to use, but if preferred for economy it can be mixed with equal parts of clean sand. **Don't use beach sand unless it has first been washed to remove salt.**

Firm into containers. Fine seed such as petunia or begonia should be just pressed into the surface. Larger seeds, such as zinnia or marigold, may be covered to a depth of ¼in. However, as this mixture is so light, a little deeper than normal coverage wouldn't matter.

● *Above: Mark out shapes of seed areas. Below: Drop in seed (scatter in if fine). Cover seeds with vermiculite, pinch along line to pull in soil slightly.*

Sowing direct into the garden

THIS shortcuts transplanting and usually results in quicker maturity, as the plants don't suffer the usual setback from transplanting.

On the debit side, quick-germinating weed growth can be difficult to control among the tiny seedlings. Some soils crust badly over the surface, making germination difficult. In other light soils, it can be difficult to maintain a moist surface until the seedlings are established.

Vermiculite or the seed-raising mixtures earlier mentioned are a valuable aid when sowing seed direct into the garden. Used as a topping over the seed, it prevents caking and helps to hold moisture in contact with the seed.

It also makes weed control easier, for the silvery vermiculite doesn't deteriorate and remains as an obvious marker over the drills where the seed is sown. Then all growth outside the defined areas is easily eliminated by scuffling the surface, and hand weeding has to be done only along the seeded rows.

How it is Done:

After preparing the soil as suggested, use a stake or rake handle to mark out the rows or the shape desired, making them about ¼in. deep.

Lightly scatter the seed by taking a pinch at a time and dropping this gradually over a predetermined length of row—say one pinch per foot, depending on fineness of seed.

Then top over the seed with vermiculite or seed-raising mixture, using about one handful to 18in. of row.

To help anchor this featherlight topping in place, draw forefinger and thumb along either side of the row to pull in the shoulder of the row slightly and partly cover the band of topping. Pat down and water lightly but well.

his way, Pierre."

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● *Verbenas (right) make gay spillovers for rockeries or raised beds. They revel in hot conditions, and withstand dryness when established. Cut back after first flowering, and new flowers will form.*

● *Zinnias (left), the painted beauties of summer, grow easily from seed, even sown direct into the garden. They germinate and grow quickly. Pinch out the first buds.*

● *Each Powder Puff aster plant (right) bears its flowers in a carefully arranged bunch—and has been bred to do so for the cut-flower market. Color range is varied.*

● *Begonias will flower from spring till frosts cut them. Their fine seed should be just pressed on to the soil surface. This dwarfed Thousand Wonders type (right) is available only as seedlings.*

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What every garden should have:

A COOL, GREEN RETREAT FOR SUMMER DAYS

● There's nothing like the soft green light that comes through an overhead canopy of leaves to give an illusion of coolness.

EVERY garden needs a cool, shady retreat where one can relax in summer amid cool, natural greenery.

If the garden is on the southern side of the house, it will already have a permanently shaded area.

Here, with the addition of some light shrubbery to partly seclude and overhang the area, it will be easy to create the atmosphere of a cool, moist, woodland dell.

Add some ferns, mossy rocks

Add a few ferns and mossy rocks, or even a tiny pool or a trickle of water, and a cool, relaxing atmosphere will be assured. (See the picture on the back page of booklet.)

This adds variety to your garden as well as comfort, for you have created also the right environment for many interesting ferns and for a variety of exotic plants that would not be at home in the more exposed garden.

If the garden faces north and is exposed to full sunlight, shelter for a cool bower can be planted that will add interest to the overall plan and at the same time leave plenty of sun-drenched sections for winter comfort, where gay color will be easy to grow.

★ ★ ★

Let's take this as an example of how it can be done while leaving the garden with a sense of spaciousness.

At the front section of a house facing south (30ft. back from street, 45ft. frontage), a cool summer nook is planned.

It will have about 12ft. x 10ft. of circulating area, large enough for family or small-scale summer entertaining.

Lighting at night would be pleasant, as it adjoins the house and would present few problems.

Three flowering peaches could be used to partly screen and throw light shade over the larger part of the area. Further in, toward the house, two Japanese maples are placed where they will shade effectively without obstructing the area. One is on the edge of a tiny pool, the other nearer the wall.

These deciduous trees are useful for several reasons. Firstly because they can be trained upward and out in an umbrella shape and, being near the house, will not reach proportions that are too large.

They give a cool, greenish light through their foliage, and allow sunlight through their leafless winter branches. Leaves in pool or on the gravel are not a constant problem as they would be with evergreens, as these shed foliage only in the autumn.

Flowering cherries or silver birch could be used effectively in cool areas.

In mild to warm climates, Albizzia, the Cape wattle, would also be good where a quicker grower is required. It grows about 1ft. a year, making a spreading, umbrella-shaped tree like a small poinciana with cream or pink silky, bristle-like flowers.

A pool of irregular shape

Suitable evergreens would be Pittosporum undulatum, Eucalpytus nicholi, or Agonis, the willow myrtle, for coastal areas. For more severe climates carob bean or boobyalla (Myoporium) would be a good choice.

The pool: The pool need not be large, as even a small one can give a pleasant, cooling effect and create a moist atmosphere. For natural effect choose an irregular shape, and if space is a problem limit it to 2ft. or 3ft. across.

It can be simply constructed with a polythene lining over about an inch of cement, and edged or slightly lipped with flat rocks.

If you can locate a few mossy, weathered rocks, so much the better. Place them so that one or two tip forward sufficiently to touch the water.

They will absorb moisture and help to emphasise the atmosphere. (This will mean that the water level will need topping off more frequently than otherwise.)

ADD A CASCADE OR A WATERFALL

● And let it return to the pool through mossy "banks" and ferns.

EFFICIENT and noiseless submersible pumps now available will circulate water cascading over rocks or spilling from a set of elevated ponds.

The power for the pump can come through a 30-volt transformer kept inside the house, eliminating costly installation and any hazards that might come from the normal 240-volt current. Cost of pump and transformer would be about $80.

Another interesting effect could be achieved by using the pump to return the water to the pool via a tiny, rippling brook.

This could be designed to encircle most of the area. Small river stones covering plastic sheeting could be used as a simple "river bed," and the "banks" landscaped with mossy rocks and clumps of fern.

It would involve a little thought to design an effective grade, but apart from the outlay for the pump no costly permanent construction is involved. It is something that can be changed around easily until you reach the desired effect.

Once that has been decided, it could be made a little more substantial with a cement lining over the polythene, with some of the river gravel permanently bedded.

The pool submerging the pump would, of course, be at the lowest point, with underground plastic tubing carrying the water to a higher level.

If desired, the water could enter the higher level as a fountain in single or divided jets about 2ft. high. It could leave to commence the brook as a waterfall.

The water can be lifted efficiently with the outlet up to 4ft. higher than the submerged pump. So there is plenty of scope for ideas.

one of the last of the great names

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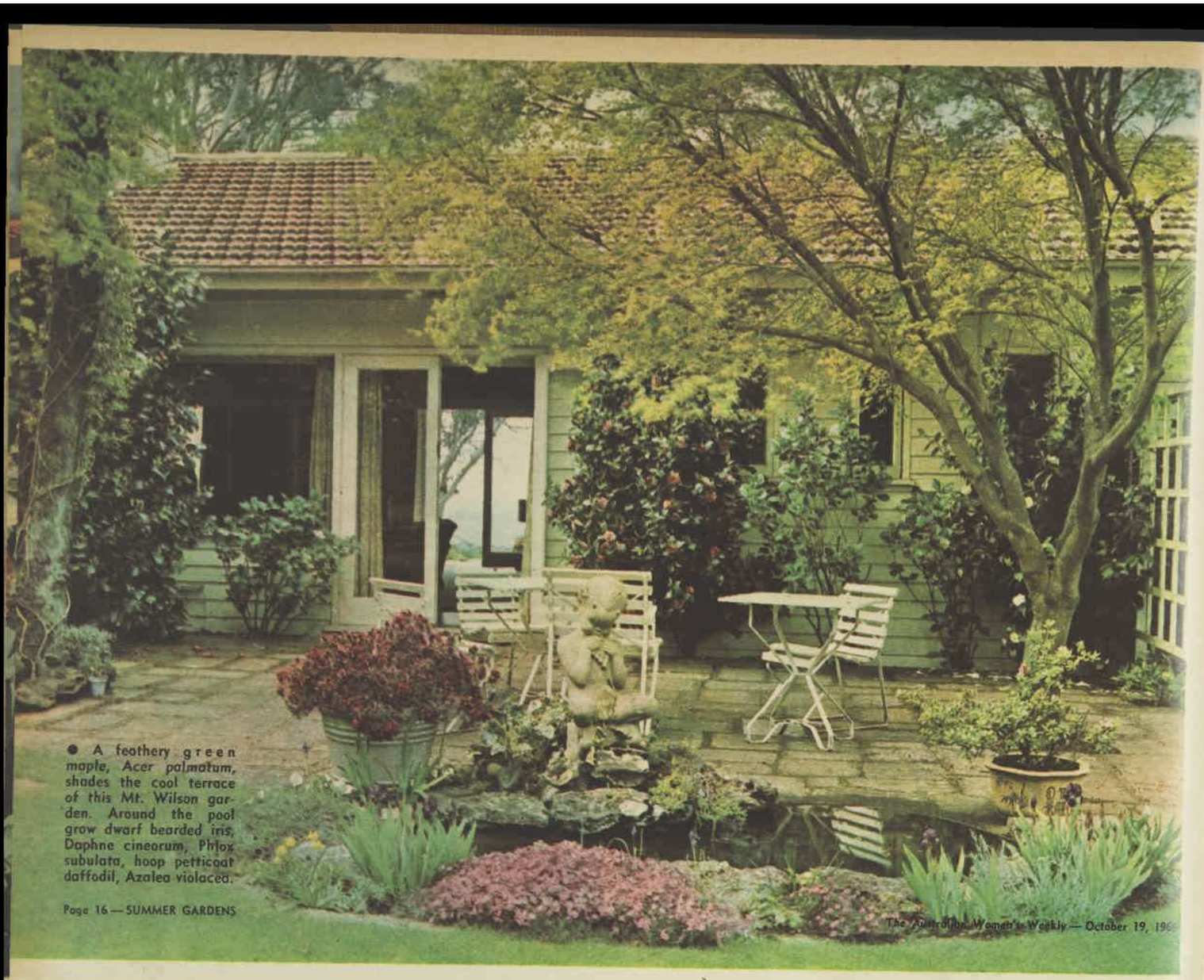

● A feathery green maple, Acer palmatum, shades the cool terrace of this Mt. Wilson garden. Around the pool grow dwarf bearded iris, Daphne cineorum, Phlox subulata, hoop petticoat daffodil, Azalea violacea.

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